Saturday Review

May 8, 1965 25¢

COMMUNICATIONS

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A. H. Raskin's Inside Report on a Struggle for Survival

Simone de Beauvoir, author of "Force of Circumstance" (See Books)

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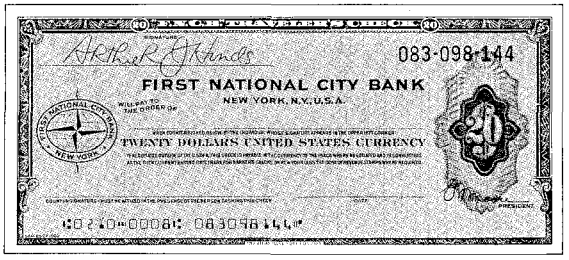

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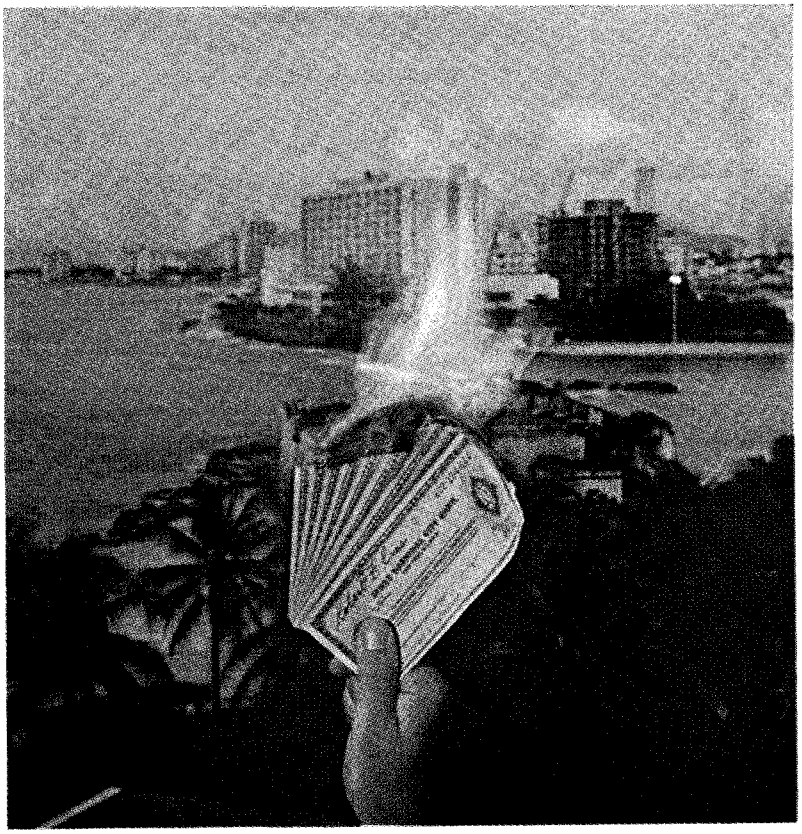

Test No. 1—Refundability—in San Juan
Robert F. Cina of Brooklyn, N. Y., honeymooning in Puerto Rico, made this test by burning $250 in First National City Travelers Checks. Directed by his hotel to the nearest of First National City's 11 Puerto Rican branches, he received a full, on-the-spot refund.

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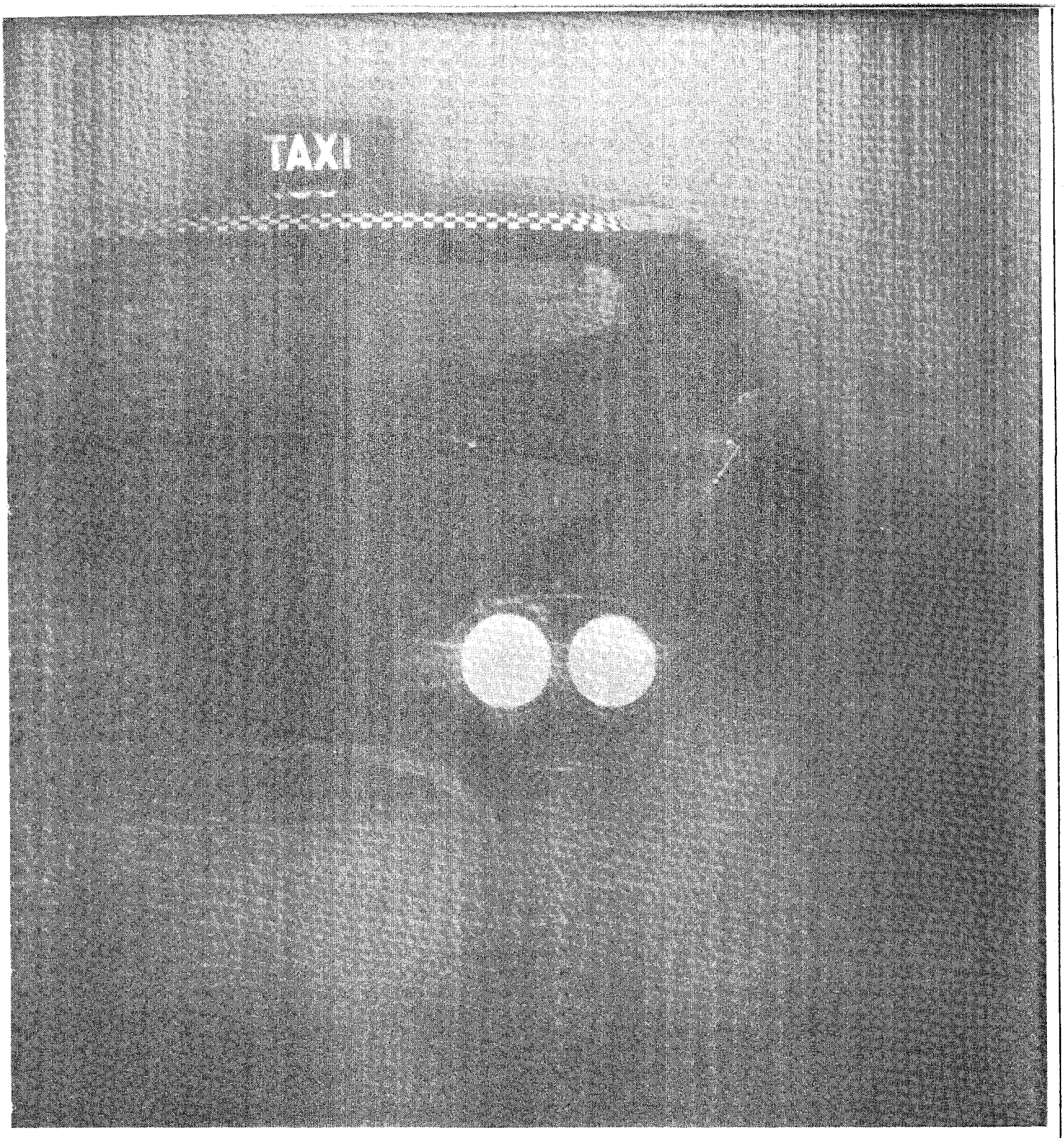

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(Advertisement)

I've just discovered that Doubleday has a series of books going that we never planned. You might call them books by beloved (and sometimes berated) local columnists.

We have published, for example, Frank Brookhouser of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*; Mike Jackson of the Los Angeles *Herald;* Bill Barker, when he was on the Denver *Post;* and the San Francisco *Chronicle's* Arthur Hoppe. For years we've done the bittersweet love notes Herb Caen writes to his city in the same *Chronicle.* Doubleday has an affinity for certain sports writers, especially those who transcend sport and local interest: Doc Greene, of the Detroit *News*; Jim Murray, of the Los Angeles *Times*; and Red Smith in the *Herald Trib.* Some columnists rewrite heavily for book publication, and add new material, like Caen and Ralph Schoenstein (whose recent book I described earlier).

Now we have a new book by a newspaper wordsmith whose name is Smith. He is Jack S., of the Los Angeles *Times,* and his specialty—in *Three Coins in the Birdbath*—is the family. It has to be his specialty. If he writes about his old high school team, he gets snubbed by the sports editor. If he describes the search for a good delicatessen (only one of the major cultural differences between New York and L.A.), there are complaints by the restaurant reporter.

What makes these men the most-read writers in their territories? Well, any man who quotes the eighth grader next door as she tells her teacher that "Mr. Smith is extremely literary, for our block," can't be, as they say, all bad. When Jack Smith writes that he doesn't watch much TV because it puts too much of a strain on the Hoover Dam, one understands why his people are his.

The only things all these otherwise very different columnists have in common is that they help make newspapers worth reading, they over-paragraph, and their local appeal is universal.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Three Coins in the Birdbath ($4.50) by Jack Smith is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 2460 East Camel Back Road, Phoenix, Arizona.

Saturday Review

Cover Photograph by Jerry Bauer

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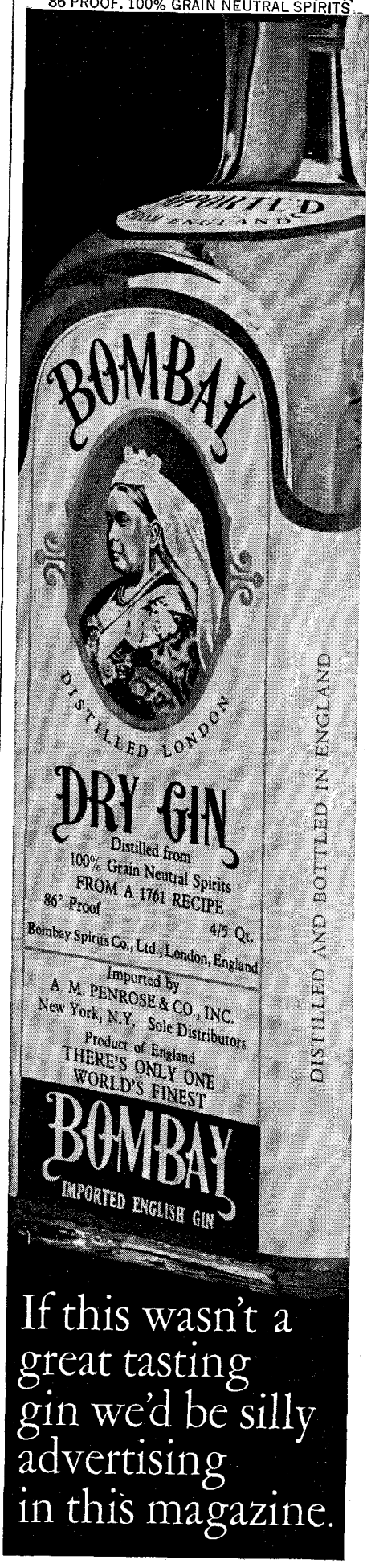

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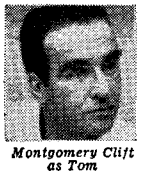

Montgomery Clift as Tom

This two-record album (catalogue price: $12.90) is offered for only $1, plus shipping, to introduce an exciting new kind of entertainment experience.

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Jessica Tandy as Amanda

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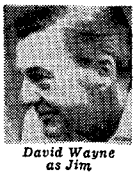

David Wayne as Jim

As a member, you need not accept every production offered. You may select as few as four 2-record albums *over the next two years.* Although these lavish play albums cost up to $12.90 in stores, you will pay only $8.90 for each album you choose—*in monaural or stereo.*

Enroll now as a Charter Member. Mail the coupon at the right. You will receive the Society's new production of *The Glass Menagerie* at the introductory price of only $1, plus small shipping charge. If not delighted, you may return the album within 10 days, cancel your membership and owe nothing.

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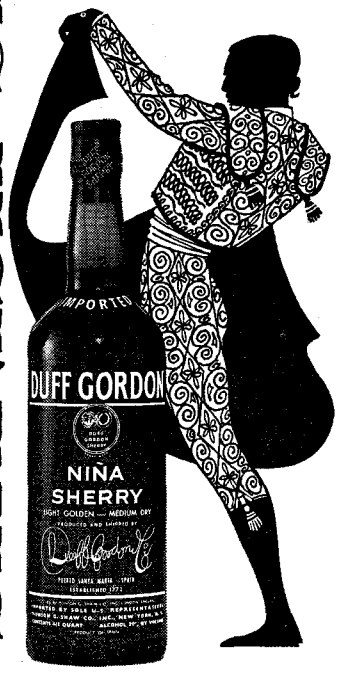

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Vested Interests

Edited by Martin Levin

Dialogue with a Congressman

What is this unexpected stir—
This legislative leaven?
It's copyright revision, Sir—
H.R. 4347.

Who handed me this red hot coal?
Composers, Sir, and writers.
How many votes do they control?
They're few, but potent fighters.

The truth is ninety-five percent
Of writers in our nation
Would starve if they did not augment
Artistic occupation.

The present copyright is fine.
They all complain, these dreamers.
That act was passed in 1909—
An age of Stanley steamers.

Since then the law has been quite kind
When oil wells claim depletion,
While holding that an author's mind
Must always show accretion.

They get what they're entitled to
For twenty-eight years running
Plus twenty-eight if they renew
And yet they come here gunning.

If they had copyright for life
Plus fifty years as bounty
We'd have no author's child or wife
Dependent on the county.

The bill sounds right, and yet it's known
We statesmen deal in futures.
Would voting 'yes' affect my own?
That action, Sir, would suit yours.

The lines are long, the time is short
Outside the gates of heaven.
But you'll get in if you support
H.R. 4347.

—Edward Eliscu

The *New Yorker* Exposed ! ! ! Tiny Disclosures ! ! ! Or, There's only Flash in this Pan, Tom Baby

(First of a two-part series: Circulation boosting!!! Instant profiles!!! "Confidential" where are you???)

FOR those who have not read Tom Wolfe's exposé of the *New Yorker*, the following critical summary is provided. Inevitably something is lost in the translation of 5,000 words to 400—pique and venom, for example. But all of the salient *facts* are here!!! Zonk!!! Swock!!! Aghhh!!!

1. The *New Yorker* was created by Harold Ross "as a rather slavish copy of *Punch*," even though Ross had previously edited a humor magazine called *Judge* whose urbane tone the *New Yorker* incorporated—and even though *Punch* in 1925 was squarer than the shoulders of Mr. Wolfe's nubby silk suit. Facts!!! Top of the head stuff!!! *Toujours l'audace!!!*

2. *New Yorker* editor William Shawn, as a boy in Chicago, was a Leopold and Loeb reject!!! Even today he has a thing about riding in elevators and usually wears a vest!!!

3. The *New Yorker* has a lot of editors who read stuff and check it over for grammar and diction and stifle writers like Tom Wolfe who use semicolons instead of commas and whose favorite adjective of praise is "terrific." Bad bad bad!!! Old *fogies!* Spoilsports! Sassafrass!! *Poo!!!*

4. Thurber, Benchley, Liebling, and such are "tiny giants" who would not "measure up to Hemingway (later characterized as a 'fatuous ass'—Consistency! Spitting at one's betters!), Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, or even Steinbeck or Nathanael West." Right! And Christy Mathewson could never have measured up to Willie Hoppe, Robert Wagner has never made a motion picture as good even as Darryl F. Zanuck, and Mr. Clean sends out his laundry to a hairy arm in a gauntlet.

5. *Esquire* is a terrific magazine!!!

6. Thomas Mann and Aldous Huxley are "*Esquire* writers."

7. So is Tom Wolfe.

8. So how come the *New Yorker* "has overwhelming cultural prestige" and its common stock has gone from $20 to—gulp!!!—$139 per share in ten years?

9. Can it be that there is more to editor Shawn than his vest???!!!

—M. L.

I, Mr. Capita, Protest!

("The goal of the Michigan Bean Company is to raise the per-capita per-annum bean consumption just one pound, from seven pounds to eight."—News item.)

AS a conscientious capita I was not disturbed by the above. I always exceeded my annual quota. I like beans. Even two years in the army and several years of residence in the frijole lands

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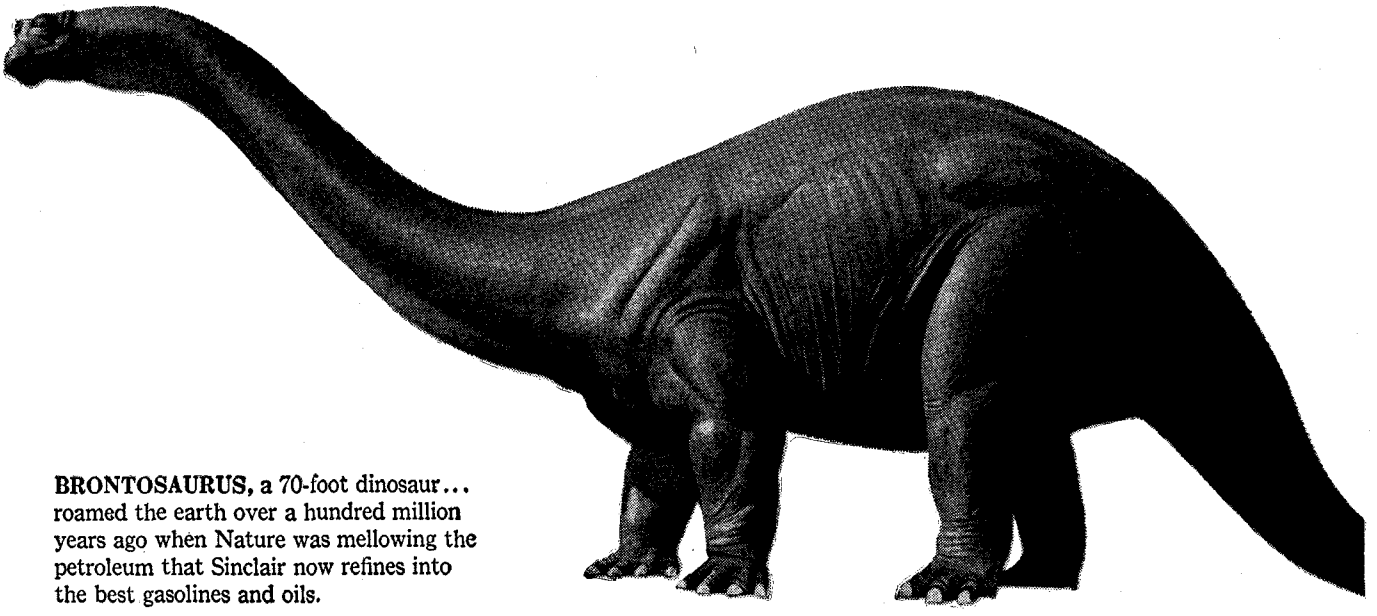
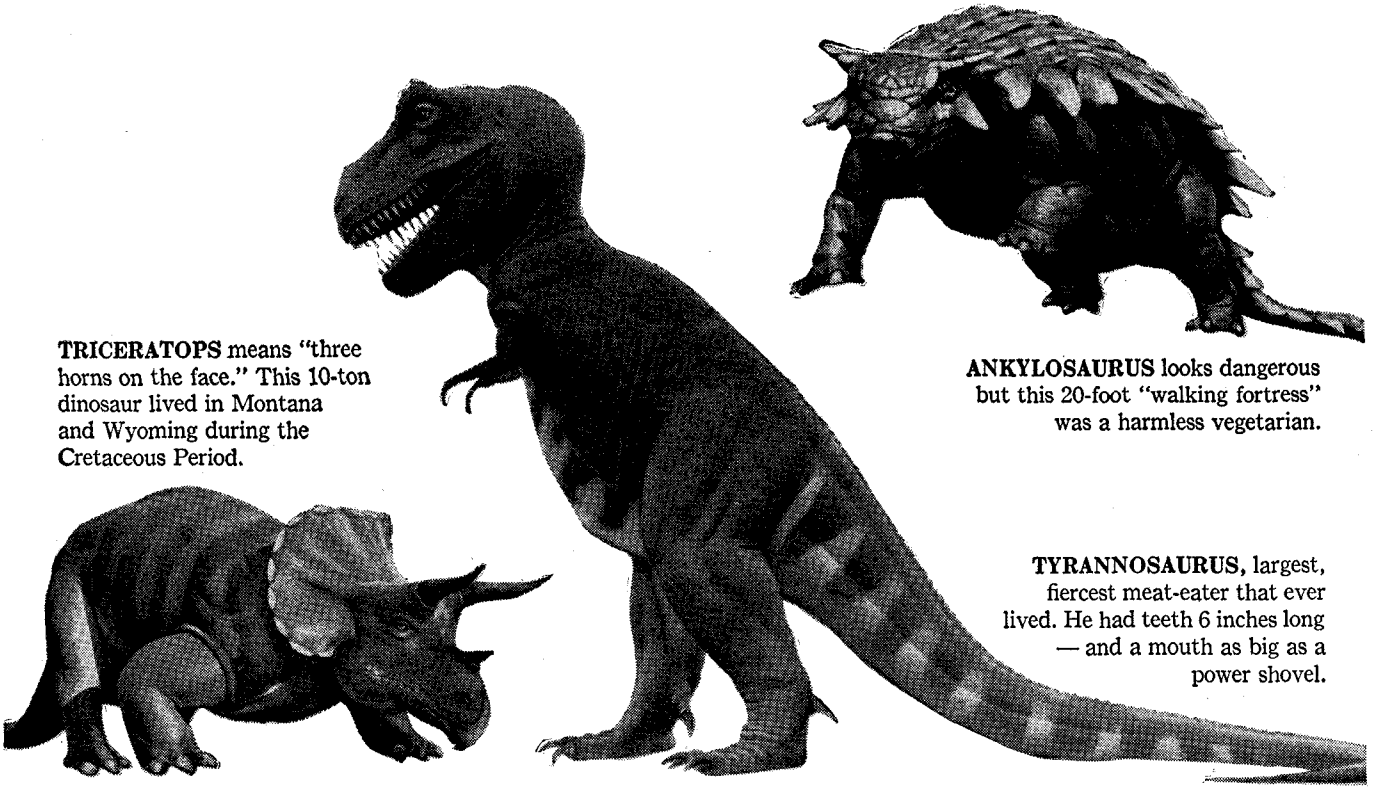
Which of these 4 dinosaurs is your favorite?

(See them in Sinclair Dinoland at the World's Fair)



BRONTOSAURUS, a 70-foot dinosaur... roamed the earth over a hundred million years ago when Nature was mellowing the petroleum that Sinclair now refines into the best gasolines and oils.



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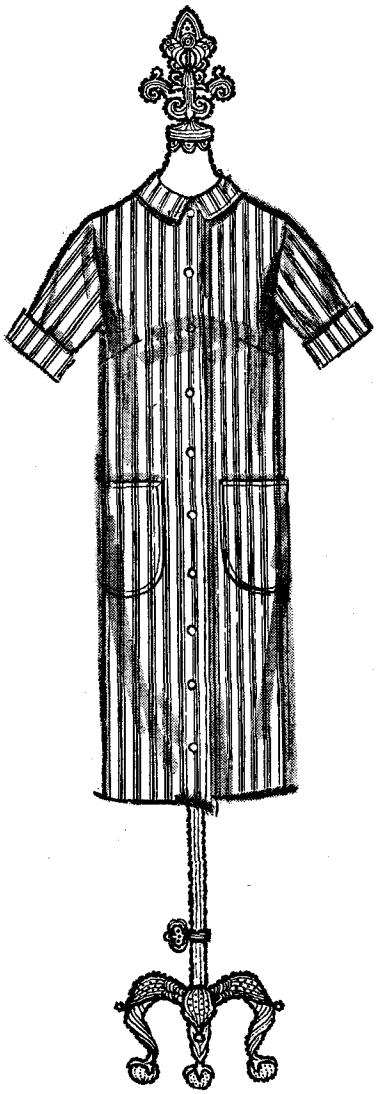

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have not affected my tolerance of beans. Or my digestion.

But elsewhere I read that if all Americans would drink two cups of coffee for breakfast instead of one, or if they would only drink it as strong as they ought instead of brewing that dishwatery liquid that nourishes the snobbishness of foreign visitors, the economic problem in the coffee countries would be solved, and with their dollars they would buy more American clothes and automobiles. The coffee countries are, roughly, those between the Rio Grande and Brazil.

When I was a coffee drinker, I was never one to be satisfied with one cup, even one of proper strength, at breakfast or any other time. I found a real heaven in Sweden, where I was served coffee in bed in the morning, coffee at ten A.M., coffee with dinner, tea or coffee at four, coffee with supper, coffee before going to bed, coffee during the special intermission featured by all theaters and movies, coffee in the parks and sidewalk cafés, and coffee as a gesture of the host in all personal calls. The days were benign.

But the nights were as vivid as any hashish eater's, although less esthetic. From midnight until eight A.M. I had such experiences as only a Dante could conceive. As a typical instance I recall the night when I lay paralyzed on a beach while thousands of gray, gelatinous, expressionless men marched up out of the ocean bed dripping seaweed and took over our beloved USA.

A single morning cup was worse than none, so I broke the habit.

Now, I am partial to the coffee countries. I like their climates, as long as I avoid their lowlands. I like the leisurely atmosphere, the romantic scenery, the wondrously curved young women, and the sturdy, well-behaved children, who are usually the color of properly brewed coffee with Wisconsin cream added.

But must I return to those nights of unremitting rampage in order to bolster up their admittedly sagging economies and meet the annual demands of our steel workers? I hope not.

The citrus fruit producers have long since upped, as they say, my consumption, which I don't mind except that I am beginning to sense an acidity problem.

The cake flour and ice cream producers, too, have upped my consumption by brashly injudicious advertising, and I can't say that I mind that, either.

And yet the per CAPita, CAPita, CAPita campaigns go on with the monotony of the wheels of pre-diesel-day coaches. So far, and I have come pretty far, I have been able to retain my youthful silhouette and a workable stomach by ten minutes of morning setting-up exercises, swimming twice weekly, and taking frequent long walks.

But the future appals me.

—ROBERT J. MANGHAM.

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Myth 2: you need months to see the South Pacific. Balderdash! Two or three weeks is quite adequate to see much of the South Pacific. The journey above, for example, can be done handily in three weeks. Others in two. Or, enjoy the enchantments of the sea in the grand tradition of a Pacific cruise. On this point, we have

something that can settle any questions you have:

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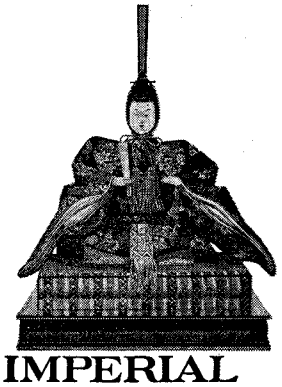
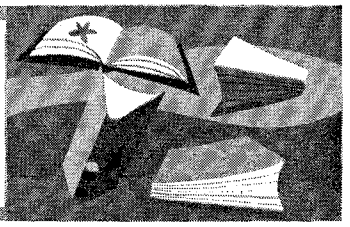


IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKYO

T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

Trade Winds



I received an engraved invitation. "G. P. Putnam's Sons requests the pleasure of your company at a reception in honour of Edwin Gilbert, author of *American Chrome* . . . Saturday, April 17, 2:30 P.M. . . . to be held at Jimmie's Texaco Service Station, Sherman and Whalley Streets, New Haven, Connecticut . . . R.S.V.P."

Jimmie's Texaco Service Station? I accepted cautiously, and when the day

came I drove for an hour to reach the place. I decided merely to stop and buy some gas and if it were a hoax I could pull away without any embarrassment. No such thing. I was three blocks away when I saw the marquee: "Welcome Edwin Gilbert Author of *American Chrome.*" (This sign, I learned later, had the day before announced: "Free brake adjustment with lube and oil change.")

Jimmie's was astir with activity. Tables laden with flowers and candy were protected from the sun by handsome awnings. A policeman directed traffic. Ladies and gentlemen sat and sipped sherry. Inside the service station both lube lifts had been raised to the proper table height. One held trays of canapes and a small bar. The other had been turned into a counter, where stood Phillips Brooks and Virginia Pelliccia of the Hickory Stick Book Shop, surrounded by a cash box and dozens of copies of *American Chrome,* and where sat Mr. Edwin Gilbert, autographing his new book and trying to keep his pipe from going out. The establishment was as clean as a Dutch parlor on Sunday.

The reason for this unique stunt was simply that Jimmie Alogna, the proprietor, liked *American Chrome,* a novel about the automobile industry. A handsome, personable, and convincing man, Jimmie talked it up among his customers so thoroughly that in a few weeks he had accumulated orders for 130 copies. That led Putnam's and Hickory Stick to arrange the reception. Texaco donated some paint and the place was cleaned up.

People came and went. They included Yale students and professors as well as a former automobile racing driver and a lot of just plain car owners. Most of them asked Jimmie to sign their books, too. Almost 200 copies were sold. Charlie O'Donnell of the Texas Oil Company cried excitedly, "Nothing like this has ever been done before!" (Service station-wise, that is.)

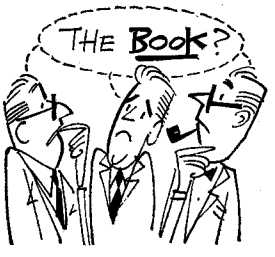
People from Putnam's stood around very pleased. There had been a rumor that Chrysler would sue over the contents of Gilbert's novel. All that was needed to make their day complete was for that to come true. Between Jimmie in his service station and Chrysler in the courts, *American Chrome* could not be stopped.

The characters in this true story have to remain anonymous, obviously. A writer and his agent recently had lunch in New York with a publisher. A few days after the lunch the publisher phoned the agent and said, "Okay, we'd like to take on the book. Send us a memo about it and we'll give you a contract."

The agent called the writer. "What the heck book did we talk about?"

"I don't know," replied the writer. "You can't remember? What kind of agent are you, anyway?"

The agent said, "Hold tight. I'll find out." He called the editor back, explain-



ing that they had mentioned several ideas (none of which he remembered) and which one are you referring to? The editor didn't remember, either.

I am looking forward to the motion picture *A High Wind in Jamaica,* starring Anthony Quinn. Remember the marvelous book by Richard Hughes about the pirates and the kids? We first read it as *The Innocent Voyage,* the title under which it was published in this country in 1929. Later the book came out in England as *A High Wind in Jamaica* and was an immediate best-seller. To add to the confusion, Harper's then republished it here under that title. Yet the Heritage Club edition is

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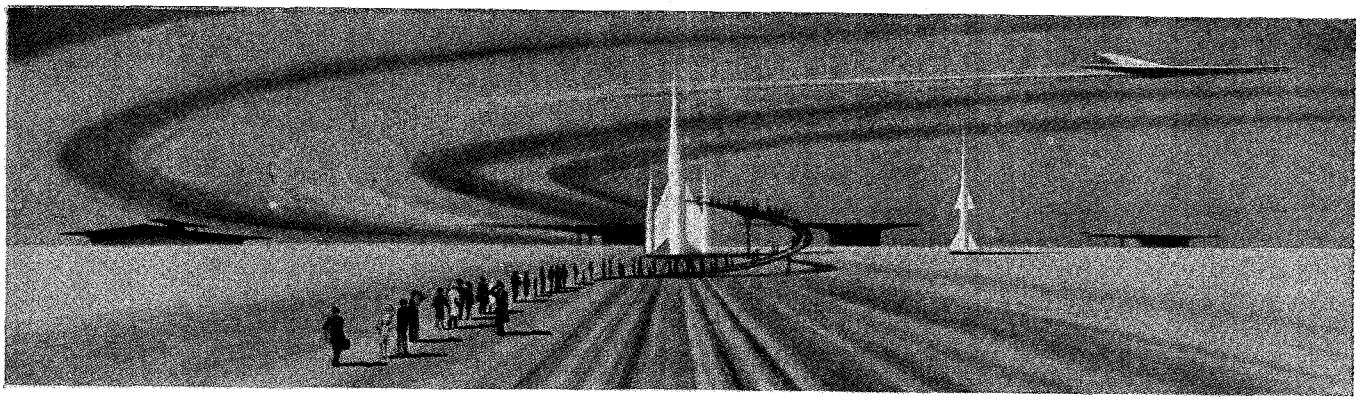

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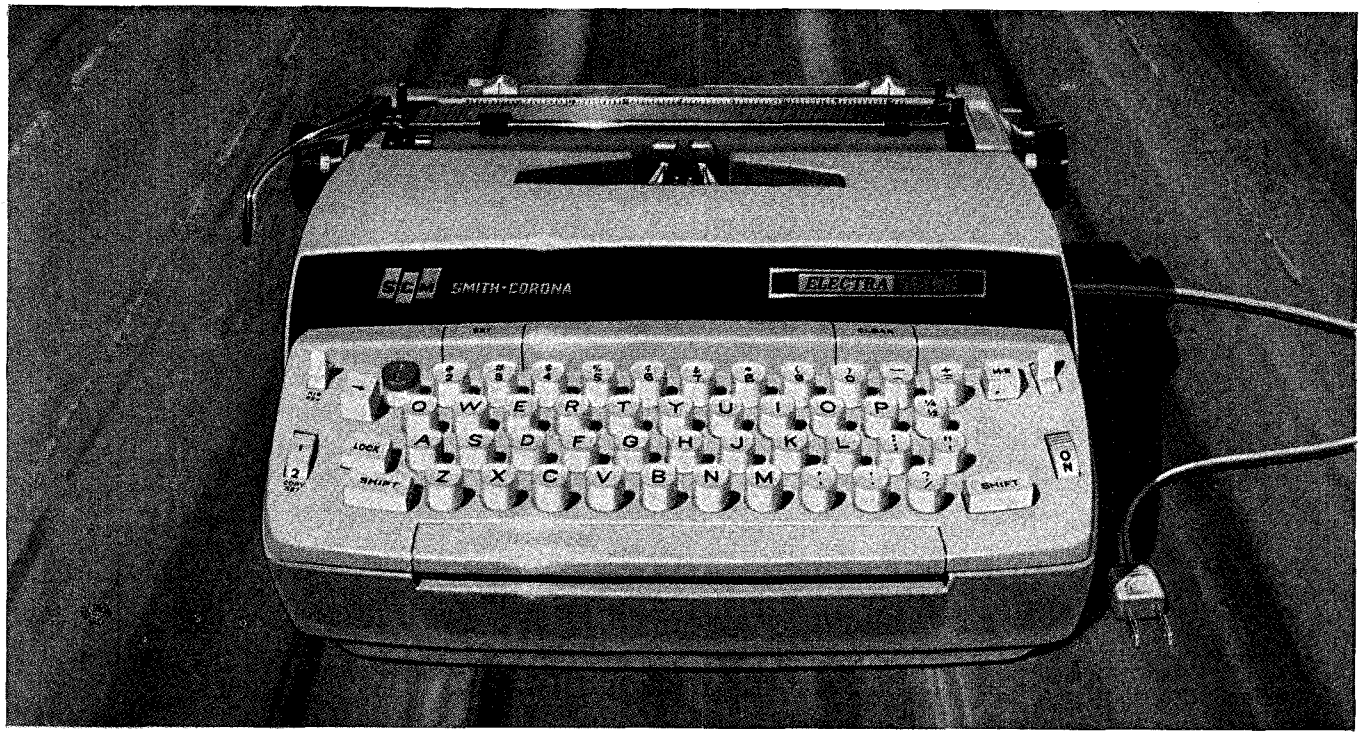

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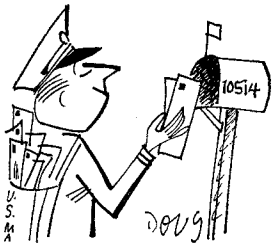
MORROW

known as *The Innocent Voyage*, as was a 1943 play based on the story. In any case, Harper's now brings out a new edition, as does New American Library. Don't worry about the title; it's a delightful tale. Hollywood can't hurt it much.

Sharps and Flats: Paul Kerby tells me that in *Brideshead Revisited* Charles Ryder, who tells the story, has two children, a girl Caroline and a boy Johnjohn.

► Gurney Williams, humor editor of *Look* magazine, made a test of the Zip code. Addressing an envelope simply, "Gurney Williams, 10514," he had it



mailed in Laguna Beach, California. It was delivered to his home in Chappaqua, New York, without delay, because someone had penciled in the name of the town. A rubber stamp proclaimed: "Deficiency in Address Supplied by Post Office at Laguna Beach!" Deficiency?

► Here's an item that appeared in the Bloomington (Indiana) *Herald Telephone:* "Paul Ford, star of *The Baileys of Balboa*, once worked as a proofreader on a Philadtlphia (Pa.) newspaper."

► *A Witch's Guide to Gardening* (Taplinger) is a very worthwhile book, for some folks. In it Dorothy Jacob tells many fascinating things about roots and plants. Some plants have very real medical properties—digitalis, for instance—and some are only of use for stunting people's growth or hexing an enemy. Mandrake, of course, can work every curse in the witch's book. But you can fight it with mistletoe, which was said to cure every ill. The most gruesome group in the witch's inventory was the three H's—hemlock, hemp, and henbane. Watch out! —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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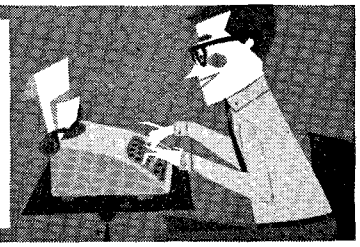

The FCC (Fat Chance Commission)

THE Federal Communications Commission, warden of the TV network chain gang that's working on the rockpile making big rocks out of very little ones, has come awake at a time when there is an important job to be done to improve the quality of television programing.

Whether the commission can succeed is a question, and it will take a lot of might to make the question even moot. And this in spite of the fact that hardly anyone can be against improvement. The newspapers have editorially applauded the crusade. TV columnists have given the FCC their Good Housecleaning seal of approval. And actually there isn't a network executive who will deny that television programs can't stand some uplifting.

However, the networks have already taken arms against this sea of troubles and by opposing hope to end it. And not without good cause, when you consider the solution which the commission has suggested as the answer to the problem of better programing. The networks have been producing most of the programs that are now seen on TV. So the FCC's answer is to limit the networks to producing only half the programs and let the advertising agencies turn out the other half.

But I have a $64,000 question about that answer. Isn't that where Mr. Newton Minow stepped in a few scandalous years ago? Also, didn't an advertising agency produce the program that wrought havoc in TV and turned it into a vast wasteland?

This FCC solution of divide and conquer assumes it will result in a triumph for quality programing. It hasn't a chance. There are in the advertising agencies men of taste and talent, just as in the networks there are men of equal ability. It would seem that both working together could upgrade the medium, but—and this is where it seems to me the FCC should begin—without the rating system as final arbiter. The FCC deludes itself if it feels that the Nielsen is not the yardstick that determines what programs grace our TV screens.

In the golden days of radio, in spite of a rating system, there were sponsors who were willing to associate themselves with programs of quality. This pride of sponsorship, rather than pride of rating, seems to have been lost in the welter of decimal points and who's-on-firsts. The popular appeal of a program was measured by the cash response of the listeners, who would walk into a drugstore and order Amos 'n' Andy toothpaste, or ask for Fibber McGee and Molly floor wax, or Charlie McCarthy coffee, or Rudy Vallee yeast, or Jack Benny ginger ale.

Sponsor identification in TV has, because of the glut of commercials in any given show as well as the low quality of the program, become a rather nebulous thing.

Sponsors seem to have lost the desire to create good will with a good program, and are willing to settle for a high rating in the hope of cashing in on a larger Nielsen audience. But too often it doesn't work that way. A bonanza of a high rating does not necessarily indicate or guarantee a bonanza of high profit. The classic example was the *I Love Lucy* show, which for many years was the top-rated show for Philip Morris, while Camel was the top-selling cigarette. Given this fact, multiplied many times, television still relies too heavily on this nebulous system of program survival.

But there's hope. Television is our youngest medium and TV-land is, like Hell, paved with good intentions. Often the pavement suddenly ends and we hit a country road. As was evidenced some weeks ago when Hollywood's Oscar Awards were shown on the network on the same night and hour that another network presented an important documentary titled *Abortion and the Law.*

Here the FCC might inquire how come. To one viewer who couldn't watch both, it seemed that the two programs in this juxtaposition carried a snide and unpleasant connotation that one led to the other.

Similarly, a viewer might have asked, when a baseball game was played for the first time indoors, in the Astrodome in Houston, why the show was not in color, since the announcers spent most of the game raving about this chromatic phantasmagoria with which the new stadium abounded. April 11 was a red-letter day in baseball history—the day that sport became our second national indoor pastime. —GOODMAN ACE.

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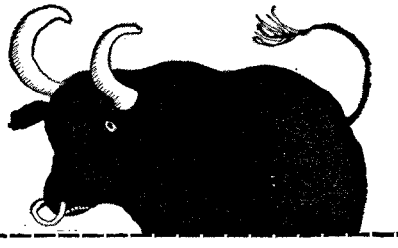

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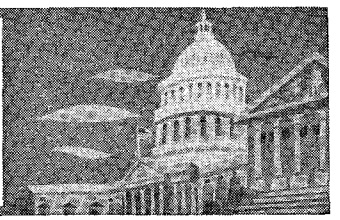

The Happy Understudy

IT IS DIFFICULT enough to play the part of Crown Prince in a monarchy, but it is virtually an impossible role under a republican system. Americans have become more conscious of this problem as they have come to realize over the last few years the importance of the Vice-Presidency; and Vice Presidents in turn have grown increasingly aware of their complex dilemmas as the stature of the office has risen.

Any man chosen for the Vice-Presidency because of his potential leadership qualities as President is bound to feel frustrated in the job. The President can help to make a busy Vice President, but not a powerful one. He can delegate a dozen or more assignments, yet they will not add up to the weight of a key Cabinet minister.

It was generally assumed that the bitter convention fight between John F. Kennedy and Mr. Johnson must have left some scars, but we can only judge in retrospect from the gusto with which President Johnson has since thrown himself into the Presidency, from the abilities he has demonstrated and the successes he has had, how frustrating it must have been for a man of his energies, his ego, his enjoyment of power to be the "man in waiting."

Vice President Hubert Humphrey does not lack in energy either; his own indefatigable zest for work may, in fact, be even more unlimited than President Johnson's. He, too, has an ego; he, too, has ambitions—as was shown in his desperate attempt to run for the Presidency in 1960 and his conscious aim for the Vice-Presidency in 1964. And he, too, clearly enjoys power. But I have no doubt that his character and basic disposition make it much easier for him than it was for the more moody Vice President Johnson to find satisfaction in this job and to overcome the frustrations of having to stand in the shadow.

Mr. Humphrey is not a brooder or whiner; he has always tried to make the best of a situation. He has been down too often not to appreciate being almost at the top. Then, too, his inborn respect for the Presidency and his admiration for Mr. Johnson make it easier to accept subordination gracefully. And when disappointments occur, as they inevitably do, or when personal feelings and sensibilities are overlooked, it is his sense of humor that comes to the rescue. What's more, having sought the Vice-Presidency with considerable zeal, he has from the beginning been determined to serve President Johnson in whatever manner is required of him. He has the great gift of flexibility, of being able to adjust to almost any situation, and since he combines this with a remarkable range of interests, he seems ideally suited to a job whose powers, if any, defy definition.

It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that he and President Johnson work very well in tandem. Even so, being mainly an extension of the President's authority, he can claim little or nothing for himself. It is not, therefore, easy to establish a record of success. Not only must he scatter his efforts; he must also draw a cloak of anonymity about them. He attends National Security Council meetings and Cabinet meetings and is a member of the National Space Council. He coordinates civil rights legislation and the war on poverty, and he is the President's principal link with Congress as well as with urban life across the country, by virtue of his liaison function with the mayors. His role in foreign affairs, however, which was one of his important interests and responsibilities as a Senator, remains ephemeral.

As a participant in National Security Council meetings, his temptation must be great to try to exert some influence in this area. But there is no evidence that the Vice President has played a part in the formulation of policy decisions relating to the Vietnamese crisis or any other foreign policy matters. He may well realize, since there has been little dissent within the Administration on the handling of the Vietnam problem, that even if he had expressed somewhat different views they could have had small effect and would perhaps only have weakened his counsel for the future.

He is also well aware that even the merest hint of a divergence of views between himself and the President would have been blown up to the proportions of a serious controversy—to nobody's advantage.

But there are signs that President Johnson is growing weary of foreign visitors, that he is cutting their visits to a minimum, and that if this mood continues Mr. Humphrey, who has a wide range of friends and acquaintances among foreign statesmen, may in the end

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play a larger role in foreign relations, which he handles as naturally as he does domestic affairs.

For the time being, though, Mr. Humphrey's great gifts as an expositor are being used chiefly to explain, defend, and promote the Great Society. Thus the Vice President helped to draft the President's moving speech on the Negroes' right to vote, but he did not participate in the various policy pronouncements on Vietnam. But whether it is civil rights or some other legislation, he is always careful to stress that it is the President's program. And when there is a powerful legislative victory, whatever the Vice President may have contributed, the President is the supreme master in lubricating the ways on Capitol Hill. Mr. Humphrey therefore can only hope to play first fiddle. But as in any good orchestra, even the best conductor needs an outstanding first violinist. And it is in terms of "orchestration," perhaps, that the Vice President, however skilled himself, has learned most from his master.

Humphrey used not to be an exponent of the "consensus." He was once not infrequently a crusader for lost causes. The Vice President now confesses that while crusaders do play a part, if a politician has any real ambition for assuming responsibility and power, then what matters is that he have as much influence on the true levers of power as possible. He has, in other words, adjusted his own political outlook and is now following in the steps of his political mentor. He has become a consensus-seeker, too. And while he is still proud of some of the lost causes he has fought for, he has moved to the Johnsonian center, where the crucial levers of power are all within reach. From that vantage point it is possible to influence business as well as labor, the moderate right as well as the moderate left, the South and the North, the East and the West.

Purposely, perhaps, the Vice President has preserved among his well-chosen and able staff some men imbued with his old crusading spirit, so that he may not altogether forget that sort of impetus. But as so often happens to common-sense crusaders, they find as they get into positions of influence that the causes they bled for years ago have matured not only into policy but into law: that "bleeding" is less important than governing effectively.

That may be one of the reasons why Hubert Humphrey is not so much the "happy warrior" any more as the "happy understudy" to President Johnson.

—HENRY BRANDON.

"If we could first know where we are
and whither we are tending,
we could better judge what to do
and how to do it."

Abraham Lincoln

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A sculpture garden, designed by Noguchi to display the Billy Rose one-million-dollar assemblage of sculpture, which has been given to the Israel Museum. You're invited to contemplate Henry Moore's "Reclining Figure," Daumier's "Ratapoil," Maillol's "Chained Liberty," Rodin's "Adam," and pieces by Nadelman, Epstein, Archipenko.

A survey of paintings by Israeli artists now working in Israel. Here's your chance to pre-view what may someday become one of the great ethnic schools. You may be in on the start of something big.

A show of Biblical art, including works by Rubens, Brueghel, Poussin, *plus* the famous Esther tapestries.

An entire wing of artifacts, dating from 6,000 B.C. through the 7th century A.D. This is the finest collection of Biblical artifacts in the world. Indigenous to the surrounding countryside (Mt. Zion is just across the way), these artifacts are a direct link to the world of Joshua, David, Solomon. Here are pieces from King Solomon's Mines and the Cities of the Chariots. And beyond the Bible, here are two complete Roman theatres, and an incalculable wealth of Byzantine, Persian, and Judaic art.

And finally: The Shrine of the Book, the home of the Dead Sea Scrolls. This structure, built with white stone, is shaped in the form of the cover of the urns in which the Scrolls were found. (See right, in the photograph below.) You will enter through a long tunnel, as though you were going back into the cave where the Scrolls were discovered.

And there they are: the Scrolls. The Scroll of Isaiah, 2000 years old, can still be read clearly. It is displayed around a huge underground cylinder. Around the sides of the Shrine are the other Scrolls, actual fragments of books of the Old Testament. Stand in the Shrine and you will feel you've been packed back into the past; it's an uncanny sensation.

This is what will be on view, starting at 11 a.m. on the 11th of May.

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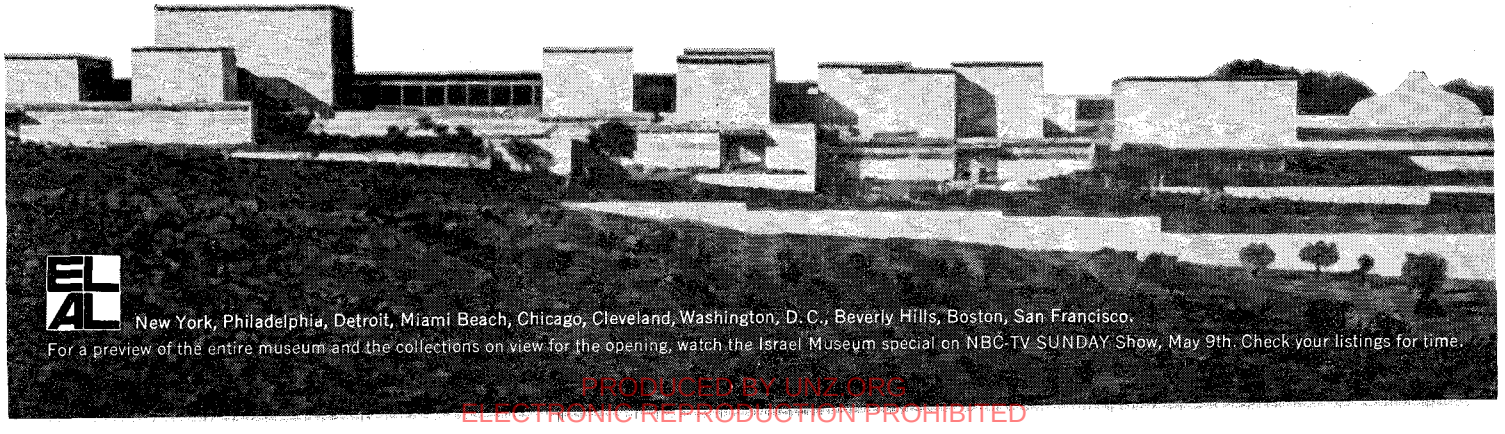
The Israel Museum



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For a preview of the entire museum and the collections on view for the opening, watch the Israel Museum special on NBC-TV SUNDAY Show, May 9th. Check your listings for time.

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Saturday Review
May 8, 1965

THE USES OF FLEXIBILITY

The chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee offers a reminder of the strengths inherent in America's traditional freedom from "doctrine and dogma"

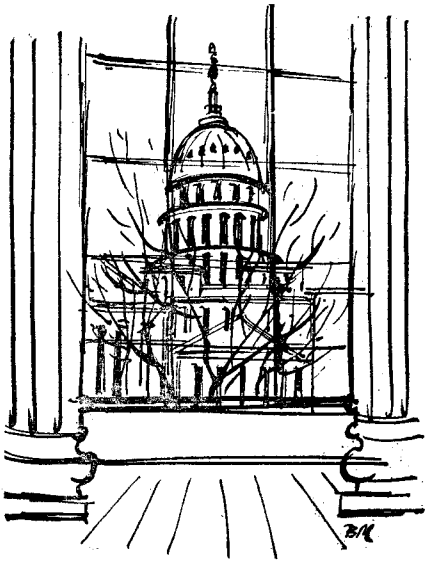
By J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT

THACKERAY wrote, "The wicked are wicked, no doubt, and they go astray and they fall, and they come by their desserts; but who can tell the mischief which the very virtuous do?"

I am not prepared to argue that mankind is suffering from an excess of virtue and noble deeds, but I think the world has endured about all it can of the crusades of high-minded men bent on the regeneration of the human race. Since the beginning of history men have been set upon by zealots and crusaders, who, far from wishing them harm, have wanted sincerely and fervently to raise them from benightedness to blessedness. The difficulty about all this doing of noble deeds has not been in its motives but in the perverseness of human nature, in the fact that most men are loutish and ungrateful when it comes to the improving of their souls and more often than not have to be forced into their own salvation. The result has been a great deal of bloodshed and violence committed not in malice but for the purest of motives. The victims may not always have appreciated the fact that their tormentors had noble motives, but the fact remains that it was not wickedness that did them in but, in Thackeray's phrase, "the mischief which the very virtuous do."

Who are the self-appointed emissaries of God who have wrought so much violence in the world? They are men with doctrines, men of faith and fiery idealism, men who believe in some cause without doubt and practice their belief without scruple, men who cease to be human beings with normal preferences for work and fun and family and become instead living, breathing embodiments of some faith or ideology. From the religious wars to the Communist "wars of liberation" they have been responsible for much or most of the violence in the world. From Robespierre to Stalin and Mao Tse-tung they have been capable, as Djilas wrote of Stalin, "of destroying nine-tenths of the human race to 'make happy' the one-tenth."

Communism is only the most recent in the long history of doctrines of human redemption. Its evil is not in its anticipation of a world of happy and high-minded "toilers"—which is a benign if not a particularly enticing vision—but in its exorbitant demands upon human nature, in its intolerance of human weakness, in its repugnance for man as he is and always has been. Out of this intolerance grows the egregious presumption of the true believer that he knows what is best for all men and, knowing what is best, has the right and the duty to force it upon them.



There are, as I shall point out, elements of this kind of fanaticism in Western societies, but the essential strength of democracy and capitalism as they are practiced in the West is that they are relatively free of doctrine and dogma and largely free of illusions about man and his nature. Of all the intellectual achievements of Western civilization, the one, I think, that is most truly civilized is that by and large we have learned to deal with man as he is and not as we suppose he ought to be. Our economy is geared to human acquisitiveness and our politics to human ambition. Accepting these qualities as part of human character, we have been able in substantial measure both to satisfy them and to civilize them. We have been able to civilize them because we have understood that a man's own satisfaction is more nearly a condition of than an obstacle to his decent behavior toward others. This realism about man may prove in the long run to be our greatest asset over Communism, which can deny but cannot destroy man's less than noble instincts.

Our hold on this philosophy is tenuous. While we are ahead of the Communists in this respect, we Americans are by no means free of the crusading spirit, which has roots in our history and in our national character. In our foreign policy we are constantly tempted—and we sometimes yield to the temptation—to match the tendentiousness of our adversaries with our own doctrines and dogmas.

A great many Americans—although the last election suggests that they may not be a majority—are disposed to regard

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the Cold War as a struggle between two "ways of life," one true and good, the other unalterably evil. This of course is exactly the attitude that we find so troublesome in the Communists, and it is ironic that the zealotry of their outlook is often the trigger for a zealotry of our own. In the long run it would be ironic indeed—and tragic—if instead of altering the Communist outlook through the influence of our own benign humanism we were to fall victim to the contagion of a fanaticism that we profess to find repugnant.

The possibility cannot be ruled out because there is a strand in our history and in our national character that is all too congenial to the spirit of crusading ideology. The Puritans who came to New England in the seventeenth century did not establish their faith as a major religion in America, but the Puritan way of thought, harsh and ascetic and intolerant, promising salvation for the few but damnation for the many, became a major intellectual force in American life. It introduced a discordant element into a society with a heritage of tolerance, moderation, and experimentalism.

Throughout our history the two strands have coexisted uneasily – the dominant strand of democratic moderation and the lesser but highly durable strand of intolerant Puritanism. There has been a tendency through the years for reason and moderation to prevail as long as things were going tolerably well, or as long as our problems were clear and finite and manageable. But when things have gone badly for any length of time, or when the reasons for adversity have seemed obscure, or simply when some event or leader of opinion has aroused the people to a state of high emotion, our Puritan spirit has tended to break through, leading us to look at the world through the distorting prism of a harsh and angry moralism.

When our latent Puritanism is aroused, we see principles where there are only interests, conspiracy where there is only misfortune. And when this view of things prevails, conflicts become crusades, righteousness becomes the justification for unlimited violence, and claims of morality become hypocrisy.

The crusading Puritan spirit has had a great deal to do with some of the regrettable and tragic events of American history. It has led us into needless and costly adventures and victories that crumbled in our hands.

THE Puritan spirit was one of the important factors in the brief, unhappy adventure in imperialism that began with the war of 1898. Starting with stirring slogans about "manifest destiny" and a natural sense of moral outrage about atrocities in Cuba, America forced on Spain a war that it was willing to pay almost any price short of complete humiliation to avoid. The war was undertaken to liberate the Cuban people and ended with Cuba being put under an American protectorate, which in turn inaugurated a half-century of American intervention in Cuba's internal affairs. American interference was motivated, no doubt, by a sincere desire to bring freedom to the Cuban people, but it ended, nonetheless, with their getting Batista and Castro instead.

President McKinley brought further glory to America by consulting the Supreme Being about America's duty toward the Philippines. The answer, sure enough, was annexation, because, in McKinley's words, "there was nothing left for us to do but to take them all, and to educate the Filipinos, and uplift and civilize and Christianize them, and by God's grace do the very best we could by them, as our fellow men for whom Christ also died. And then," said the President, "I went to bed, and to sleep, and slept soundly." President McKinley continued to sleep the sleep of the pure in heart while American soldiers stamped out the resistance of Aguinaldo and brought the Philippines firmly under the control of their new conqueror.

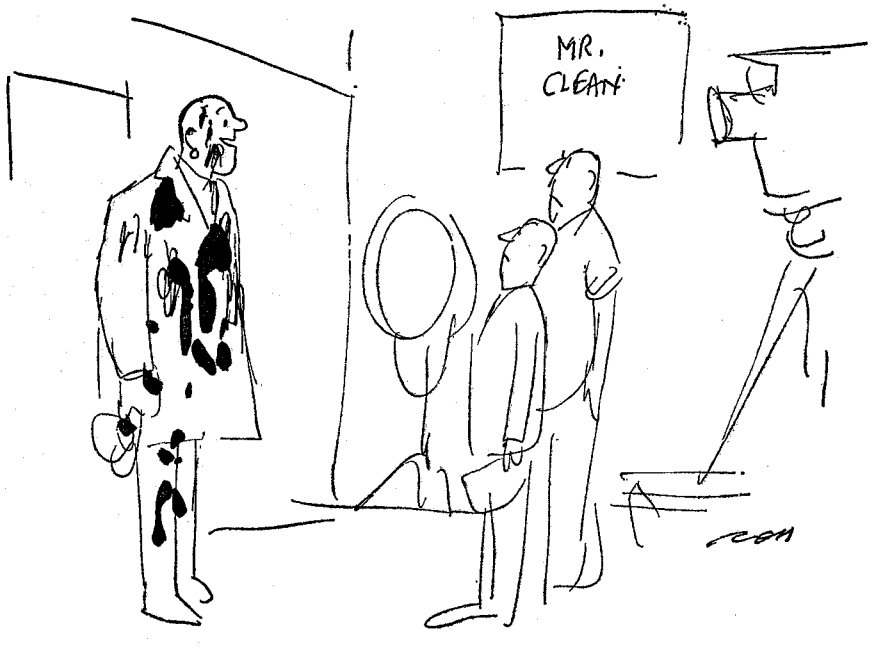
The crusading spirit of America in its modern form, and the contrast between the crusading spirit and the spirit of tolerance and accommodation, are illustrated in two speeches made by Woodrow Wilson, one preceding, the other following America's entry into World War I. In early 1917, with the United States still neutral, he declined to make a clear moral distinction between the belligerents and called on them to compromise their differences and negotiate a "peace without victory." In the spring of 1918, when the United States had been at war for a year, Wilson perceived only one possible response to the challenge of Germany in the war: "Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world, and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust."

THE West has won two "total victories" in this century and it has barely survived them. America, especially, fought the two world wars in the spirit of a righteous crusade. We acted as if we had come to the end of history, as if we had only to destroy our enemies and then the world would enter a golden age of peace and human happiness. Some of the problems that spawned the great wars were in fact solved by our victories; others were simply forgotten. But to our shock and dismay we found after 1945 that history had not come to an end, that our triumph had produced at least as many problems as it had solved, and that it was by no means clear that the new problems were preferable to the old ones.

I am reminded of Robert Southey's lines about the victory of the Duke of Marlborough in the Battle of Blenheim:

"And every body praised the
Duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at
last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

I do not raise these events of the American past for purposes of national self-flagellation but to illustrate that the problem of excessive ideological zeal is



"A funny thing happened to me on the way to the studio . . . ."

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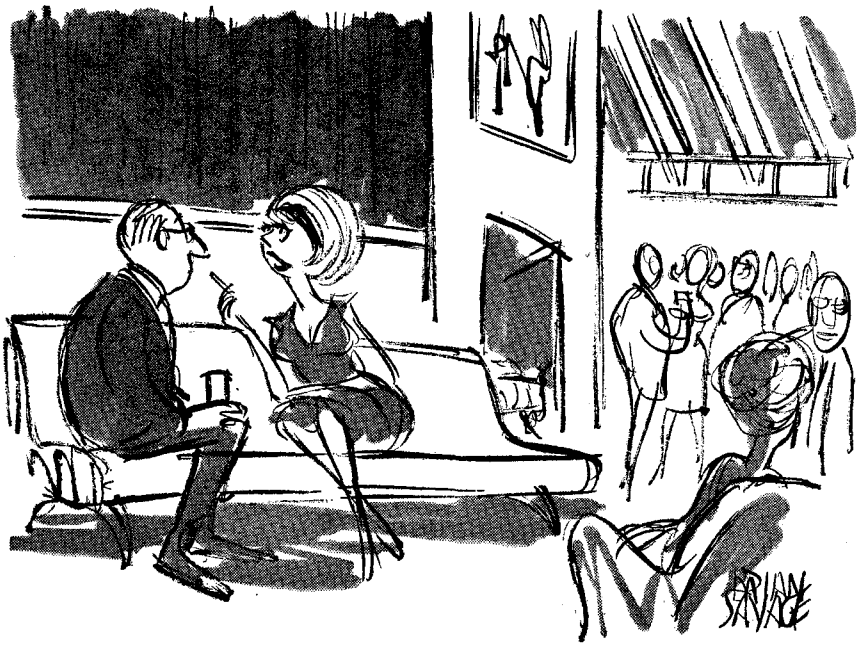
our problem as well as the Communists'. I think also that when we respond to Communist dogmatism with a dogmatism of our own we are not merely responding by the necessity, as we are told, of "fighting fire with fire." I think we are responding in a way that is more natural to us than we care to admit.

I think that when we are assailed with Marxist cant it is in our tradition and temperament to respond with our own Puritan cant. There is indeed a certain bond of Puritanism between the Soviet Union and the United States. It is a dominant force in Soviet life and policy and, happily, only a sporadic force in ours. The two, however, feed destructively upon each other: cant begets cant and intolerance begets intolerance.

THE great challenge to our policy is to make certain that the major strand in our heritage, the strand of moderation and tolerance and accommodation, remains the dominant one. Only if our own policy is conciliatory can we hope to encourage similar tendencies that are by no means entirely absent from Soviet society and Soviet policy. I do not accept the excuse, so often offered, that Communist small-mindedness and intransigence justify our own. I do not accept the view that because they engage in subversion and intervention and ideological warfare, so must we, and to the same degree. If we should follow this approach, then at some point we will also have to acknowledge that the moral superiority which we claim is a delusion and that we are really no better than the adversaries we deplore.

There is far more promise in efforts to encourage Communist imitation of our own more sensible attitudes than in ourselves imitating the least attractive forms of Communist behavior. I do not see how it is possible to encourage tolerant attitudes and moderate policies on the part of others unless we are tolerant and moderate ourselves. "Magnanimity in politics," said Burke, "is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together."

Our preoccupation with ideology has partly blinded us to the fact that Communists are human beings with many of the same hopes and fears and sympathies and prejudices that we have. It also makes us forget that Russia, as well as other Communist countries, has a history and traditions that are much older than Communism and perhaps more influential. We seem to have trouble believing that Brezhnev or Kosygin or Khrushchev could ever have been motivated by national considerations of security, by historical memories of war and invasion, by personal considerations of pride or vanity, or by anything that does not come out of *Das Kapital*.



"I can't shake this nagging feeling that I have an autobiography in me."

I think there is everything to be said for an approach to Communist countries that is as free as possible of ideology and as sensitive as possible to personal and national predilections. Such an approach suggests policies that may be conciliatory and experimental but by no means radical or unprecedented. It implies policies of limited and practical cooperation that will gradually break down the barriers of ideology by instilling in both sides a habit of cooperation.

One such policy is the encouragement of East-West trade. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee recently held hearings on this subject and the consensus of expert opinion was that although opportunities for expanded trade were limited, the establishment of normal trade relations would at least have the effect of removing the irritations caused by discrimination and could also have the effect of introducing a constructive, businesslike habit of cooperation in one area of East-West relations.

THERE is now a treaty before the Senate providing for the establishment of Soviet consulates in two American cities and American consulates in two Soviet cities and providing also for the protection of citizens of each country while visiting the other. I believe it would be wise for the Senate to consent to ratification of the consular treaty in the present session.

There is much to be gained toward improved relations through cultural and educational exchanges. No part of our foreign policy does more to make international relations *human* relations and to encourage attitudes of personal empathy, the rare and wonderful ability to perceive the world as others may see it.

There is no better way to build a habit of cooperation than by engaging in cooperative enterprises. I have suggested three possible such enterprises recently and I only mention them briefly here: first, that we invite the Russians to join with us and perhaps with others in a specific cooperative aid project, such as the construction of a canal or a fertilizer plant in an underdeveloped country, say India, to which we are both already providing assistance; second, that we invite all of the users of the Panama Canal, including the Soviet Union, to join in an international consortium to construct, own, and operate a new sea-level canal; third, that we negotiate a settlement of Russia's World War II lend-lease debt to the United States under which rubles would be made available to American business firms that would engage in joint enterprises with the Russians and then convert some of their earnings into dollars that would be used to compensate the United States Government.

Many other proposals could be put forward. Those which I have mentioned might prove impracticable, but on their face they have the merit of being specific and concrete and free of ideological content. I believe that out of such limited cooperative ventures a habit of cooperation can be built and out of the habit of cooperation might come the mutual expectation of cooperation. Psychologists tell us that we act on our expectations, whatever they may be. If, through a series of unspectacular steps, we are able to replace the expectation of conflict that is now so prevalent with a general expectation of friendly cooperation, then, it strikes me, we will have accomplished something spectacular indeed.

There is still another respect, and a

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THUCYDIDES:

The Historian as Prophet

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THE ATHENIAN Thucydides, who set himself the task of describing the tragic internecine war that marked the decline of Greek political power and civilization, is the first truly modern historian. He was scornful of legend and hearsay, eager to establish what actually happened. In the opinion of David Hume, himself no mean historian, "the first page of Thucydides is the commencement of real history." Besides being the first, Thucydides is one of the greatest of chroniclers. Five centuries were to pass before a comparable genius in the same field arose in Tacitus.

Thucydides is a superb narrative historian, austerely objective in his attitude toward Athens and Sparta, leaders of the hostile confederations that waged the so-called Peloponnesian War in the last decades of the fifth century B.C., sparing of words, but capable of dramatic appeals to the imagination. And one returns again and again to his masterpiece because he is more than a faithful reporter of the long series of military actions, diplomatic maneuvers, and social upheavals that make up the stuff of his narrative. He is also at once a prophet and a mirror of our own times. In the small Hellenic world of 431-404 (the dates of the Peloponnesian War, including a few years of precarious and poorly observed peace) one finds a remarkable preview of modern Europe, theater of two major wars in the twentieth century.

One finds all the devices and dilemmas of modern statecraft: the clash of commercial interests between Athens and Corinth; the confederacy that turns into a tyranny over its weaker members; the failure to assure peace either by balance of power or imbalance of power; the difficulty of making two belligerents equally reasonable at the same time. In Thucydides's time, as at the present, inoffensive weakness is no defense. One of his most moving passages describes the merciless insistence of Athens, leader of the big sea confederacy as Sparta was leader of the opposed land confederacy, that the inhabitants of the little island of Melos give up the neutrality that they wished to preserve and come into Athenian "protective custody." To the appeals of the Melians to be let alone the Athenian reply is direct and ruthless: "Right, as the world goes, is only in question between equals in power, while the strong do what they can and the weak suffer what they must." And the result of the parley is suggestive of the fate of Poland, Czechoslovakia, the Baltic States, and Finland at the hands of Hitler and Stalin: "The siege was now pressed vigorously; and, some treachery taking place inside, the Melians surrendered at discretion to the Athenians, who put to death all the grown men whom they took, and sold the women and children for slaves, and subsequently sent out 500 colonists and inhabited the place themselves."

IT IS characteristic that Thucydides never indulges in moral judgments. Pity he seems to feel, and horror at the unparalleled disasters that overtook the Hellenic world as the flames of war and revolution consumed many pillars of its traditional civilization. But he seems constitutionally averse to "taking sides" as between Athens and Sparta or as between the democratic and oligarchical faction that often fought savagely for mastery in the same community.

This objectivity may be attributed to the fact that, while he was an Athenian citizen by birth, although of Thracian origin, he proved unlucky or inept in the conduct of some naval operations and, as not infrequently happened in the volatile Athenian democracy, was sent into exile. He refers briefly to this circumstance in typically measured terms: "It was also my fate to be an exile from my country after my command at Amphipolis; and being present with both parties, and more especially with the Peloponnesians by reason of my exile, I had leisure to observe affairs somewhat particularly."

At the very beginning he tells his readers that he wrote the history of the Peloponnesian War (so called because Sparta and its allies were located mainly in the Peloponnesus, an area united with the remainder of Greece by the narrow isthmus of Corinth) because he was convinced that it would be a great war, more worthy of description than any that preceded it. He reflects further on the methods and aims of his work as follows: "The absence of romance in my history will, I fear, detract somewhat from its interest. But if it be judged useful by those inquirers who desire an exact knowledge of the past as an aid to the interpretation of the future, which in the course of human things must resemble it, if it does not reflect it, I shall be content. In short, I have written my work not as an essay which is to win the applause of the moment, but as a possession for all time."

Certainly no modern historian, considering the question of responsibility for the outbreak of, say, the Franco-Prussian War or the First World War, could exceed the calm, temperate tone of Thucydides in discussing the origin of the Greek civil war: "The real cause I consider to be the one which was formally most kept out of sight. The growth of the power of Athens and the alarm which this inspired in Lacedaemon [Sparta] made war inevitable."

IF HE is reserved about ascribing sole responsibility for the conflict to either party, Thucydides is passionately and somberly eloquent about the consequences of a war that no state really won, although Athens was obliged to accept a Spartan occupation and the destruction of its "long walls." The Athenian empire fell; but Sparta was unable to play the role of leader and unifier, and in the next century Greece fell under the domination of Macedon's crafty King Philip and his son, the brilliant, short-lived Alexander. Here are reflections of Thucydides that might well suggest the mournful comments of a philosophic European after one of the big conflicts of that continent: "The Peloponnesian War was prolonged to an immense length, and, long as it was, it was short without parallel for the misfortunes it brought upon Hellas. Never had so many cities been taken and laid desolate, here by the barbarians, here by the contending parties (the old inhabitants being sometimes removed to make room for others); never was there so much banishing and bloodshed, now on the field of battle, now in the strife of action. . . . There were great droughts in various places and consequent famines and that most calamitous and awfully fatal visitation, the plague."

A considerable part of the work of Thucydides consists of speeches supposedly delivered by soldiers, statesmen, and negotiators. In view of the limited technical facilities of the time, it is highly doubtful that anything in the nature of press releases was possible.

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Many of the speeches are probably an amalgam of hearsay and of the author's own judgments of the motives of the actors in his story and the arguments they might have been expected to use in the situations that confronted them. Of these addresses, by far the most timeless in its appeal is the address of the leading Athenian statesman, Pericles, in honor of the first Athenians who lost their lives in the war. Never have men who died for their country been the subjects of a nobler elegy, which, in its finest passages, touches unsurpassed heights of eloquence, mingling respect for the fallen, eulogy of the free institutions of their native city, and the achievements of Athens in one solemn yet triumphant pean. In this case the transcription may be fairly close to the actual address. Thucydides was in Athens at the time of its delivery, shortly after the outbreak of hostilities and, if he did not hear the address, was in a position to learn its contents at first hand from those who did.

One can imagine the Athenians in grave assembly, with places of honor for the relatives of the fallen, listening in the clear blue Attic sky to these truly winged words of their leader, himself destined to die long before the war reached its disastrous culmination for Athens: "Our constitution does not copy the laws of neighboring states; we are rather a pattern to others than imitators ourselves. Its administration favors the many instead of the few; this is why it is called a democracy. If we look to the laws, they afford equal justice to all in their private differences; if to social standing, advancement in public life falls to reputation for capacity, class considerations not being allowed to interfere with merit. Nor does poverty bar the way; if a man is able to serve the state he is not hindered by the obscurity of his condition. . . .

"If we turn to our military policy, there also we differ from our antagonists. We throw open our city to the world and never by alien acts exclude foreigners from any opportunity of learning or observing, although the eyes of an enemy may occasionally profit by our liberality. We trust less in system and policy than in the native spirit of our citizens. In education, where our rivals from their very cradles seek after manliness by a painful discipline, at Athens we live exactly as we please, and yet are just as ready to encounter every legitimate danger. . . .

"We cultivate refinement without extravagance and knowledge without effeminacy; wealth we employ more for use than for show, and place the real disgrace of poverty not in owning to the fact, but in declining the struggle against it. . . . And, instead of looking on discussion as a stumbling block in the way of action, we think it an indispensable preliminary to wise action . . . at all. . . .

"We have forced every sea and land to be the highway of our daring, and everywhere, whether for evil or for good, have left imperishable monuments behind us. Such is the Athens for which these men, in the assertion of their resolve not to lose her, nobly fought and died; and well may every one of their survivors be ready to suffer in her cause. . . . Choosing to die resisting rather than to live submitting, they fled only from dishonor, but met danger face to face, and after one brief moment, while at the summit of their fortune, escaped, not from their fear, but from their glory."

If the legacy of Greece contained nothing but this superb tribute to those who died that their country might live, the classical education that for centuries was the rule in Western nations would be vindicated. For Pericles is the beginning of a long chain that includes Lincoln at Gettysburg and Churchill, with his rallying call to the British people and to all free men, in the dark days of 1940.

The second outstanding portion of Thucydides's history, after the funeral oration of Pericles, is devoted to the disaster that overtook the forces of Athens on the distant shores of Sicily. This was the turning point of the long war, which in general was a maze of little forays and expeditions, in which sometimes one side, sometimes the other, gained the upper hand. By contrast with these indecisive skirmishes, the Athenian expedition against Syracuse was a big gamble for big stakes, an indefinite extension of the Athenian maritime empire westward in the Mediterranean. The Spartans were quick to send aid to the enemy of their enemy, besieged Syracuse. And, as Thucydides remarks "there were never so many peoples assembled before a single city," since each side was able to muster a host of auxiliaries and mercenaries.

To Macaulay the story of the ill-fated expedition is "the *ne plus ultra* of human art," and John Stuart Mill characterized this passage as "the most powerful and affecting piece of narrative perhaps in all literature."

A historian more pious, less soberly realistic than Thucydides might have seen in the total defeat of the Athenian arms at sea and on land divine judgment for the cruel treatment of Melos. Nicias, the commander, was a sober mediocrity who enjoyed a good deal of prestige in Athens. He succeeded in committing almost every possible military blunder. He failed to attack when Syracuse was relatively weak; he let the Athenian ships get cooped up in a restricted harbor where their superior skill in naval maneuvering was of no advantage, and he delayed disastrously the evacuation urged by his colleagues when the attack had clearly failed. An eclipse of the moon frightened the superstitious Nicias so much that, although everything had been prepared for an orderly withdrawal by sea, he insisted on remaining for the twenty-seven days which, the astrologers declared, must elapse after such an omen before any big enterprise should be undertaken. The situation rapidly worsened and, after a defeat at sea had crippled the navy, it was decided to try to escape overland.

But the Syracusans were prompt in harassing and finally cutting off the retreat and ultimately captured what was

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Singing and dancing men returning from a symposium as shown on an anephora in Munich C.500 B.C.

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Must They Return?

TOM FLYNN is a prison inmate who will soon be released on parole. He is thirty years old, intelligent, and he knows a trade that is currently in high demand. Officials at the prison where he has been confined regard him as likable and cooperative, and they have encouraged him to make plans for building a fresh life when he is freed. If ever there was a convict who deserved a second chance, they say, Mr. Flynn is that man.

But what is Mr. Flynn's own estimate of his chances? "Let me be frank with you," he told a visitor recently. "Sure, I'm ready to get a job, to settle down. But who's going to hire me? There are two things I can do when I go to look for a job. I can tell them I'm an ex-convict and let them say no on the spot. Or I can lie to them and have to worry about being found out later. What do I really think will happen when I get out? The truth is I think I'll wind up right back here in this prison."

Was Mr. Flynn being unreasonably pessimistic about his future? Unfortunately, he was not. Although penologists disagree, because of statistical complexities, about the true percentage of returns to prison, indications are that no fewer than seven out of every ten released inmates have not seen the last of confinement. Sooner or later, they will be back.

Why must this be so? Another prisoner recently ventured an explanation. "I suspect the problem will be with us as long as we have prisons as such, or at least as they exist today," he wrote in a letter to a friend. "Many well-meaning people, including many judges and prosecutors, believe that a prison sentence somehow does good other than protecting society temporarily—that is, good to the offender—and that penitentiaries and reformatories actually reform and make penitent. Not so, except in rare cases. . . . Prisons are essentially destructive. They destroy the prisoner's ambition, self-confidence, sexual ability, and will to reform. They harden and brutalize. And the longer the sentence, the greater the damage."

There are at last some encouraging signs, however, that the people responsible for the more than 200,000 inmates of the nation's prisons realize that most such institutions do not in fact even begin to serve their professed function: to equip prisoners to return to society as useful citizens ready to respect and abide by the law. Penologists and prison officials, disturbed by their lack of success and by the consequent human waste, have therefore turned to some promising new ideas.

One of these ideas is soon likely to have an important test in New York City, where local officials and the federal government are now preparing a plan that would establish a massive job-training program for prisoners. What is new about the New York project is that those behind it are determined to give it the closest possible relevance to the local job market. An advisory committee of union and management representatives and other citizens is helping to guide the program; penologists, prison officials, and social workers are trying to anticipate the problems the trained prisoners will inevitably encounter; and volunteers are canvassing the city in search of businesses with enough flexibility and imagination to be willing to hire ex-convicts. The hope is that, through these efforts, a man thoroughly trained in, say, restaurant work, automobile repair, or office machine maintenance will be able to move directly from prison to a job that will offer him the confidence and self-respect that any human being needs. And the hope is also that if the project is successful in the vast New York prison system, other systems will want to try it, too. For there is no question here about "coddling" men who are beyond saving. All but a few prisoners are eventually returned to society. To leave them unfit to live in society is therefore a dangerous disservice not only to the prisoners but also to society itself.

BUT there remains one critical factor that by its very nature eludes precise measurement, whether in New York or elsewhere. It is the attitude of the public—and particularly of the people in business and industry who make the decisions about whom to hire. There is a widespread reluctance to take a chance on a person with a prison record, even though he may be thoroughly qualified for a given job. "Why should I hire an ex-convict?" some employers ask. "I've got enough trouble with people who haven't been to prison." But there are also, or so prison authorities would like to hope, other employers who are willing to take an educated gamble by offering help to people who might otherwise, through sheer neglect of their potentialities, slip back into crime.

So far, however, it has been virtually impossible, because of the magnitude of the nationwide canvassing that would be required, to make any valid estimate of how many potential employers for former prison inmates may exist. A handful of people have come forward with solid offers of jobs, but there are undoubtedly many others who, although willing enough to move against the grain of a popular prejudice, have remained unaware of the need. If any such employers would like to make an exploratory inquiry by writing to Jobs, c/o *Saturday Review*, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, they will be put in touch with the proper authorities in their area.

No one, least of all the ex-convicts themselves, will argue that hiring an ex-convict is without risks. But if enough people were to demonstrate an interest, it might provide the encouragement, in however small a way, that could ultimately bring a change of major significance in the prospects for men who currently have little hope of a second chance to prove themselves. —J.F.F.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Kashmir Case

IT HAS DISTRESSED me that you published an article that seems to be, if not outright propaganda, at least so filled with factual errors, distortions, and suppressions that it emerges as a piece of special pleading for a particular political case. I refer to "Kashmir: Dilemma of a People Adrift," by Arthur Bernon Tourtellot [*SR*, Mar. 6].

I am not interested in pleading the case of either India or Pakistan on the subject of Kashmir because Mr. Tourtellot's pro-Pakistan sentiments are so clearly in evidence that it would require a true pro-Indian propagandist to reply in kind. However, I think it is worth setting the record straight on the facts, which can be verified from the records of the United Nations and other impartial sources, in order, hopefully, to correct the many misstatements and false inferences that appeared in Mr. Tourtellot's article.

Let me start with the caption of the lead picture showing the exodus of refugees in 1947. It refers to the terrible events that accompanied the partition of India and Pakistan, but gives the impression that the movement of refugees was one-sided. In that turbulent and bloody exchange of populations, quite as many refugees moved from Pakistan to India as vice versa. Today, eighteen years later, it is perhaps of more significance that the flow from Pakistan continues while there is no counterflow from India. Last year alone, 900,000 Hindus, Buddhists, and Christians—all refugees—have come to India from Pakistan.

In a way this distortion points up the main basis of my quarrel with Mr. Tourtellot. As I understand it from the description given in your magazine, his concern is with "constitutionalism in the emerging nations," and this was his particular interest in Kashmir and is to be the subject of his forthcoming book. This is, indeed, the consideration of a fundamental matter between nations, and Kashmir is a tangled but illuminating example. What, finally, is the purpose of the constitution of any nation? Surely, along with its many guarantees of legal and social rights, it should demonstrate a point of view that is, for lack of a better word, "moral." The Indian constitution has drawn for its sources on the American, the British, the Swiss, and other nations that represent, in some way, its purpose. One element that is common to all, and essential to what Indians consider the proper viewpoint for their country, is that the constitution should assure them of a secular state in which religious expression is a private concern, not a governmental determinant. It is, therefore, absurd to describe India as "Hindu" India, (Mr. Tourtellot's phrase), when 55,000,000 Moslems live in India by choice, when they, along with the Buddhist, Christian, Jewish, Sikh, and Zoroastrian Indians, occupy some of the highest elective and appointed offices in the country, when the Vice President (at the moment the acting President) is a Moslem, and when members of other faiths are members of the Cabinet, justices of the Supreme Court, ambassadors abroad, and governors of states.

Pakistan, on the other hand, is explicitly "the Islamic Republic of Pakistan." It is, not to put too fine a point on it, a religious-military dictatorship, even though its recent acceptance of "basic democracies" allows 80,000 people to represent 100 million citizens. India, with a population of 450 million, has 210 million registered voters—all on the basis of universal adult franchise regardless of religion—of whom some 55 per cent went to the polls in the last elections in 1962.

It is on this vital question of the place of religion in the constitutional rights of people that the situation in Kashmir hinges, and it is this issue that forms the heart of the troubles between India and Pakistan in Kashmir.

My feeling is that the mistakes, misstatements, and misinterpretations in Mr. Tourtellot's article are worth serious appraisal because they illustrate a very important question. Does community of religion define a nation? If so, India, as well as most Western democracies, cannot claim nationhood. If, on the other hand, we recognize that, whatever their religious beliefs, people have the right to a democratic government of their own choosing, then India has demonstrated its good faith by initially bringing the matter of Kashmir to the United Nations and asking that the U.N. stipulations be met. Equally vital is the assurance to people anywhere, including Kashmir, that they can vote freely without fear of religious or any other kind of pressure or reprisal.

FAUBION BOWERS.

New York, N.Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"But Jeremiah, don't you realize that all this wild talk is bad for business?"

Inside Soviet Culture

I AM more than a little interested in the article by Alberto Moravia, "When Art Becomes Propaganda" [*SR*, Apr. 17]. One paragraph said: "The case of Dostoevsky, whose work is not allowed to be reprinted in his own country, raises the question of ultimate reconciliation with history. Dostoevsky is banned because the game being played by Communism with history has not yet reached its limit. But when will it reach its limit...?"

At that point my patience reached its limit.

In 1956 the Soviet State Publishing House of Creative Literature published a complete ten-volume set of Dostoevsky's works in 300,000 copies. These were quite nicely bound and inexpensive. My husband was in Moscow in 1957 and bought a set, which we have. In the fall of 1961 he attended in Moscow a celebration of the 140th anniversary of Dostoevsky's birth, at which Soviet critics discussed Dostoevsky's works and Soviet actors presented scenes from them. We both went to a performance of *The Brothers Karamazov* at the Maly Theatre in the spring of 1962. Other plays based on Dostoevsky's works are in its repertoire and have been given recently.

RUTH HARLOW BERMAN.

Newton Centre, Mass.

A Question of Sacrifice

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH in his article "What Does Violence Say About Man?" [*SR*, Mar. 27] apparently did not recall the tragedy of several years ago in which two planes collided and crashed in New York City. One of the planes came down in a Brooklyn street, leaving one survivor out of all the passengers and crew members of both planes. The survivor was a ten-year-old boy who later died of his wounds despite the heroic attempts made to save his life. As the attending physician said later, he literally died of "breathing in fire." There isn't an animal walking on God's earth that I wouldn't "sacrifice" to the experimenter's table if one iota of information might be gleaned to save similar victims.

GENE MCDEVITT.

Boston, Mass.

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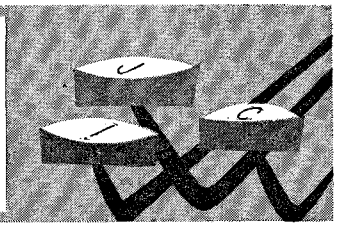
Manner of Speaking



No Subject: Several more or less faithful readers have written recently to announce they have caught me in the act of not knowing what on earth I am talking about when I write a column. I am especially grateful to two of them who took their discovery as an occasion for something less than total scorn, even going so far as to say they are blessed if they can locate the subject but that they sometimes approve of the way in which I missed whatever it was I had been aiming at.

With or without scorn, the reader who has followed me that far is, of course, right. I am not utterly against writing on a subject, but why be forever closed in by anything as constrictive as an avowed purpose? If a man must always begin by knowing what he is going to say, how will he ever discover how much he hasn't yet thought about?

Robert Frost and Wallace Stevens once had a go at whatever difference there is between subject and no subject. As Mr. Frost liked to tell it, he and Stevens were together in Florida for an evening's random when Stevens said, "The trouble with you, Frost, is that you write on subjects." Frost always reported his rejoinder with some glee, though I am not at all sure he scored quite as many points with it as his tone would imply. "The trouble with you, Stevens," he said, "is that you write bric-a-brac."

I will not pretend to know completely what difference that is. As nearly as I can sense the gist of it, Frost wrote with a partly known world in view and Stevens wrote from the music into the music, finding whatever world came in the act of the writing.

If that is the real difference, I mean to take no sides in it. There is some world in view and there is also the world that comes into view only in the act of the writing, and I mean to be given to them in turn as the mood strikes.

My present mood is simply to let happen. Away with subjects—at least now and then. With Emerson, I shall carve WHIM on the lintel of the door. I hope, also with him, that it will be more than whim in the end.

For no man can write long about this world without outrunning, at some point, the illusion that he knows what world it is. Could a man really look out of any window for ten seconds—really look, I say—he would have non-subject enough for a lifetime of not knowing who he is in what world. Let me believe that is vocation enough for any one writer's lifetime.

In 1951, in Paris, I ran into Sidney Bechet, who was then in process of setting down his autobiography. I found him to be a fascinating man and was happy to take a hand in the book despite my relative ignorance of Dixieland. I was working for Twayne Publishers then and badly wanted the book on the list. As it happened, the book ran into a tangle of legal problems that delayed its publication for more than ten years, though it was finally published by another house in 1962 or 1963 under the title *Treat It Gentle*.

All of which is mere bibliography to a notion deep in Sidney's way of being himself. He was, as he put it, "a musicianer" and he had a way of starting his generalizations with "a musicianer, he...." So went one of his personal discoveries about himself. "A man, he gets into all sorts of things in a life; things that he can't be sure what they are till he gets them thought about. A musicianer, he's like that. All sorts of things happen to him and he don't know what-all it was till he gets it into the music. That's where you find out. You tell it to the music, and the music, it tells it to you."

AND what, for that matter, is a better subject than the waiting for the sound of what says itself to the sayer?

I am at a pause in this day's mail from whatever world there is, and I am staring from my window at whatever unknown begins here. There is a pigeon who has taken over my air conditioner for its personal befoulment. I swear I shall poison it yet as a loathsome piece of poultry. But instantly I know I shall miss its rumbling if I do. Let it live on while I make a life-companionship of my schemes to get rid of it. Who would willingly live without an enemy? And having found one, who would destroy it only to live on in uncontested loneliness?

Outside my door, Jonnel is howling up a storm as he works his road-racer layout to a new world's record. His favorite car has ticked off 497 laps nonstop and every click of the lap-counter must be cried out to the international world entire.

What world of the day's mail is this in the course of which a man finds himself between an odiously friendly incubus at his window and an endlessly loud one shouting up world's records outside his door?

No subject, I must insist, will contain it. This is what world comes of itself in the saying. There is no such world except in the very act of saying it. Say it wrong and it is only a pigeon at the window and a loud boy at the door. A nothing and a nothing with a nothing between. Said wrong, the world misses itself. It goes awry.

But this goes right. Don't ask me where it goes. I don't know. But if it can learn to say itself, it will tell me one part of one day of whatever world it is that lies beyond subjects. Perhaps no more than a bric-a-brac world in a knickknack hour. But let the saying learn to listen to it and it will come back told.

One need only imagine what ear is listening to it. If that ear is well enough imagined, then it is a whole world heard. For myself, I choose the Lazarus ear. The trick is to put yourself outside it all and then to listen back.

Why do you suppose all art is so full of death? There is no morbidity in that fact. What hears the day is the act of listening back from the sure knowledge that there will be a time beyond listening. Every artist is a Lazarus returned from his sure nothing to his uncertain plenty. He hears the little sound large.

Not that there is anything little about Jonnel's sound. He has always been given to that world's-record roar. Yet somehow his roar to one side is no more than the coo and rumble of my enemy on the other.

In the properly tuned ear of the saying I plot one destruction I shall never get around to, and pray for one future to outrun me, and am glad enough to let both sounds happen to the words I find to say them in.

And I think what I learn is that time is never a single sound but the crossing of sound and sound until there is none, except as the language teaches a man to hear back from what is no sound at all. And that whatever world we hear depends on what ear is listening.

To what? What difference can that make? The hearing itself is everything. Ask Lazarus, if you doubt me. Or if you can't find him, ask the language of your own listening, once you have learned to get over your own too-ready insistence on making everything into a subject, which is to say, of course, into a category. As Hans Hofmann has said to his students, "A line is a prison." For a subject, you see, is a box, and all the little true mice of the world are forever escaping from it and you have to catch them, if at all, in glimpses as they go. And who knows where?

Except that there will be a world's record sooner or later. And that I'll get that pigeon yet. —JOHN CIARDI.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Something to Come Home To

EVERY now and then—and, happily, rather often—the regular reader of fiction comes upon a first novel that is unmistakably a manifestation of new talent. Such a novel is *A Green Tree in Gedde* (New American Library, $5), by Alan Sharp, a young native of Scotland. His first paragraph indicates that he has a good eye and a feeling for words:

> Greenock lies along the Clyde littoral and is built up onto the hills behind. Thus it is a long lateral town and the streets rise steeply and provide open view of the river and the Argyllshire hills. In the winter there is snow on them and in the summer their great tawny flanks are charred occasionally by heather fires.They are seen across an expanse of roofs and chimneys, the slates dull-purple scales and the ridges presided by clumps of lums, cans churning and smoke pennons flying. The buildings are of sandstone block, greybuffs and occasional reds, and are erected in monolithic tenements achieving their only rhythm in the flowing lines enforced by the land.

We are introduced at once to John Moseby, a graduate student of history—for want of anything easier to do. He is married and has a three-year-old daughter, to whom, as the novel opens, he is talking agreeable nonsense. He seems, indeed, to be an agreeable fellow, pleasantly paternal and outspokenly uxorious. He is not, one gathers, the most stable young man in Scotland, but on the whole he is a good sort.

The novel, however, is far from being the kind of domestic comedy the first chapter suggests. It has three main themes, and Sharp gives what he calls a "book" to each of them, the three books being scattered through the volume. (The division into books seems an unnecessary complication, though perhaps its purpose will become clear when the proposed trilogy, of which *A Green Tree in Gedde* is the first volume, is completed.) We pass immediately to a second major character, Harry Gibbon, and then to a third, Peter Cuffee. Gibbon is a close friend of John Moseby and a fellow resident of Greenock. He is also a friend, by way of military service, of Peter Cuffee, who lives near Manchester.

The first chapter devoted to Harry Gibbon describes his ancestors, with particular reference to Robert Gibbon, who was an itinerant preacher with some resemblances to William Blake, and was also what his contemporaries would have described as a lecher. As for Peter Cuffee, he is an art student, and we meet him as his affair with his sister Ruth has come to an end. He has made up his mind to quit art school and take a trip on the Continent. At the same time Harry Gibbon, who has felt rootless since his friendship with Moseby was weakened by the latter's marriage, proposes a change of scenery for himself, and he and Peter set off together, leaving Ruth to loneliness and melancholy.

For Peter the trip is mainly a series of women of various nationalities and dispositions, whereas Harry holds himself aloof and meditates on his nature. A meeting with an American homosexual helps to convince him of his own heterosexuality, which he has been inclined to doubt. Back in Greenock, in the meanwhile, John Moseby has been involved in a rather trivial and sordid affair, of which his wife eventually learns. When the novel ends, Harry and Ruth are happily united, whereas Moseby faces a crisis, and Peter's future seems as uncertain as ever.

There is a saying of old Robert Gibbon, that great wanderer, that Harry is fond of quoting: "If you don't go, you can't come back." The book is about a series of goings away and comings back. To say the same thing in another way, it is the story of several voyages in search of the self. Harry and Peter go to the Continent, and Harry does find himself, and perhaps Peter does too, though that is not so certain. Ruth, whose journey is only of the spirit, ends it triumphantly. As for John Moseby, he has been away and come back, but we do not know to what.

Sex is central in the experience of each of these wayfarers. Moseby may be regarded as a normally sensual man, if one remembers that, according to the Kinsey Report, the norm of sensuality is pretty high. He thinks about sex much of the time, and talks about it with engaging frankness, but he is less bold in practice. Peter Cuffee, on the other hand, is a man of unusual vitality, who does everything he does with the utmost intensity. For him sex is simply sex, whereas Harry finds sex without love meaningless.

Sharp writes about sex with candor, but he is never clinical in the manner of some of his contemporaries. He makes much of both the poetry and the comedy of sex, and in the moods he describes he ranges from tenderness to ferocity and from timid concupiscence to ravaging passion. Sex, as he sees it, can be man

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things, and he tries here to show some of its variety.

As I have said, his style is fresh, and sometimes, as in his use of Scots dialect and in certain Joycean passages, it is experimental. Occasionally one wonders at his choice of words, but usually he gets his effect, as in this depiction of the coming of night:

> The evening was settling after a flagrant sunset away behind Gourock. It left lingering contusions of lilac and salmon, slowly cooling cobalt, the hills purpling down to black, and at a certain pitch of dim releasing the early stars' homing light. The buildings stood around in huge geometries against the sky's blanch, great blue blanks, the chimney abstractions softened here and there by the flowering of occasional smoke. The light died with a passionate slowness, absorbed by the intense dark of the buildings, colors going first until an arrested, stilly poise held, a bright empty clarity that illuminated nothing, so thinly was it stretched. To release the tension and herald the dominion of night, the lamps came on, blossoms on the branches of the Greenock tree.

Sharp has been influenced, I surmise, by D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, and Lawrence Durrell, but however much he may have learned from his predecessors, he speaks with his own voice. From the point of organization the novel is puzzling, but perhaps some of the apparent eccentricities—such as the long account of the Gibbon family—will be explained when the trilogy is complete. At any rate

Alan Sharp: "I am an obsessive writer about sex."

A Green Tree in Gedde stands as a solid achievement, and I look forward to the volumes to come. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

The Author: The two things you notice immediately about Alan Sharp are his accent and his hair. His speech is undiluted Glasgow. It is a delight to the American ear to listen to him squash words to a melodious softness. Book melts into boook, down to doon, bad to bod, God to Gawd, bunker to boonker. And sometimes what is said has to be questioned. Is a pairson a person or a parson? A person. And "rivers and hells" —that does mean hills? It does.

His hair is a shag of dull blond curls and looks more like Persian lamb than the standard human topping. It creeps onto his forehead in a near bang and curls thickly around his ears and down the back of his neck. On a different face it might call to mind Harpo Marx. It gives the author of *A Green Tree in Gedde* the look of a slightly underfed lion. "I'd like to keep it further doon on the sides," he said. "It's a wee bit Hamletian, on the Olivier side if I remember right. It's not debonair enough for a Beatle."

Alan Sharp was born thirty-one years ago in Alyth, Scotland, and was brought up by adoptive parents in Greenock, a small town near Glasgow. He left school at fourteen to apprentice in the local shipyards. There was also a brief assistantship to a private detective. "I had high hopes of fedoras and trench coats, but it was all debt collecting. My boss was the only sherry dipsomaniac I have ever noon. I'd go out and collect while he stayed in the office and festered away."

"I was fifteen when I found out I was adopted. It was a great release for me from my environment when I learned. I had always looked at my father as one of the boundaries of my nature. What he was I would be. But now I could be anything. One of me fantasies was that Humphrey Bogart was me father and Katharine Hepburn me mother."

He entered the army in 1952 and two years later returned to Greenock and married a local girl. The marriage produced two daughters, and divorce papers about the time he took an aptitude test which got him a $1400 grant for Glasgow University. He turned the money over to his wife and headed for Germany. "I spoke no German, and I made an assiduous attempt not to learn the language. I must have had a kink in me head when I went. I lived in an old air-raid boonker, and I gave English lessons. Most of them that came to me spoke a remarkably good English. The trouble in the end was that they were learning English with a Scottish accent. I would sing them little songs all the time. Their grasp of English deteriorated but their knowledge of folk music improved greatly."

He began writing when he moved to London. "I stayed alive through the usual variety of jobs. Construction laborer, dishwasher, all night on a switchboard for a burglar alarm firm, packer and general dogbody for a shop that sold carpets."

A Green Tree in Gedde was written between 1959 and 1963. "I write nights. No typewriter to disturb anyone. Longhand. I do a peeka [pica] print—that's me writing—in a ledger. *Gedde* went 450 pages. I print about 400 words to the page. This peeka print is a ritual necessity for me, a kind of personal stamp. I admire craftsmanship. This peeka is mine."

After translation, *Gedde* will be published in France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, and Finland. It has already been issued in England.

"It's been called pornographic and excessively sexual. I admit the book is concerned with sex. I'm an obsessive writer about sex. It concerns me the way damnation concerned Kafka. The only real thing to me today is relationships. Sex is something you have to get over with or integrate to get on with the relationship. To accuse me of pornography is not even a relevant comment. Pornography has to do with marionettes who go through positions; it doesn't take into account landscape.

"Landscape is kind of crucial to me. People are made through environment. Landscapes impose themselves on people who inhabit them. In my book Moseby and Greenock are inseparable.

"Someone said *Gedde* was existential. Existential to me means solitary. That's not emotional. I'm not like Dos Passos. Intellect rules his writing. My emotions rather than my intellect are in control of my writing.

"Sartre says a man makes himself through actions and choice. I think some restraint is necessary. Once it was Gawd. Remove Gawd and there is only individual choice. In my book I'm saying people live in the world through their choices but they are seeking to replace a lost or damaged order. A religious order, for example. Failure to find this order is solipsism."

The title of the novel comes from a poem credited to "Robert Gibbon, b. 1866, d. 1925." The poem appears before the beginning of the novel. "One British reviewer didn't think my writing came up to Gibbon's. I wrote the poem. I invented Gibbon, too. I got Gedde from a Texas Rangers' magazine I once read. At the end of a story, one of the Rangers said to the other, 'Now that we have cleaned up this town, let us saddle up and ride out into the desert to gedde.' He meant together. It stuck in me mind."

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

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Intellectual Passion, Logical Love

***Force of Circumstance,** by Simone de Beauvoir, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Putnam. 658 pp. $10), the third and concluding volume of her autobiography, finds the author despairing of old age but still fiery, at least when is comes to the U.S. and France. Arthur Darack is book and art editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, and, as adjunct associate professor, teacher of esthetics and musicology at the University of Cincinnati.*

By ARTHUR DARACK

IN REVIEWING an autobiography, one is reduced not merely to practicing literary criticism, but to playing God. How is one to judge the life of another, even when that life is transformed into words that stand in the place of events and emotions as well as evoking them? Shall we say: "Mme. de Beauvoir was an exemplary writer, but a terrible person." Or: "She was lovely, honorable, and charming, but all this is too much in evidence in her writing, so that we mistrust her purpose. . . ." And perhaps autobiography is not a literary form at all, but a species of obituary, in which the subject pleads self-justification to his god and propitiates him by means of carefully selected events and deeds. Perhaps it is like the child, anxious to disarm his mother by recounting a sordid episode in terms flattering to himself, not by presenting falsehood, but by suppressing unfavorable details.

In the preceding volumes Mme. de Beauvoir recounted her rebelliousness, her friends, hopes, her early formative attachments and attitudes. Beginning in the second volume, *The Prime of Life*, she brought her full literary talent to bear on the materials of her consuming passions: philosophy, politics, the arts, and Jean-Paul Sartre. The book ended with the liberation of Paris.

The liberation of Paris was heavily symbolic throughout the world at the time; the City of Light had been recaptured from the barbarians despoiling it, and Mme. de Beauvoir was one of its jewels once again able to reflect its glory. The combination was irresistible. One looked forward eagerly to the next book.

Some of the exhilaration of those days is recaptured in the third volume, but the curve of the book is wholly different, although the same cool vision continues to operate. Mme. de Beauvoir has the capacity to crowd details meaningfully so that her travel discussions alone are vitally alive and convincing whether she is writing about Communist China, which impressed her immensely; Soviet Russia, to which the future belongs, so she thinks not without some apprehensiveness; the U.S., where she deplored all the usual irritants to foreigners, but found some compensating beauties to admire; Castro's Cuba, which she defended passionately, or Brazil, where the extremes of poverty and modernity were more than she could bear. Moreover, hers is a new kind of travel literature—extracting cultural and political implications from a scrutiny of the crowded face of things. The phenomenologist in Mme. de Beauvoir serves her well; it is vital that we understand surface phenomena because there is the beginning of hypocrisy, the shield of every deceit.

SHE observes many famous figures, from Arthur Koestler to Rita Hayworth to Françoise Sagan. There are some great descriptions of great indiscretions, and too much discretion where its absence might have been preferred by the reader. As an example of the former: the party with Koestler, Camus, and Sartre at a night club where Koestler wanted to fight. An example of the latter: Sartre is treated throughout as a kind of intellectual father figure dispensing wisdom.

She is candid about her affairs with Nelson Algren and Claude Lanzmann, which she describes as "contingent." Her relationship with Sartre always takes precedence; thus Mme. de Beauvoir has reduced love to a logical formulation: her relationship with Sartre may be described as a free variable; her contingent relationships are bound variables. The introduction of reason into love may be a very great achievement. Reason gets a bad name from its association with technology, which menaces us everywhere. If it can be coupled to love, as it once was—see, for instance, the classification system in the *Kama Sutra*—its application to other fields will be made easier.

It may be added that in *Force of Circumstance*, as in *The Mandarins*, Mme. de Beauvoir's prose becomes warmer when she is describing Nelson Algren. Whether reason can take comfort from this fact, if it is a fact, is a matter on which Sartre must pronounce (he embodies reason to Mme. de Beauvoir).

Mme. de Beauvoir's first failure, much qualified, the book *All Men Are Mortal*, occurred at the time when Sartre (and she) were becoming wealthy. It was a double embarrassment to one trained in a system of thought (Existentialism) that often proceeds by irony, but surely not to the extent of proposing to reward failure with success. The analyses of her writing, and the confessions of her thoughts, are among the highlights of this book, because of the detachment and irony with which she is able to view them.

Her first meeting with Michelle, her chief rival for Sartre's attentions, is described coolly, even magnificently. But the author of *The Second Sex* could hardly criticize a member of it for behavior that a male, even if it was Sartre, had maneuvered her into following.

THREE themes emerge from the autobiography with force: rebelliousness, intellectual passion, and a desire to find a path through the giant contending messianisms of the Soviet Union and the U.S. Rebelliousness wears itself out in age; the U.S. and USSR converge under the anti-messianism of technology, and what remains is intellectual passion. In the present volume too much of it is expended on the trauma of the Algerian war. This causes Mme. de Beauvoir to wind up hating France with more passion than she expressed against the Nazis in the earlier volumes, and in this one also. But she is aware of this and explains it: The crimes against the Algerians—murders, tortures, concentration camps—were not concealed from the French people nor in any way justified, but the people did nothing. They accepted police terror and all the horrors of Algeria. For this, she thinks the French more debased than the Germans, who at least could pretend at the time that it was not happening. She is intractable against de Gaulle, even though he was responsible for bringing about precisely what she and Sartre demanded, an end to the war. She could not accept his means, saying, in effect, only the means justify the end. She seems willing to cut off her face to spite de Gaulle's nose.

Her anti-Americanism is too personal. We are not the cure-all devils she supposes. If every American were to disappear tomorrow—something Mme. de Beauvoir would not regret, excepting Algren, her U.S. publisher, and readers—the Communist countries would remain with problems no less grave than at present. (They would, of course, be different.) Moreover, it is possible to admire both the U.S. and the USSR (or hate them both). The defense of Soviet policy, domestic or foreign, requires at

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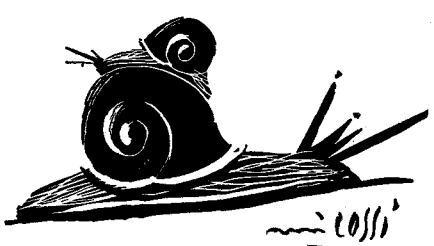
least as much accommodation to the facts of human imperfection, callousness, cruelty, and deceit, as the defense of any U.S. policy our most determined enemy might point out.

Mme. de Beauvoir is too impatient for change, too certain that radical change means radical improvement, whereas an excellent case can be made out to the contrary, given today's techniques for change and resistance to it. And her Marxism seems assumed, like the finery she disdains. It is a couture substitute, which the Communists have not been slow to observe.

The present volume looks with despair on old age and its encroachments but, for all that, the book contains many subtle, magnificent responses to the genuine wealth of the world—its art, its variety of peoples, cultures, techniques, and adaptations to life. Nothing that Mme. de Beauvoir writes in anger or despair can alter the glorious, sometimes ignominious history of France and Paris, or the example she herself has set, in her life and her books. It is hard to accept



her harsh verdict against a city and a life that nourished each other through these tumultuous decades (life, she thinks, has betrayed the girl she once was). Perhaps a volume will appear later, to soften and correct impressions she may, one hopes, have cause to alter.

A Many Splendored Scandal

The Prince's Person, *by Roger Peyrefitte, translated from the French by Peter Fryer (Farrar, Straus. 212 pp. $4.95), concerns a stipulation in a Medici marriage contract that made sixteenth-century Europe gasp. Laurent LeSage is a professor of French literature at Penn State College.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

HERE is a dish so highly flavored with Gallic salt and also with the variety known as Attic that some bland and pious tastes will surely be offended. For it is a story about a demonstration of virility before witnesses, a deflowering sanctioned by the church, and describes the carnality and corruption that flourished in the Italian states during the reign of Pope Gregory XIII. How much is fiction, how much is history may be answered best either by wishful thinkers or by scholars of the Renaissance who can check Peyrefitte's sources. But he has not the reputation for inventing out of whole cloth, and his novel (if such we should call it) does read like an authentic chronicle from those times when prelates spawned bastards and princes consorted with catamites while a fun-loving populace tattled it all in doggerel verse.

M. Peyrefitte reports that on March 2, 1581, Vincenzo Gonzaga, son of the Duke of Mantua, and Margherita Farnese, granddaughter of the Duke of Parma, were married in pomp and splendor. Three days later it was common knowledge that this most handsome couple were spouses in name alone. Was the fault the bride's youth? She was only fourteen. Or the groom's indifference? He was nineteen, but already had a reputation for debauch and unsavory friendships. The question was debated throughout the courts of Europe, where each successive bit of news concerning medical examinations, surgical operations, and the exchange of insults between the interested families was seized upon with delight. Finally Pope Gregory convened his cardinals and settled the matter of the *"natura principis Mantuae"* by recommending a convent for the bride and remarriage for the groom. A match with Eleonora, eldest daughter of Francesco de' Medici, was already in the making. But out of prudence or from a Florentine love of licentious jest, the Medicis put a stipulation in the contract that made all Europe gasp and prompted M. Peyrefitte to recount, for our delectation, the whole story of Prince Vincenzo's compliance.

"Quid vobis videtur?" It took another congress of cardinals to authorize the deed demanded, endless preparations on the part of agents and procurers to make everything ready. At every step difficulties arose: plans had to be altered, terms argued anew, location shifted. At the last moment a man's stomach cramps and a woman's concupiscence threatened to turn the whole business to naught. Ultimately, triumph: *"erectio, introductio, emissio!"*

To tell a tale so bawdy Peyrefitte deploys all the graces of his style. Nuance, delicate thrust, allusion, humorous understatement, and the strictest propriety of language keep the story from foundering in its offensiveness. He is an artist, not a pornographer. A historian, too, if you will, of impressive erudition—but still an artist, who makes fact and document cast their own spell within a most terse narration. As with every work of this specialist in scandal, we may regret that such art is not put to nobler uses. One French critic, who interprets the present work as mockery of a church that would consider "the prince's person" a subject worth debating in two consistories, reminds Peyrefitte that apparently he considered it worth 212 pages of his very fine prose.

The Foreclosure

By Lawrence P. Spingarn

AS soon as I signed the deed, my phone rang
And the slow poor-white Southern voice said:
"Look, what you aimin' to do?—'cause I got
Seven kids in this here house. If we moves now,
Lordy, it won't be pretty." The lawyer
Signalled to hang up, my wife began to weep,
My dog growled, but I gave as good as took:
"Look, Whitlow, the funeral's your own making.
Who asked you to lie down seven times in bliss
Or eat meat on any pork-fat night but Sunday
Or sit drinking beer in front of the magic box
When kingdoms of paper are falling like snow
And the besieged forts need clerks and computers?
According to figures, Whitlow, you're dead already.
Your veins were opened ten years back. The blood
In your case took longer to drain out. Whitlow?
Are you there?" But the dead did not answer,
And next day, to save another dime, I walked
To work through the narrow streets of my heart.

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The Language of Democracy

SOME years ago Mr. Edmund Wilson complained—bootlessly, it appears—about what was then a new solecism, the word "massive" used to qualify things that are not, cannot be, massive. Mr. Wilson observed that the adjective properly describes a physical object whose mass is considerable, and by extension a physical object of large size and great weight. Grants of credits to foreign nations, or retaliation against them for their warlike acts, could not, as in John Foster Dulles's usage, be massive. They could be other things, including wise or foolish, but, by the genius of the language, "massive" was a quality denied to threats or blandishments as to gossamer or moonshine. As we all know, Mr. Wilson's complaint has been massively ignored. Oddly enough, the error flourishes only among those who pass for educated. The workman will refer correctly to a massive casting; one has to ascend as high as the Personnel Department to hear of massive lay-offs, and to the Olympus of the board room itself to learn of plans for a massive expansion of sales.

Clearly, there is a class of persons whose careers depend on their being able to summon words that can kill seven at a blow. And the principle of selection seems to be the same that Dryden attributed to a poetaster of his day: "He fagotted his verses as they fell,/And if they rhymed and rattled, all was well." Or, as the floorwalker said when discovered with his hand in the till, "Go away. Can't you see I'm too drunk to know what I'm doing?" It must be some such intoxication that induces a man who is looking for a job to claim that he is "seeking a position." Seeking, as if it were the Grail he was after. And position. But on second thought, I suppose we must sympathize with his reluctance to say "job," a word with an unfortunate history, some part of which survives in "jobbery," and that in one ugly monosyllable tells you anyway more than you want to know about work done not for love but for money. In the same way, I suppose we should forgive the unfortunate who promises to "contact" us. Life has dealt with him so harshly that he shies away from touching his fellows, to the point where he refuses even to get in touch with them—or call or write—unless he can put it in Latin, which is impersonal, antiseptic, and high-toned. But still, there is a powerful temptation when we are told, "I'll contact you," to answer, "Don't contact us. We'll contact *you*." Or as the children say, in much better English, "Not if we see you first."

Those examples of the high-pressure vocabulary suggest that it is not necessarily the long word or the one of learned origin that is chosen when the situation calls for overkill capacity. The desiderata seem to be abstractness, remoteness, and something that suggests a connection with science or technology. The use of "type" in place of "kind" or "sort" is by now almost universal. "What type of person is he?" says Everybody, making unconscious obeisance to the god of the shop and the laboratory. If he feels a special reverence for the stock-shelves of the Parts Department, he may contract the expression further to, "What type person is he?" The answer comes, "Oh, a high-type person," and the hyphenated construction expresses the mechanical analogy that the speaker has at the back of his mind. The lucky man is being compared to a double-action model, or an overhead-cam model, or a quick-release model. In fine, to a manufactured object, machined to definite specifications, and with all the kinks and bugs ironed out.

SOME of the popular technicizing terms appear to have come into the language under the influence of the German scientists we captured in 1945 and who have been making rockets for us ever since. (I wonder if the Russians owe a similar linguistic debt to the Germans *they* captured and who are making their rockets.) "Breakthrough" sounds German to me, and I certainly don't remember hearing the word before the Second World War, though the nation was equally given to celebrating trifles in those days. "Fallout" is another example of the *furor Teutonicus*, I imagine, and a number of unfortunate formations on the same pattern—"dropout," "cook-out." Here, though, I think we must distinguish between promiscuous neologisms and native examples of more legitimate ancestry, for example, Mark Twain's expression, "a regular old tore-out," which is probably born of metathesis from the time-honored "a real old rip." And "blowout," of course, meant a gorgeous feast long before it came to signify a species of automotive mishap. (I confess that I used the last phrase because it is a triumph of unconscious comedy, rivaled only by that nineteenth-century invention, "a melancholy accident.") Some forms that are not particularly attractive in themselves are ennobled by their associations. "Sit-down" has an honorable origin, and so does the new "sit-in" and the brand-new "teach-in." But nothing can quite make up for the inherent gracelessness of such words. They are, as it were, the warrant-officers among words, neither enlisted men nor yet gentlemen-by-act-of-congress. For "holdout" and "standout" it is hard to imagine an excuse.

Speaking of the German language, when I was a boy the announcement, "Hopefully, I'll go next week," or "I'll go, hopefully, next week," conveyed a very different message than it does nowadays. Firstly, it told us that the speaker was a foreigner, or possibly a religious enthusiast, given the unexpectedly insistent adverb. But in either case, it meant that a spirit of hope would accompany him on his peregrinations. "Hopefully" could be nothing but an adverb expressing the frame of mind in which he would carry out the action. Now, as it happens, the Germans have an expression, *hoffentlich*, whose colloquial use is, "*Hoffentlich* I go next week." Who do you suppose won the last world war? The most respectable periodicals in the country are printing contributions by the most respected writers, in which "hopefully" means "I hope to" or "I hope that." But before 1945 those writers would have had to say what they meant.

This is as good a point as any to consider the contention of some modern lexicographers that usage is the final arbiter of elegance. That claim is most often advanced in defense of vulgar neologisms, or just plain vulgarity, and it represents itself as being objective, scientific, and democratic. Objectivity and science in this context mean statistics, and democracy means the linguistic prejudices of the lexicographer. But surely those words have loftier meanings? Democracy, for example, is not a taste for plebescite, but a passion for political responsibility. And since it is a passion, it flourishes only among people who are capable of being passionate. In this connection, then, counting noses is not being objective but merely uninterested—and also disingenuous. For when the dictionary-makers I am referring to appeal to usage, they do not specify whose usage they have in mind. They would like to have it appear that they mean just folks, the backbone of the nation. However, the majority of the population, including me, can scarcely get through a spoken sentence without using expressions that are technically blasphemous or obscene, and are not to be found in the popular word-books compiled on folksy principles. So that their message comes down to this: If your speech is notably graceless, corrupt, and ignorant, don't you mind. Your neighbors are in the same

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fix. And I'm a lexicographer, and I say it's all right.

The reason for being starchy in such matters, and passionate rather than permissive, is that the language of cultivated speakers and writers is precise, subtle, and beautiful. The cultivated speaker, of course, is not necessarily the person who has a degree in linguistics. Indeed, so far as vocabulary and syntax are concerned, the conversation of the professional middle class nowadays is like the imitation whipped cream dispensed from those grease-gun affairs in soda fountains. It is synthetic, without either calories or flavor, and it is delivered under high pressure. For nourishing speech, one has to go to the country. But the point of art is to improve on nature, and turn rude energy to something express and moving. In one of his poems Paul Goodman boasts of "Excellent sentences I make,/ Better than any other man's." That's the spirit. And now, if you please, what is the source of Mr. Goodman's affection for the expression—repeated dozens of times in his prose works—This, that, or the other thing is *importantly* true? That usage is a curious example of provincialism, in which the province is just about limited to Mr. Goodman. I suppose we do know why he does it. He is a man of the world, and he has learned that truth can be trivial. He means to put us on notice: "Not this truth, dear reader. I made it myself, and I can attest that it is importantly true." Possibly, but need he brandish a solecism in order to persuade us?

But if "importantly" is Mr. Goodman's very own solecism, he shares a barbarism with half the nation. After reciting a list of facts, he will say, "Now, this means. . . ." Or after delivering himself of one of his characteristically illuminating aphorisms, he will explain, "This is because. . . ." English makes a subtle distinction between "this" and "that" in such cases. When the thing referred to is an argument or a proposition, it is felt to be an abstraction, remote rather than near at hand, yonder rather than right here, and so we say, "That is because . . . ," using the particle that suggests spatial separation. But German has only a single demonstrative for "this" and "that"—*dies*—and *dass*, the cognate of our "that," is used only as a relative. I think that German and Yiddish have influenced American English to the point that for many persons "this" and "that" represent an embarrassment of riches. But Mr. Goodman does make "excellent sentences" in prose and verse when he is in the vein, and therefore one wants to say to him apropos of his lapses what Hamlet says to Laertes during the fencing match: "You do but dally; I pray you, pass with your best violence; I am afeared you make a wanton of me."

—EMILE CAPOUYA.

The Right Word for It

***A Dictionary of Modern English Usage,** by H. W. Fowler, second edition, revised by Sir Ernest Gowers (Oxford University Press. 725 pp. $5), is an enlightened reworking of a favorite guide to good language. David M. Glixon comments regularly on new reference books.*

By DAVID M. GLIXON

"IT HARDLY deserves its title of 'dictionary,'" Sir Ernest Gowers writes of Fowler's original work in the preface to this updated edition, "since much of it consists of short essays on various subjects, some with fancy titles that give no clue at all to their subject. What reporter, seeking guidance about the propriety of saying that the reception was held 'at the bride's aunt's,' would think of looking for it in an article with the title 'Out of the Frying-Pan'?" And yet, increasingly since the publication of *Modern English Usage* in 1926, writers and teachers and lay word-users, when confronted with a doubt about usage, have asked themselves, "What does Fowler say?"—knowing full well that whatever he says will be worth reading because of his special way of saying it.

Margaret Nicholson, who made her own version of Fowler eight years ago (*A Dictionary of American-English Usage*), rightly called *Modern English Usage* "one of the most loved, and most provocative, reference books, as indispensable as a dictionary. . . . Fowler not only teaches you how to write; he is a demon on your shoulder, teaching you how not to write, pointing out and exhibiting, with terrifying clarity, your most cherished foibles."

Her fine book was intended as a somewhat simplified version of Fowler, an adaptation rather than a replacement, with the addition of American variations. Nevertheless the title was something of a misnomer, since, despite the additions, the book piously retained too much of Fowler's British orientation to be an independent counselor on modern American writing and speech. (An even greater misnomer, as far as U.S. readers are concerned, is the title of H. W. Horwill's *A Dictionary of Modern American Usage*; it was written not to guide Americans in the use of the English language, but chiefly to give Englishmen an insight into our idiom.)

Sir Ernest Gowers, long an advocate of "plain words," has now provided a work that *is* a replacement for the original Fowler. And his sensitivity to the American language makes the book even more valuable to us today than the first edition has been during the past thirty-nine years. Most of the excisions are of words that would be more logically sought in a standard dictionary. For all its pruning, the new Fowler is still, fortunately, largely the old, though Sir Ernest has not been stymied by his piety. He has kept that brilliant table in which *humor, wit, irony,* and five other terms are succinctly differentiated according to their motive, province, method, and audience; he has kept (and expanded) the little treatise on *popularized technicalities* (with examples from mathematics, religion, war, psychology, and other fields); he has kept, in fact, a high percentage of the articles that have made Fowler the image of the crusty, stimulating, witty, and always reliable settler of doubts and teacher of good usage.

Moreover, Gowers has produced hundreds of fresh articles, many of them fully the equal of his master's. The two-column piece on *abstractitis* (a "disease now endemic on both sides of the Atlantic") will bear excerpting: "A writer uses abstract words because his thoughts are cloudy; the habit of using them clouds his thoughts still further; he may end by concealing his meaning not only from his readers but also from himself. . . ."

In a long new article about *ambiguity* and its causes he says that "the fault of this kind of writing is not so much obscurity as clumsiness. . . . It misleads the reader only momentarily, if at all, but makes him think the writer a fool for not being able to say what he means."

He writes of *meaningless words*, "a phenomenon perhaps more suitable for the psychologist than for the philologist" —senseless conversational words and phrases like *definitely, actually, you know, sort of thing.*

Besides a new article on *received pronunciation* there is a greatly enlarged general essay on *pronunciation*, con-

(*Continued on page 76*)

Retraction

THREE WEEKS AGO, David Dempsey reported on new churnings in publishers' subsidiary rights, royalties, and the race for successful authors in general. In the course of his column, Mr. Dempsey passed along in good faith an item about Random House's Bennett Cerf "beating off at least two raiding parties by giving Kathleen Winsor 75 per cent of the paperback royalties for her forthcoming novel, *Wanderers Eastward, Wanderers West.*" We now learn we weren't even close. Random House's arrangement with Miss Winsor, made a year ago, was for 50 per cent of the royalties—the standard figure—and there have been no raiding parties. —THE EDITORS.

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A Sudden Shaft of Light

Not for Publication and Other Stories, *by Nadine Gordimer (Viking. 248 pp. $4.95), set mostly in South Africa, captures people "caught in varied postures of human frailty." Edward Hickman Brown, a free-lance writer, is a native of South Africa now living in New York.*

By EDWARD HICKMAN BROWN

THIS superb collection of stories most decidedly *is* for publication. And I believe it represents a giant step forward for Nadine Gordimer.

What has always puzzled me profoundly about her writing in the past was why so small a proportion of her deftly executed, perspicacious stories made a really deep impression upon me. Hers was clearly more than an exceedingly skillful technique allied to a perceptive eye and an acute ear. One was constantly aware that a sensitive and intelligent mind was at work behind the stories that generally depicted—with rare accuracy—people caught in varied postures of human frailty. I found them infinitely superior to her two earliest novels (I missed the last one); but, although I enjoyed and respected most of the stories at the time of reading, relatively few of them remained impaled upon my consciousness through the ultimate test of the passage of time.

—*Hans Knopf.*

Nadine Gordimer—"the equal of any."

My far from certain conclusion, when last I considered this matter several years ago, was that it might perhaps be a case of too much dispassion and detachment on Miss Gordimer's part, for one should surely not be so everlastingly conscious of the author's own cool intelligence hovering above her stories. But the entire issue now appears to be academic. For this collection confirms, quite dramatically, a new authority that I believed I had noticed in the odd story read in various periodicals over the past couple of years. Some indefinable additional ingredient has been added. For lack of a better term, we can only (and inaccurately) label it experience. And with it there seems to be less conscious striving after ever greater economy—nor any need of it.

It is a measure of Miss Gordimer's mastery over her subject that she moves one so easily and swiftly into the grip of each story, giving her art the illusion of effortlessness. Whatever the subtle extra element might be, the amalgam has magically jelled. This writer who has never been sufficiently honored in her native land can now surely rank with the finest exponents of the short-story medium. Certainly, there are no inferior stories among the sixteen gathered together in this book. And, just as surely, each reader will come up with his own special favorite.

For myself, I particularly liked "A Chip of Glass Ruby," a simple tale whose climax lies in the quiet but vivid moment of realization that comes to an uneducated Johannesburg Indian, a hawker of fruit and vegetables, when he suddenly knows what it was that made him marry an ugly widow with five children. The reader anticipates him in this knowledge; but, reading of this good woman—so natural and unpretentious and credible a spirit—who makes her protest against the injustice she sees around her just because she must, he learns many other things. Or perhaps he merely has his memory jogged.

Miss Gordimer is a master at capturing a single electric moment of illumination. In "A Company of Laughing Faces" a sensitive girl of seventeen finds beauty and meaning in an initial confrontation with death that abruptly clarifies the confusion she had experienced during a seaside holiday while working so hard at the business of "having the time of her life" predicted by her mother. "The Worst Thing of All" ends in a different kind of moment, but with an equal dramatic force: here a husband stands revealed in all his shabby superficiality before the wife who had previously clothed him in qualities of her own imagining.

"Tenants of the Last Tree-House" grasps the alternating clarity and vagueness of which a young girl's immediately pre-adolescent days consist. In "Some Monday for Sure" Miss Gordimer, writing in the first person from a man's viewpoint, sensitively evokes the feeling of alienation among black South African political refugees in Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika: the misery of the narrator's sister, unable to learn the language and painfully conscious of resentment on the part of her hospital coworkers; the brother's own homesickness in spite of his efforts to put a cheerful face on things.

I could go on and on. These excellent stories have the unmistakable ring of truth, and will not easily fade. Most should prove well worth rereading; half their number will in all likelihood become well-thumbed favorites of mine.

Miss Gordimer's regular readers would undoubtedly have bought the book regardless of anything I might have said. But this is a particularly fine opportunity for those who have not made her acquaintance to become familiar with a storyteller who seems to have matured into the equal of any about.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1135

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1135 will be found in the next issue.

RSRQP ARDRQZBGNO FZTACL ZB BCR NFE HZLCGNOL WTB HNFFNKL QRFGAGNTLFP BCR ORK.

CROQP EZSGE BCNQRZT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1134

Folks that blurt out just what they think wouldn't be so bad if they thought. —KIN HUBBARD.

Coming May 15:

SR's Spring Children's Book Feature.

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Erin on the Dark Side

Michael Joe: A Novel of Irish Life, *by William Cotter Murray (Appleton-Century. 336 pp. $5.95), underscores the banality and pietism found in rural Ireland. Sean Callery has contributed to British and Irish publications, and in the U.S. to Commonweal, the Washington Post, and the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

By SEAN CALLERY

The Irish are a fair people; they never speak well of one another.
—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

AFICIONADOS of romantic Irish legends and even those vaguely suspecting that rural Ireland is a pleasant place to live are urged to boycott *Michael Joe*. The author has chosen, rather daringly and ambitiously, to recount the archetypical Irish tale, the merciless and deliberate destruction of the male's sexuality by the women in his life.

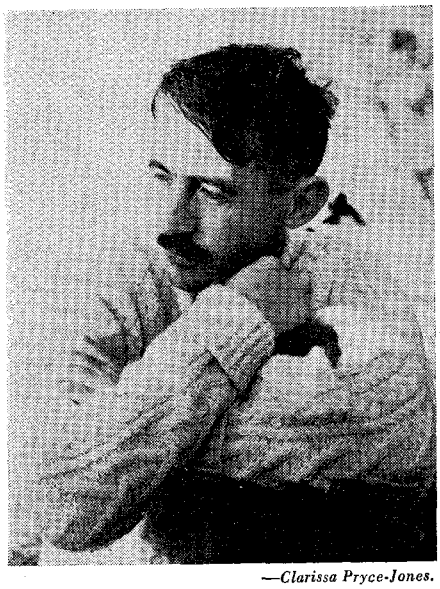
Deceptively simple superficially, *Michael Joe* is moored firmly within a suffocatingly narrow perimeter. A young football hero of the small merchant class in a remote village loves a spirited girl of his own *milieu*. His mother discovers Nell Cullen's frightful past—an illegitimate child put out for adoption in England.

Apprised of these horrendous happenings, Michael Joe reacts in the pietistical fashion that is an Irish commonplace: the girl is a deceiving slut and ought to be ostracized and persecuted *ad aeternam*. Indeed, when she accepts the marriage proposal of another suitor, Michael Joe attempts to destroy the match and is astonished that his successor is willing to marry a girl who does not match up to his own notions of purity. As much for saving face, as for any other reason, Michael Joe contracts a loveless marriage with a girl from a farm and sets up housekeeping with her and his mother—a thoroughly respectable and unsavory *ménage à trois* in the Celtic manner.

At this point a new, macabre cycle begins. Seemingly rivals at first, mother and daughter-in-law soon discover a common mission. The unloving bride gives her husband one male heir, and she and its grandmother embark upon a thoroughgoing program of inhibiting any sort of aggressive masculine development that they might detect in the child.

Mr. Murray has utilized an artful, somewhat self-conscious style to ornament an old-fashioned story. Literalness is the dominant characteristic, a device that perfectly underscores the primitive psychology of his characters and the banality of their lives. Let us hear from the traditional elucidator and custodian of morality in Ireland, the canon: The morning after Michael Joe has physically attacked the successful suitor of his first love we find Canon Lyons sermonizing from the pulpit on the subject of Anger. "Right here at home, in our very own parish, before our own very eyes we can see the wrack and havoc caused by this sin that likens us again to the ravening packs of wolves that once roamed our country before the coming of Saint Patrick."

In his first novel Mr. Murray proves to be a lineal descendant of a once-familiar figure in Ireland, the seanchuidhe, the professional storyteller to whom the tale was everything and nuance be damned. Evidently more of a catharsis than most initial works, this one is marred somewhat by a paucity of perspective, humor—yes, even Charity. Ireland is everything the author says it is, but it is a great deal more too.



—*Clarissa Pryce-Jones.*

William Cotter Murray—a lineal descendant of the seanchuidhe.

Another Night on the Town

Mr. Right Is Dead, *by Rona Jaffe (Simon & Schuster. 192 pp. $4.50), containing a novella and five stories, offers further examples of its author's fascination with the glamour of New York and its sad, sophisticated waifs in search of romance. David Boroff, teaches English at New York University, frequently comments on contemporary fiction.*

By DAVID BOROFF

THE ENORMOUS success of Rona Jaffe's first novel, *The Best of Everything*, was the sort that makes serious writers grind their teeth in helpless rage. A book of scant literary merit, it was largely a rehash of all the clichés about little girls in the big city—*Kitty Foyle* updated. While other writers, steadfast in their craft, languished in obscurity, Miss Jaffe became grist for the publicity mills, and if her literary reputation was ambiguous, her role as a full-fledged celebrity was not.

A writer's current work, to be sure, should not be evaluated in terms of past sins—many of which, in Miss Jaffe's case, were less her doing than done to her. (Indeed, there should be a literary statute of limitations.) I summon up Rona Jaffe's glamorous past only to establish some continuity with her present work and to point up the weight of prejudicial judgment with which a reviewer must struggle.

For the truth is that Miss Jaffe's new work, *Mr. Right Is Dead*, shows considerable development since the author's first easily-scored victory. The subject matter of this novella and five stories is much the same as that of her first novel: the girls of New York, at once predatory and preyed upon. But the author's sensibility now has a harder grain. Her young women, though wistful to the end, have a shrewd sense of reality and a stubborn stoicism. If they are still diminished by the New York experience, Miss Jaffe at least eschews the cheap melodrama of abortion and suicide.

In *Mr. Right Is Dead* her characters survive, and what survives in them, too, is that nervous romanticism—almost as much tic as illusion—about the glories of New York. What gives this book its tension is the pull between the unquiet dream of fulfillment in New York and the knowledge that it is all silly, ultimately defeating, a hoax, for Mr. Right, indeed, is dead. And Miss Jaffe has

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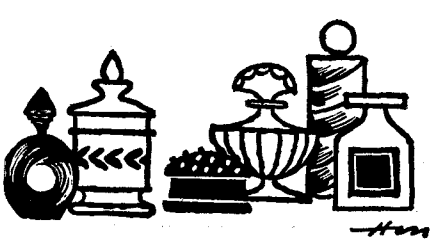
forged an appropriate style for the subject—tense, brittle, full of a hectic gaiety and brightness only narrowly redeemed from the idiom of the women's magazines. But her real triumph is her unerring sense of the New York *milieu* of tony restaurants, with menus like headstones, expense account *voyageurs* in town for a quick fling, and the hippie *demi-monde* of the Upper East Side. Rona Jaffe is a distaff John O'Hara, as fascinated by the great world as the master and as pitiless in laying it bare.

The title story is a wry celebration of a skinny little girl who calls herself Melba Toast, a *nom de scandale* when she was, briefly, a stripper. Her closest friend—the voice of the story—is "a natural born accomplice," a mousy type who responds to Melba's mixture of flamboyance and gallantry. Together they become "slinky, faceless, and fuzzy, two sleek little New York ferrets out for a free night on the town." And the novella is an account of Melba's careening from one relationship to another, her amiably larcenous spirit never really defeated.

We have been to this country before—"the girls in silver lamé at three A.M., the men jovial and rested, holding heavy cut-glass highballs." But in the past there was generally a moralistic copping out. Give Miss Jaffe her due for a kind of undying love affair with the night-town of Melba Toast, for at the end, the drab, morally responsible friend declares: "Even without money and without friends, she was alive and somewhere, and I was half dead and nowhere."

The short stories that round out this volume are uneven. "Guess Who This Is" is a savage little vignette of two young movie stars, mean-spirited and narcissistic, in quest of home entertainment. "He Can't Be Dead, He Spoke to Me" plunges gamely into the turbid depths of an uptown orgy, but a more muscular imagination than Miss Jaffe's is required to deal effectively with such material. The last story, "Rima, the Bird Girl," deals with a wraithlike creature who takes on new identities as she moves from one already pre-empted man to another. Here Rona Jaffe is homefree, for it is the sad, sophisticated waifs of New York—the Radcliffe girls gone wrong—who most engage her sympathies. As their chronicler she can bring to bear only modest gifts, but she makes up for this in the intensity of her absorption. Miss Jaffe almost makes us believe in her cruel, enchanted city.



Kremlin: Evolution or Extinction?

***Russia After Khrushchev,** by Robert Conquest (Praeger. 267 pp. $5), finds that only through a decisive transformation of her political system can the Soviet Union solve her ever-increasing problems and survive as a nation. Marvin Kalb, diplomatic correspondent in Washington for CBS News, wrote "Dragon in the Kremlin" and "Eastern exposure."*

By MARVIN KALB

ROBERT CONQUEST, a British poet and literary critic, can out-Kremlinologize the Kremlinologists, and do so with grace, charm, and historical insight. His book is an adventure story in politics with a unique cast of characters.

Unlike many students of the USSR, Conquest is generally cool and clinical in his appraisal of Soviet politics. Shunning romance and emotion, he takes exception to assumptions about Russian development that are shared by many experts at the State Department and the British Foreign Office, as well as by most laymen who bother to think about it. Conquest sees no reason to believe that Russia and America are moving, like stars in fixed courses, towards some kind of grand reconciliation in the not-too-distant future, confronted as they are by the irrational menace of a nuclear-armed China.

Observing "tendencies toward freedom of thought, toward liberation from the various anti-humanist dogmas that have poisoned it for more than a generation," Conquest hopes Russia "may be reclaimed for civilization." But tendencies are not necessarily accomplishments. The Soviet Union is changing, Conquest seems to be saying, but she has not yet altered fundamentally. He lists "ten permanent characteristics of Stalinism" that still dominate Soviet life, including a self-perpetuating, autocratic Party bureaucracy that continues to exercise full authority over all literary and propaganda efforts, the trade unions, the "collectivized serfs," the consumer, national minorities, foreign travel, labor camps, and the writing of history.

"For someone who has been chastised with scorpions for any length of time, it is no doubt quite a relief to have the chastiser go back to whips again." In these pithy words Conquest places Russia's recent "liberalization" in proper perspective. Moreover, freedom cannot emerge from Soviet politics unless, as Conquest puts it, there is a "decisive split at the highest level" of Kremlin power. He does not specify the kind of split he has in mind, but he seems to be suggesting one between the "concessionists," who would reluctantly allow a genuine democratization, and the "repressionists," who would not accept any changes that would mean loss of their own power. Such a division could take place within the Party's Central Committee, or between it and the Red Army. Conquest appears to be convinced that something of the kind is virtually inevitable; that it is now being forced upon Moscow's military and political leaders by a powerful combination of political, economic, and social crises which are presently convulsing Russia and which can be resolved satisfactorily only by breaking the Party's monopoly of political control.

It is possible to envisage such a cataclysmic change in the Kremlin. It is equally possible to anticipate a prolonged twilight, lasting perhaps for decades, while the USSR gropes for a solution to her chronic problems—a period punctuated occasionally by political upheaval but uninterrupted by violent or drastic upsets.

Nevertheless, Conquest asserts that a really radical transformation in the nature and methods of the Soviet political apparatus is "not too unlikely," given the unrest now sweeping the Communist world. He clearly does not feel that the current Kremlin leadership of Brezhnev and Kosygin, Shelepin and Podgorny, Suslov and Polyansky, lacking ideological charisma and popular confidence, can cope with the increasing turbulence.

Last fall, a number of events suddenly

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combined to provide the backdrop as well as the explanation for Khrushchev's dramatic and, to Conquest, surprising ouster. The pudgy Soviet leader, born in the Ukrainian border village of Kalinovka, lost his grip over the Kremlin when he extended his personal power beyond tolerable limits and conducted the USSR's foreign and intra-bloc affairs in an "erratic" and occasionally "adventurist" manner. This produced a "decisive revulsion" on the part of many of his former close colleagues.

Conquest believes that the prime movers of the October 14th conspiracy against Khrushchev were Brezhnev, Kosygin, Suslov, Polyansky, and Voronov. He has a low opinion of them all. To his mind Brezhnev has the best chance to emerge ultimately, though only temporarily, as Russia's new leader, standing for a "slower version of the Khrushchevite" program, with "rational economic reform."

But Conquest's major point is that reform is not enough: "Russia faces problems which can scarcely be settled without the genuine involvement of the people . . . under the monopolistic rule of an élite of narrow, ideology-bound machine bureaucrats." As George Orwell, he notes, wrote in 1946, "The Russian régime will either democratize itself or it will perish."

New Wave Art in a Political Tide

Khrushchev and the Arts: The Politics of Soviet Culture, 1962-1964, *text by Priscilla Johnson, documents selected and edited by Priscilla Johnson and Leopold Labedz (MIT Press. 300 pp. $7.50), offers evidence that "a desire to lead more open and truthful lives" is the prime factor in the present-day Soviet artistic conscience. Harrison E. Salisbury of the New York Times spent several years as foreign correspondent in Moscow.*

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

JUST one hundred years ago Russian intellectual life began to boil and bubble with a vigor and vitality that had not been seen since the twilight days of the régime of Alexander I. Not only did new critics like Chernyshevsky and Dobrolyubov slash their way to the fore but a whole new spirit of optimism invaded the paralyzed and frozen precincts of Russian thought. The long, harsh reign of Nicholas I was over, and in the comparatively liberal, vacillating atmosphere of his successor, Alexander II, Russian poets, writers, artists, thinkers, and political theorists began to spread their semi-atrophied wings.

The parallel between what happened in Russia in the nineteenth century and what has been happening in the Soviet Union since Stalin's death has captured the attention of students of Soviet politics as well as those who are hopefully awaiting a Soviet artistic renaissance.

A dozen times a breakthrough of "liberal" forces has been proclaimed. Just as often pessimists have pronounced the end of the "thaw" and a return to the dark days of Stalinism.

That there has been too much eagerness, too much nervousness on both sides is impressively demonstrated by Priscilla Johnson's fascinating study of one of the most complex and difficult periods of post-Stalin literary politics in Moscow. Miss Johnson is the most gifted student now working in this field. She has extraordinary sensitivity for the nuances of the Aesopian language in which so much of the literary dialectic is inevitably couched. She also has resided for long periods in Moscow and has associated, more than any other American, with the young men and women who constitute the "new wave" in the Soviet Union. And she has a keen instinct for the interrelation of poetry and Presidium politics.

By applying these talents to the last eighteen to twenty-four months of the Khrushchev era she has achieved a brilliant *tour de force* which illuminates the tortuous means by which Premier Khrushchev sought to preserve his power in the face of mounting challenges. She plainly shows that in Russia "everything is politics" and that the damage to Khrushchev's prestige caused by the Cuban crisis inevitably led to his denunciation of his favorite young poet, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, four months later. She shows how six weeks after that, with Khrushchev's recovery of political force, he was able to redirect the literary line and ease the pressures of Party discipline which were being imposed on Yevtushenko, Andrei Vosnezensky, Ernst Neizvestny, and all the rest. As an example of brilliant Kremlinology Miss Johnson's work has not been surpassed.

What emerges from her study is the fact that, regardless of the ebb and flow of Party pressures and the sometimes lightning reversals of Presidium policy, the upsurge of liberal creative forces among Russia's youth is so powerful, so courageous, and so broad that it is now able to move forward almost without loss of momentum regardless of the political switchbacks. This is undoubtedly the most optimistic factor in Soviet life today.

"A desire to lead more open and truthful lives," Miss Johnson writes, "to have done with the lies of the Stalin era and the half-lies of the Khrushchev era, is the law of the Soviet artistic conscience."

Thus, unless the USSR's rulers revert to those methods which so often in the past have withered artistic creation—brute force and police power—the drive for change, for liberalization, for a new and better Russia will move forward with increasing strength.

—*Sovfoto.*

Khrushchev and Mikoyan at the American National Exhibition in Sokolniki Sept. 3, 1959—"everything is politics."

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Looking Into a Mind in Love

***Dante,** by Thomas G. Bergin (Orion. 326 pp. $6.50), includes biography and an evaluation of the great Renaissance poet, by one of America's leading scholars of Italian literature. Robert J. Clements gave the concluding address on Dante at the April anniversary ceremonies in Florence, Verona, and Ravenna.*

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

AMERICAN Dante studies have come a long way since the *trecento* poet was first translated by a Boston dentist and introduced here by such disparate commentators as George Ticknor at Harvard and the scandalous Lorenzo da Ponte, refugee librettist and piecework instructor of Italian at Columbia. For all his picaresque ways, da Ponte did at least satisfy the three qualifications required of a Dantist by Papini in *Dante Vivo*: he was an Italian, a Catholic, and a poet. The New England school headed by Longfellow, Emerson, and Norton fitted but one of these categories; yet it founded in this country a fine tradition of Dantean scholarship. Indeed, the whole world admits that work on Dante in America is now of the highest order, thanks to the twentieth-century group including Grandgent, Wilkins, McKenzie, Singleton, Gilbert, and Hatzfeld.

Thomas Bergin of Yale shares top rank with them, and the publication of his major study on Dante is an important event. The book is useful to both the specialist and the general reader. Following close upon Allan Gilbert's *Dante and His Comedy* (Gotham) and Mark Musa's *Essays on Dante* (Indiana University Press), it greatly enhances America's contribution to the world-wide celebration of Dante's 700th birthday.

Professor Bergin, who is also co-editor of a concordance to the *Divine Comedy* to be published next year by the Dante Society of America, has given us a masterpiece of synthesis and interpretation that accomplishes its threefold aim: "to present the essential facts of the life and times of Dante Alighieri, to summarize the content of his works, and to suggest, by reference and quotation, his significance for our own century." More than this, Bergin has reviewed several centuries of Dante scholarship and availed himself of the best of it. The history of Dante scholarship, as Mazzamuto in Italy has pointed out, has been the history of polemics, "schools," and conflicting currents. In his rigorous historicity and objectivity, Bergin avoids *parti pris*. If he stands for any particular approach to Dante, it is one of opposition to the increasing tendency in this country to view as a medieval theologian a man who was above all a poet. As G. A. Borgese once put it, "Too many people feel as if Dante had been a Dante scholar." Bergin reminds this group that the *Comedy* is "a work to be savored and studied, not to be catalogued" or interpreted solely as a document of scholasticism.

Bergin writes always with concision and often with elegance. An example of his prose, and one that reconciles and integrates many of the traditional approaches, is his summarizing statement on Dante's epic poem:

> Because he is afflicted by lust he will idealize love, because he is troubled by doubt he will seek and find justice, because the iniquities of the world bite into him he will find order and purpose in them. Father Foster has given to an article of his a title which I think is a perfect summary of Dante's psyche and the key to his accomplishment: *The Mind in Love.* Dante's is an eager and voracious intellect, prepared not only for philosophical contemplation but for penetrating study of his fellow man with all his pathetic vicissitudes and noble strivings; his is an ardent heart, disposed not only to the rapture of the mystic but to a deep concern for the contingencies of humanity, for his language, his city, his teachers, and his art. The *Commedia,* rationally conceived, realized with intuition, written with passion, and adorned with a kind of tender virtuosity, is both the creation and the depiction of a mind in love.

Plain Scoundrels and Pataphysics

***Selected Works of Alfred Jarry,** edited by Roger Shattuck and Simon Watson Taylor (Grove. 280 pp. $7.95), samples the "elaborate illogic" of the fin-de-siècle playwright, poet, and artist who fathered the Theater of the Absurd. Henry Popkin reviews plays for Vogue and the London Times and has edited "The New British Drama" and "The Concise Encyclopedia of Modern Drama."*

By HENRY POPKIN

WHEN, during the present theater season, West Berlin sponsored an international festival of experimental theater, only once was the same play performed by more than one of the visiting companies. The *avant-gardes* of both Parma and Prague could think of nothing better to bring than Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi,* which began its scandalous career in Paris in 1896.

The fat, profane scoundrel who is the titular hero of this little farce wins the Polish throne by treachery and then wades through seas of blood, obscenity, and Shakespearean parody before being unseated. *Ubu Roi* enjoys its unique eminence in the *avant-garde* tradition because Pa Ubu embodies all our worst qualities—the most wicked, selfish, childish, and profoundly personal impulses of which we are capable. He mocks virtue, but he also mocks vice by disdaining to conceal it. This wild invention made Jarry immortal, and, as a result, *Ubu Roi* is excluded from this otherwise commendable new volume of his selected writings—one of whose editors, Roger Shattuck, is, incidentally, the author of the best account of Jarry in English (in his book *The Banquet Years*).

In the absence of any explanation, I assume that the editors omitted *Ubu Roi* because three different translations of it have been published in the last fifteen years. (Before then, curiously, no English version existed at all.) This omission is unfortunate because *Ubu Roi* is still not as well known as it should be; but the editors have partially compensated for it by including some later components of the Ubu cycle—one of the full-length sequels, *Ubu Cocu,* ably translated by Cyril Connolly, and two shorter pieces. Ubu's Rabelaisian violence does not shine forth quite so brightly in these works, but he should get full credit for flushing his conscience down the toilet in *Ubu Cocu* and enduring a typical affront from his wife in the shorter *Ubu, Colonialist.* Having given birth to a Negro child, Ma Ubu exclaims: "Wretch! you've betrayed me with a Negress!" That sort of audacity is the true subject of the Ubu cycle.

Jarry's second lasting invention is the science of "pataphysics," which its ad-

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herents, who include Eugène Ionesco and Raymond Queneau, are reluctant to define, although they are sufficiently devoted to have formed a society, the College of Pataphysics, in Paris. Pataphysics is a parody of science, imitating the gestures of scientific research and especially aping the work of those scientists who have sought out small and apparently trivial areas of investigation—like the British scientist, contemporary with Jarry, who studied soap bubbles. It is to science almost what the Ubu cycle is to practical life. Some such description as this is more informative, if less poetic, than Jarry's own interpretations: "Pataphysics . . . is the science of that which is superinduced upon metaphysics . . . Pataphysics will examine the laws governing exceptions . . . Pataphysics is the science of imaginary solutions. . . ."

The principal text of pataphysics is Jarry's exasperating novel *Exploits and Opinions of Doctor Faustroll, Pataphysician*, presented in English for the first time in a translation by Simon Watson Taylor. (The editors imply that their edition is preferable to the French, which has no annotation identifying Jarry's numerous references to his contemporaries, but they concede that their own understanding of this book is incomplete.) Faustroll, a Faust who is also a troll, undertakes a journey, accompanied by a baboon and by a bill-collector, who unwillingly rows their boat over land and sea. Their adventure burlesques voyages of exploration, and, even though it turns up occasional nuggets like the discovery that "the tandem . . . extends to quadrupeds the benefits of the pedal," threatens to prove that the theory of pataphysics is more edifying than the practice. Each chapter is a self-contained incident, minutely described and so framed as to demonstrate that the baboon's "Ha ha" (the only sound he can make) is an entirely adequate comment upon what has occurred. Jarry applied the elaborate illogic of pataphysics more successfully in his intricate essays in sacrilege, "The Passion Considered as an Uphill Bicycle Race" and "Virgin and Manneken-Pis."

Other fragments in this volume contribute to our total conception of Jarry. There are some statements on the theater (expressing disdain for the popular audience and a bent toward abstraction), a few poems (sometimes weirdly translated for the sake of the rhyme), and a few samples of narrative (from a journal of military service and from a novel about the shameless Roman Empress Messalina). They help to establish that Jarry's real talent was theatrical, and that his most important accomplishment was to father the playfully absurd theater of Ionesco's *The Lesson* and Albee's *The American Dream*.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

THE DOUBLEDAY PICTORIAL LIBRARY OF THE ARTS: Man's Creative Imagination. Edited by Sir Gerald Barry, Dr. J. Bronowski, James Fisher, and Sir Julian Huxley. Doubleday. $12.95.

READ WITH ME. Edited by Thomas B. Costain. Doubleday. $5.95.

Art

THE BRIDE AND THE BACHELORS: The Heretical Courtship in Modern Art. By Calvin Tomkins. Viking. $6.

Crime, Suspense

CURTAIN CALL FOR A CORPSE. By Josephine Bell. Macmillan. $3.95.

THE LONELY BREEZE. By Van Siller. Doubleday. $3.50.

MORE GILT-EDGED BONDS. By Ian Fleming. Macmillan. $5.95.

Current Affairs

BACK STREET NEW WORLD: A Look at Immigrants in Britain. By Elspeth Huxley. Morrow. $4.

THE COLD WAR . . . AND AFTER. By Charles O. Lerche, Jr. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE JOHNSON TREATMENT: How Lyndon B. Johnson Took Over the Presidency and Made It His Own. By Jack Bell. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE NEW PRIESTHOOD: The Scientific Elite and the Uses of Power. By Ralph E. Lapp. Harper & Row. $4.95.

Economics

ECONOMICS OF PEASANT FARMING. (Second edition.) By Doreen Warriner. Barnes & Noble. $8.50.

NEW PERSPECTIVES ON POVERTY. Edited by Arthur B. Shostak and William Gomberg. Prentice-Hall. Paperback, $1.95.

Fiction

BOY GRAVELY. By Iris Dornfeld. Knopf. $4.95.

DESOLATION ANGELS. By Jack Kerouac. Coward-McCann. $5.95.

THE ESCAPE ARTIST. By David Wagoner. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

THE FALSE BEARDS. By Alan Williams. Harper & Row. $4.95.

A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA. (Reissue.) By Richard Hughes. Harper & Row. $5.

IN THE SUN. By Jon Godden. Knopf. $4.95.

OATH OF DISHONOR. By Garet Rogers. Dial. $4.95.

SECOND GENERATION. By Ramond Williams. Horizon. $4.95.

THE VIOLENT LAND. (Reissue.) By Jorge Amado. Knopf. $4.95.

WAR IN THE GOLDEN WEATHER. By Stephen Longstreet. Doubleday. $5.95.

WEEK WITH NO FRIDAY. By Willard Marsh. Harper & Row. $4.95.

Film

SALT OF THE EARTH. By Herbert Biberman, with screenplay by Michael Wilson. Beacon. $5.95.

Government

ESSENTIALS OF PARLIAMENTARY DEMOCRACY. (Second edition.) By R. Bassett. Barnes & Noble. $6.50.

THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK. By Laurence Barrett. Doubleday. $4.95.

History

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION. By Joan Thompson. Harper & Row. $5.

HENRY GARNET AND THE GUNPOWDER PLOT. By Philip Caraman, S.J. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $7.50.

THE MEANING OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR. By René Albrecht-Carrié. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

PORTRAITS OF RENAISSANCE LIFE AND THOUGHT. By M. M. Checksfield. Barnes & Noble. $5.

SCOTLAND SINCE 1707: The Rise of an Industrial Society. By R. H.. Campbell. Barnes & Noble. $6.50.

THE TRACK OF THE WOLF: Essays on National Socialism and Its Leader, Adolf Hitler. By James H. McRandle. Northwestern Univ. Press. $4.95.

Literary Criticism

THE DROOD CASE. By Felix Aylmer. Barnes & Noble. $7.

POETRY: From Statement to Meaning. By Jerome Beaty and William H. Matchett. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.75.

Miscellany

ALWAYS ASK A MAN. By Arlene Dahl. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

THE KIMONO MIND: An Informal Guide to Japan and the Japanese. By Bernard Rudofsky. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE MIDDLE GAME IN CHESS. Book I: Static Features. By Max Euwe and H. Kramer. McKay. $9.95.

O CANADA: An American's Notes on Canadian Culture. By Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

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Personal History

THE BLUE HEN'S CHICK. By A. B. Guthrie, Jr. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

FIRST GENTLEMAN OF THE BEDCHAMBER: The Life of the Duc de Richelieu. By Hubert Cole. Viking. $6.95.

HENRY MILLER: Letters to Anaïs Nin. Edited by Gunther Stuhlmann. Putnam. $7.50.

THE HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY. By Nan Fairbrother. Knopf. $5.95.

STEPHEN LANGTON. By Maurice Powicke. Barnes & Noble. $7.

TURN SOUTH AT THE SECOND BRIDGE. By Leon Hale. Doubleday. $4.50.

WITH D. H. LAWRENCE IN NEW MEXICO. By Knud Merrild. Barnes & Noble. $6.

WITH MACARTHUR IN JAPAN. By William Sebald. Norton. $6.95.

Psychology

THE DOCTOR AND THE SOUL: An Introduction to Logotherapy. (Revised edition.) By Viktor E. Frankl, M. D. Knopf. $4.50.

THE PARENTAL IMAGE. By Esther Harding, M.D. Putnam. $6.50.

Reference

THE MACMILLAN BOOK OF PROVERBS. Edited by Burton Stevenson. Macmillan. First edition, $19.95; $25 thereafter.

Religion, Philosophy

CHANNELS OF CHALLENGE. By Maxie D. Dunnam. Abingdon. $2.75.

CHARLES WESLEY—The First Methodist. By Frederick C. Gill. Abingdon. $5.

THE FALSE PROPHET. By Dwight E. Stevenson. Abingdon. $2.75.

FROM TRADITION TO MISSION. By Wallace E. Fisher. Abingdon. $3.50.

GOD AND INCARNATION IN MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY GERMAN THEOLOGY: Thomasius, Dorner, Biedermann. Edited and translated by Claude Welch. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.

HIS HIDDEN GRACE. By Roy A. Harrisville. Abingdon. $2.

HOME BEFORE DARK. By Bryant M. Kirkland. Abingdon. $2.75.

HUMAN HISTORY AND THE WORD OF GOD: The Meaning of History in Contemporary Thought. By James M. Connolly. Macmillan. $6.50.

MATURE RELIGION. By Orlo Strunk, Jr. Abingdon. $2.75.

MENTAL HEALTH THROUGH CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY. By Howard J. Clinebell, Jr. Abingdon. $4.75.

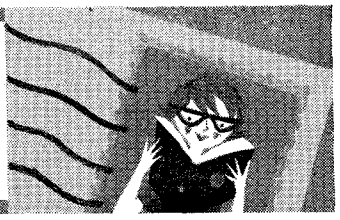
POWER AND HUMAN DESTINY. By Herbert Rosinski. Praeger. $5.95.

Science

THE DISCOVERY OF TIME. By Stephen Toulmin and June Goodfield. Harper & Row. $6.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor



Fancy Ramifications

JUST ONE COMMENT on Mr. Granville Hicks's generous review of my book, *The Ferret Fancier* [*SR*, March 27]. Some Americans have told me that the word *fancier* might not be met with the same understanding in the United States as it commands in England. In its general meaning the word *fancy* is well known, in direct line with the Greek root. But it has this other and, in a way, quite separate meaning, in connection with sport: *The Fancy*: mainly connected, I think, with the old bare-knuckle days of pugilism in Georgian times. In this context, it hasn't much to do with liking or affection and, indeed, does lean towards the suggestion of fascination.

Milton made *fancy* stand for imagination: "among them fancy next her office holds." So did Shakespeare, apparently, and also as a word for love: "never did young man fancy with so eternal and so fix'd a soul." *Fancy* in itself is quite a big little word with many subtle shifts of meaning but in the title of the book, the meaning is exact. I think it has become disused in England except for that well-known body of folk called pigeon fanciers, who race their birds over various distances in a most complicated way. (Of course, when one really looks at almost any word, one begins to feel the thrust of changing human attitudes and consciousness through time.) I *felt* the word, at the time, to imply also the idea of commonness and rather unworthy fixation—the concept of "fancy-woman," a light mistress, whore. One could also say a dog-fancier, à la Crufts; flower-fancier; space explorers could be moon-fanciers; a physicist might be a physics-fancier: the implication of total commitment to an idea or a thing which needn't be entirely healthy in the light of the collateral necessity for some detachment. Reading this over, I'm doubtful if I've managed to say anything. . . .

ANTHONY C. WEST.

Rhiwlas, Bangor, N. Wales

Annoyed Whacks

WHILE I APPRECIATE the compliment, I doubt that it is devoted readers of my book, *Lizzie Borden: The Untold Story*, who have been hectoring Richard Plant for eliminating the maid Bridget in his opera scenario [*SR*, April 10]. True, my book contained previously unpublished material from official records showing that Bridget had lied about her movements and probably was the killer, but the protests Professor Plant has been receiving most likely came from devotees of the case, who are known to bristle at any deviation from established fact, and his version admittedly is highly seasoned with fiction. . . . He also erred in believing that Bridget had no motive; here, too, he was trapped by a fiction approach where an artistic motive can be created with satisfying clarity. In real life, though, motives are often far more obscure, compounded of minor annoyances that build up resentment within until a final moment of explosive homicidal fury is reached. The actual event that triggered it may seem trivial but that is placing the single incident in test-tube isolation and failing to take into account the additional contributing factors.

EDWARD D. RADIN.

Glen Cove, N.Y.

Barbarisms

IN *SR*, APRIL 17 *Winston Churchill: An Intimate Portrait*, by Violet Bonham Carter, is announced. She is barbarically referred to as "Miss Carter." . . . It seems unworthy of the *Saturday Review* not to have known that for thirty years she was Lady Violet Bonham Carter. Since the last Honours List, she is, in her own right, Baroness Asquith. "Miss Carter" she never was. . . .

Mr. Stanley Weintraub may, of course, if he wishes, refer (as, except in his first paragraph, he does) to "David Cecil" instead of "Lord David Cecil." But he may not, unless he is willing to write off possible readers of his forthcoming book about Reginald Turner, refer to him as "Cecil" *tout court*. . . . We shall think his "general knowledge" inadequate.

NANCY TARPLEY.

Lottsburg, Va.

Pinnacle of a Tradition

I WAS DELIGHTED TO see your two articles [*SR*, April 10] on E. A. Robinson. As you indicated, he is often overlooked in critical circles. . . . In *Poetry* for February 1922 Yvor Winters reviewed the first edition of Robinson's *Collected Poems*. In that review he spoke of Robinson as the pinnacle of a tradition of "hard" New England poetic style, beginning with Emerson and running through Dickinson.

Interestingly enough, Winters also suggested a similarity in "the quality of the thought, the manner of thinking, as well as the style" with Wallace Stevens, who was referred to as "this greatest of living and of American poets." This was before Stevens's first book, *Harmonium*, was published in 1923. Winters also did an excellent critical and analytical book on Robinson for the Makers of Modern Literature series. . . .

ROBERT WESTON.

Stanford, Calif.

Stylus-Stirrer

IN ROBERT C. CLEMENTS's survey THE EUROPEAN LITERARY SCENE [*SR*, April 17], the reader is informed that Braille transcriptions of Aristotle's *Clouds* are available in England. Alas, that Aristophanes is no longer with us. Such an ill-placed credit might well have stirred his stylus into a riposte worthy of your column.

LILA GILBERT.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

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Warm Smile, Cold War: My paper the other night carried two stories on France, one on the front page and one on the editorial page, both of which are going to affect travelers who invade Gaul and its possessions. The editorial page carried a long piece about France's new campaign to smile at the tourist. It said a high-powered program had been launched by Pierre Dumas, secretary of state in charge of tourism, who had organized a formidable committee composed of Parliament members, railway and airline presidents, members of the press, and personalities from the sports and entertainment world, including Maurice Chevalier. The object of all these good Gallic citizens was to restore the fair name of France in the eye of the traveler, who, it has suddenly been realized, contributes an enormous chunk of currency to the French economy.

But the front page carried a story with a far different flavor. "France-U.S. 'Cold War' is Kindled by New Move," it read. A dispatch from Paris noted that the U.S. had been told to close its consulate in Tahiti. In Washington the State Department said that it would comply. The development was called a new move in a "little cold war" between France and the United States in the South Pacific. Only a few days before, more than 100 American teachers on a charter flight from California to Tahiti had been beached in Hawaii when Paris refused to permit the plane to land in Tahiti. Paris had superseded the authority of its own governor in Tahiti, who had hitherto granted landing rights. The charter carrier was hesitant to make an issue of the matter since it had half a dozen other flights scheduled into Paris during the summer. In the end, like the Russians and the East Germans who harry the byways to Berlin, the French relented and the plane flew on several days and several thousand dollars in overseas phone calls later.

The UPI release called the closing of our consulate in Papeete the latest in a series of measures restricting the free movement of Americans in Tahiti. Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, is also the main base for France's upcoming H-bomb test on Mururoa, which is 1,250 miles southeast of Tahiti. While the French foreign office gave no reason for the cancelation of its previous agreement permitting a United States consulate in Tahiti, unnamed Americans thought the true reason lay in the forthcoming tests. The move reflected French reluctance in having too many Americans in the area for the tests, which are expected sometime in 1967 or 1968.

Once again the able French tourist administrator in Tahiti, not to mention the French Government Tourist Office itself, has been embarrassed by his own government. When the first Legionnaires and equipment began arriving in Tahiti last year both offices, with irrefutable and clever logic, were quick to point out that the distance from Tahiti to Mururoa was greater than the distance between Hawaii, a prime American vacationland, and Johnston Island, where the United States had exploded a bomb. France's bomb tests would not impair tourism to Tahiti and Bora-Bora, and some great plans were being bandied about for the Tuamotus and other islands in French Polynesia.

ONE can only wonder whether de Gaulle will somehow shoot down the ingenious smile program that Secretary Dumas has launched for Metropolitan France. It calls for giving travelers who arrive at Nice a carnation and those arriving in Paris a rose. In summer, ladies will be given bottles of perfume. Every ten thousandth arrival will get a sweater and every hundred thousandth a gown from the haute couture. Men will be given sweaters and suits. Customs booths will be brightened with new paint and, heaven forfend, planted with flowers. Customs agents will be taught to smile. So will hostesses, clerks, and cops. The Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* has reported groups of employees dealing with visitors are being reminded that a smile and a kind word are not alien to the national character. This blanket supposition is not, of course, intended to stretch as far as French drivers.

Arriving tourists will be stuffed with maps and booklets of helpful hints. The police will be asked to refrain from writing out tickets for small infractions. The government plans to keep the tourist offices open every day in the week until eight at night. And anybody who gets in trouble can pick up a phone and dial 17 in order to raise a bilingual policeman. Presumably explicit bilingual instructions, giving advice on the care and feeding of French public telephones, will be posted at booths.

It is one thing for the government to control its own employees, but a problem of a different sort in trying to oversee the good humor of the thousands of busboys, waiters, maîtres d'hotel, cab

(*Continued on page* 45)

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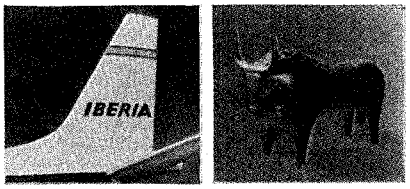

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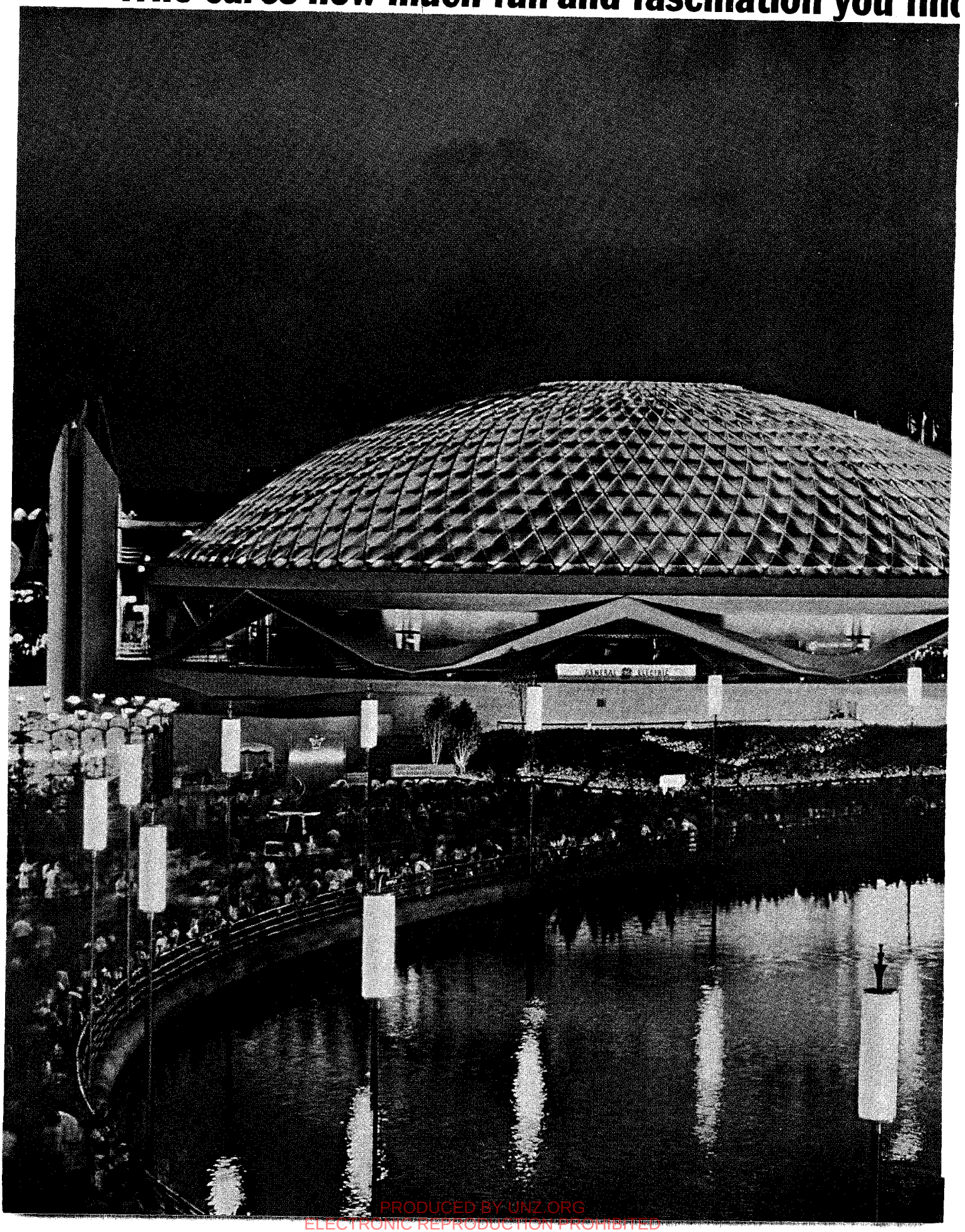

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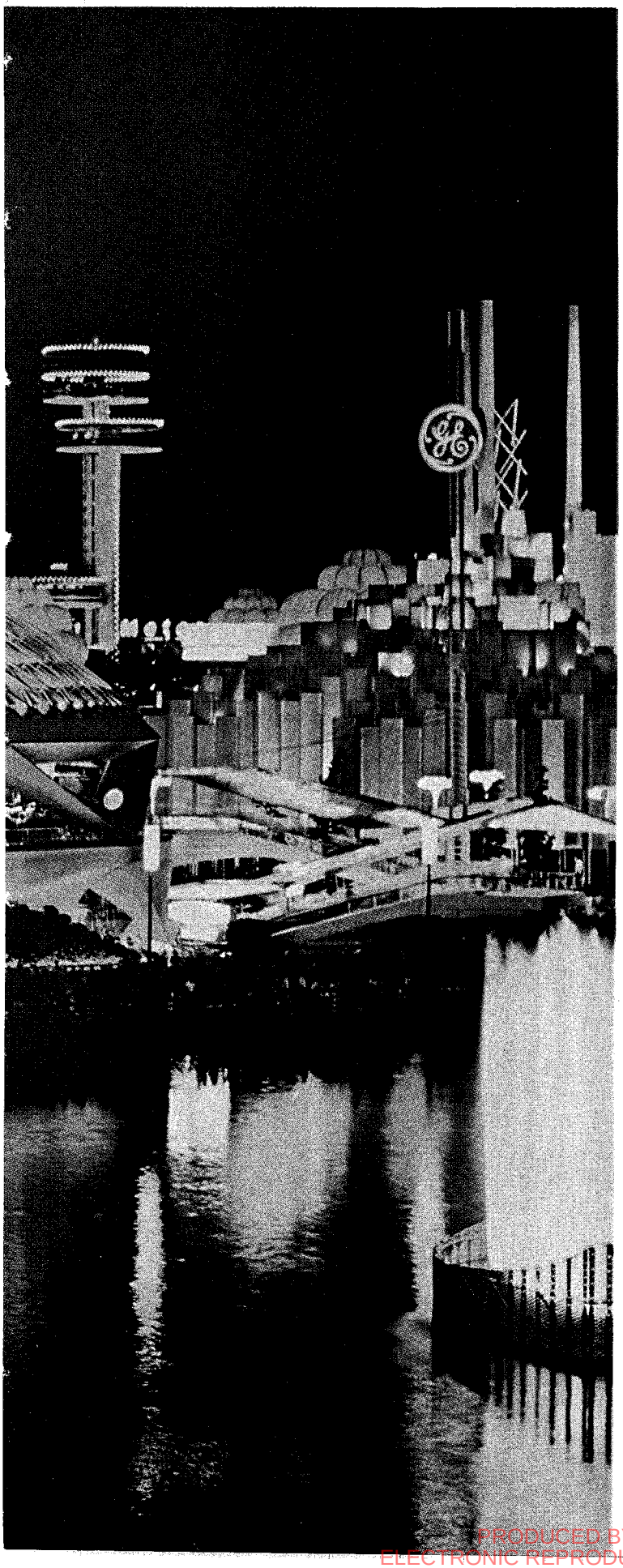
at the World's Fair?



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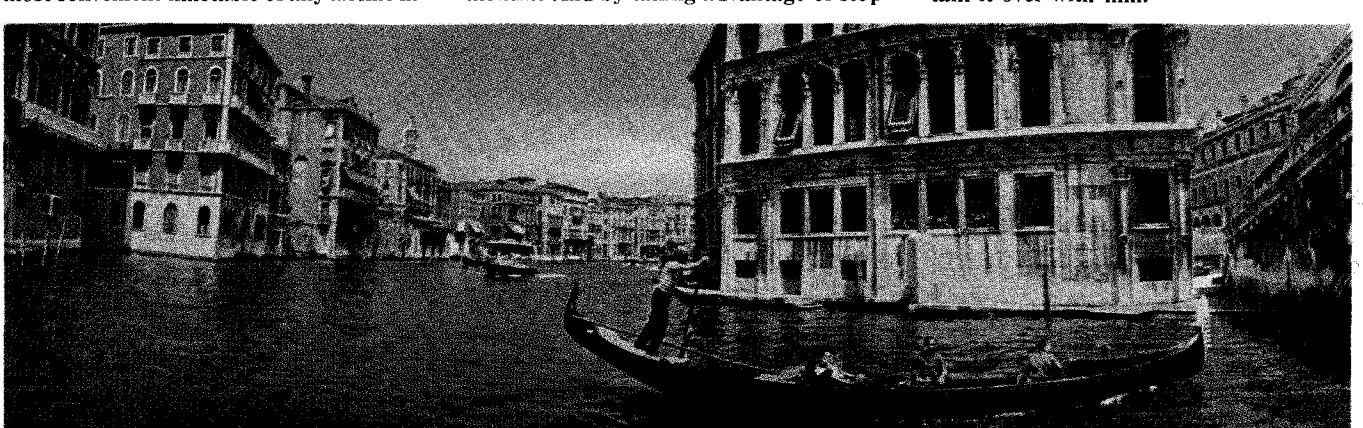

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Continued from page 40

drivers, porters, bus drivers, and Métro ticket-punchers with whom the tourist will come in contact. To encourage a better national disposition the government is passing out smile checks, yet. The checks will be given to visitors, who will in turn pass them out to French people who smile at them. The winners will get cars, trips to the United States, to the West Indies, and to Tahiti, possibly in H-bomb year. How they are going to keep the ladies who promenade along the Champs-Elysées from winning all the smile checks is a puzzle to me.

Now that the French are going to give out all those flowers and perfume and other gifts to arriving passengers, it shouldn't be forgotten they also have something for departing passengers—a bill for five dollars. Departure tax. At this juncture it might be wise to equip the hapless airline clerks who have to administer the dunning with a book of sneer checks. Departing visitors who collect the most sneer checks get a free day in President Johnson's See America program, including a plate of Howard Johnson's fried clams. On the house.

Flicks in Flight: The decision of the international airlines to remove moving pictures from airliners shows just how vulnerable the airline passenger is to the dictates of the industry. Started by TWA in the summer of 1961, they proved a great success. At one point airline observers were tracing five seats a trip to the novelty of moving pictures shown in flight. Other airlines moved to install Inflight Motion Pictures, the system used by TWA, or other types of closed-circuit television that would permit the display of films. When the whistle blew the other week, dimming the screens on international carriers and threatening similar action on domestic lines, Inflight Motion Pictures were being shown on United Airlines, Philippine Airlines, Pakistan International Airlines, as well as the originator, TWA. Domestically, TWA, American, United, and Continental show movies.

In order to meet the competition, the other international carriers would have had to contract for some similar sort of equipment. But there were other avenues of approach. Airlines that had not yet contracted for movies were against the concept, and they had a plan to reach those that were showing films. A summit meeting of airline presidents was called and, according to industry speculation, the carriers made a case on these points: When all lines were outfitted with motion picture equipment, then none would have an advantage. Said the have-nots to the haves: If you will agree to dismantle your projectors and stop showing films we will collectively reimburse you for any cost you may have incurred. The haves finally capitulated. TWA agreed to end its showings by September 1. Pakistan International Airlines may show them until March 1, 1966, but it may not advertise that fact. International carriers flying between California and Hawaii, such as Pan American, may show films as long as domestic carriers flying this route still show them.

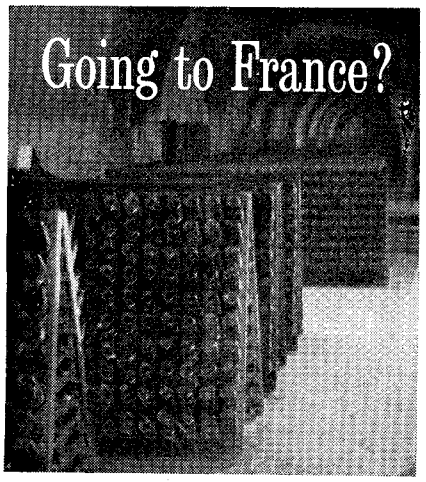
The controversy over the showing of films has been violent among the airlines, but nobody has really bothered to check with the passengers. Airline people who are against visual entertainment point to the $50,000 initial cost per plane, plus another substantial amount in programing for closed-circuit television. But Inflight Motion Pictures requires the airline to pay only a rental charge of $150 for each showing. And some airlines recoup part of this cost by charging tourist-class passengers for the use of the earphones. Inflight Motion Pictures itself spends an estimated $25,000 to install its equipment. According to its contract with TWA, however, the airline must pay a penalty clause if the service is not used for at least one year after installation, and it is apparently this cost that the other airlines have collectively agreed to indemnify.

The opponents of flying cinema also note that even though the sound is controlled by each passenger individually, the audience is captive nonetheless. Many passengers, they say, don't speak English, and before they were scheduled to go dark, the movies in the air hadn't gotten around to foreign subtitles.

Those in favor have been inclined to minimize the cost. One airline executive likened the individual per-passenger cost to the price of a cocktail. The Inflight company issued a statement in which it said, "Systemwide the cost of our largest user would make a difference of 27 cents per ticket sold." The company noted further that the cost to the airlines was less than the cost of a credit card, that nothing is charged to install, operate, or service equipment, and that the airlines have no capital investment.

If the cost of renting one film to a jet is $150 and the plane carries better than 100 passengers, the price per person is obviously more than twenty-seven cents. But the addition of a dollar's cost can hardly affect the price structure in fares that go well into three figures. The idea of charging all participating passengers for going to the movies during a long flight apparently was not seriously examined, either. For the relief from monotony and the feeling of safety that the films somehow impart, the public might well have been willing to pay a dollar, which is, after all, less than the cost of movies on the ground.

Yet when the International Air Transport Association conducted a mail poll,



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some ninety-two carriers from eighty countries voted against movies in flight. Seventeen carriers, including some of the best-known airline names, signed an agreement against further use of moving pictures in flight, agreeing to reimburse the lines that currently show movies when they finally scrap their equipment.

Oddly enough, the agreement includes only visual entertainment and does not include audio entertainment. The public may therefore be treated to pleasant sounds piped into earpieces, at least until enough have-not airlines form a quorum and force the rest to abandon that, too. The danger, of course, if the equation is followed, is that the airlines may collectively agree to the removal of almost anything under similar threats. All that is needed in the end is approval by the Civil Aeronautics Board. If the CAB approves such privately made agreements the airlines cannot be held in violation of antitrust action.

SIMILAR action in any other industry would be met with cries of price-fixing, collusion, restraint of trade, and worse. True competition among the airlines has been reduced to a measure of warmth in the smile of stewardess. Ever since the great sandwich war, when the airlines battled each other over just what type of sandwich could be served on low-cost flights, every last butter bean has come under strict control. In food it now depends on which airline can more successfully revitalize a steak that has been cooked hours ago in a ground kitchen and then heated again in the air. Or cover it with the best saucey disguise.

Naturally, there have been shouts of outrage from David Flexer, president of Inflight Motion Pictures, Inc. *Aviation Daily* quotes him as saying, "Foreign airlines are attempting to dictate what the American citizen can or cannot enjoy. Certain of these airlines have even threatened American carriers showing movies with withdrawing landing rights and with a heavy surcharge on tickets for movie flights." Somebody picked up Senator Magnuson saying, "U.S. carriers ought to be entitled to show movies and should not be pushed around by other airlines and pay for their inefficiency."

The CAB will probably approve the action because the inclusion of movies on aircraft is against its general policy of seeking lower air fares. But then a lot of other comforts and pleasures could be removed and that would theoretically support the same general trend. As Marc Connelly once wrote to an airline after he had been charged for an in-flight drink, "Why don't you rent pillows and put in pay toilets?"

—HORACE SUTTON.

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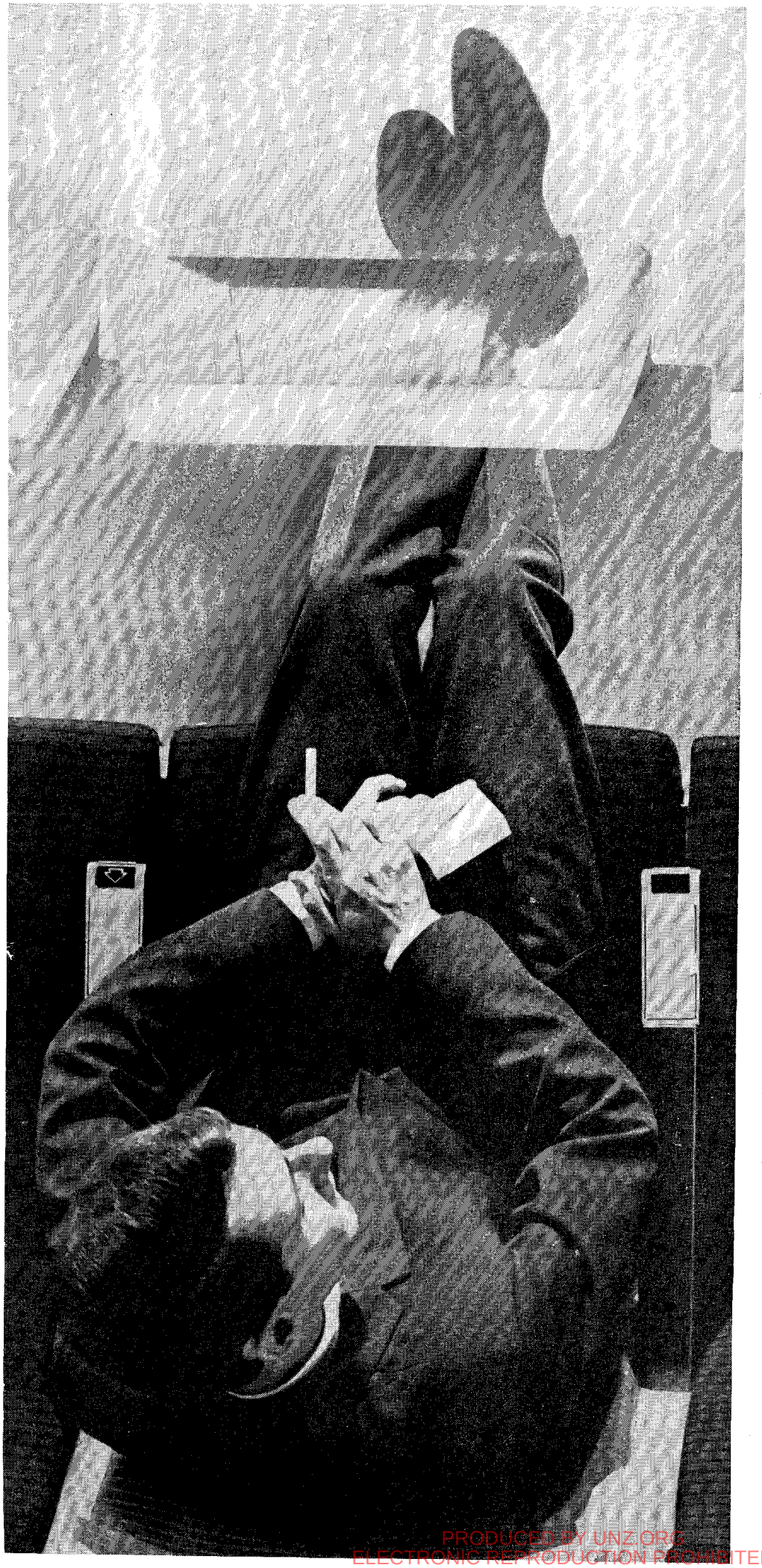

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Royal Ballet's *Romeo*

THERE HAVE been many ballets based on Shakespeare, but in Kenneth MacMillan's treatment of Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* score the Royal Ballet is adding something special to the lore of the art in its current American tour: a truly Shakespearian ballet. As a totality of pageantry and poetry, MacMillan's version serves the richly conceived score better than the two productions (Danish and Russian) previously seen at the Metropolitan, and Nicholas Georgiadis's evocation of a Renaissance society completes a series of stage pictures rarely equaled.

What distinguishes MacMillan's treatment from its predecessors is that, despite the fact that it is an Italian legend set to Russian music, there is something basically English about it. Repeatedly one finds an echo for the eye in the recollection by the ear of a line, a phrase, a singing sentence of Shakespeare's original. The big episodes—the ball, the balcony scene, the secret marriage, a stunning realization in movement of Mercutio's death and then Tybalt's—are connected by links of action that carry the story irresistibly forword. Some have complained of too little dance in Act III, but it strikes me as the essence of MacMillan's treatment that he has used all the arts of the theater (save, of course, speech) where they serve most appropriately. If one can liken the conventional classical ballet to an aria opera, one could say that MacMillan has suppressed arias for the sake of arias, and kept his eye firmly on dramatic truth. Meanwhile, the interest of "arias" is substantially accounted for in John Lanchberry's conducting of the score.

For a choreographer who has not previously dealt with the problem of a full-length ballet, *Romeo and Juliet* speaks eloquently for MacMillan's credentials. There was a suspicion of stagnation midway in Act II, where the crowd action threatened to go on repeating itself. At about this time, too, the unit frame of Georgiadis's pillared setting became a little overfamiliar. But, as MacMillan resolved his problem with the encounter of Mercutio and Tybalt, so Georgiadis varied his basic browns and greens and golds with a change of values in Act III, and in a tomb scene whose somber majesty underscored the eternity against which the mortal lovers were contesting.

Against all temptation, MacMillan resisted the urge to provide "exciting" action for Rudolf Nureyev, the Romeo of the first performance, to Margot Fonteyn's Juliet. Save for one outburst of leaps and air turns in the staging of the balcony scene, MacMillan pitched technical display in a properly low key. The difficulties were of the subtle kind (as in Romeo's lifts and carries, and Juliet's simulation of lifeless inertness) that assisted dramatic purpose rather than detracting from it. Traditional mime was used sparingly, and predominantly by the elders of the Verona society; moreover, the crowd action was sharply differentiated from the movement given to the principals. The clash of swords made a ringing accompaniment to Prokofiev's music, as suited a lethal element among the delinquents (juvenile and otherwise) of the time.

In terms of dance *per se*, MacMillan developed no single episode that could be described as breathtaking in originality or highly personal in style. It tended to extend the impression of his previous work here as a choreographer of greater facility than personality. But, it should be noted, the most striking single stretch of action was the vividness of Mercutio's needless death, personified with a full sense of its wasteful futility by David Blair. MacMillan's success with this focal point of the drama typified his concern for underlying values rather than surface diversion, his sense of a whole superior to any of its parts.

On those occasions when Fonteyn and Nureyev performed, the impression tended to be more of stars cross'd than star-cross'd lovers. Each embodies an artistic individuality that left them more Fonteyn and Nureyev than Juliet and Romeo. Each also has a share of disability to contend against in weaving a spell of characterization—in her case, the limitations that time has put on her ability to be convincingly adolescent; in his, the drive to physical exuberance rather than emotionalism. There is no question, however, of their audience appeal.

When casting brought other members of the company to the leading roles, there were quite other values, especially when the Juliet was Lynn Seymour. She is, in every petite inch, the picture of what a stage Juliet should be—the face and body of an adolescent, but with a veteran's command of her medium. Supple, fleet, feather-light and yet steel-spring-strong, Miss Seymour has made giant strides since she was first seen here two years ago. In Christopher Gable she had more a talented partner than a convincing Romeo; but what dancer has measured to a pictorial image of the Montague since Hugh Laing was performing in the Tudor version with Markova? Characterization, however, was rampant in Michael Somes's Capulet, Desmond Doyle's Tybalt, Deanne Bergsma, Monica Mason, and Carole Needham as a trio of happy harlots, etc. These and the dozens of others in the ensemble comprise the real texture of the ballet, which means that it is worth seeing, whoever the principals may be. That is the mark of a great company, which Ashton's Royal Ballet, in succession to de Valois's unquestionably is.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

The Other Richter

THREE days after a Richter named Sviatoslav returned to Carnegie Hall, another—this one named Karl—made his debut there. With him he brought the Munich Bach Chorus and Orchestra, and together they gave New York an extraordinary week of oratorical Bach. It embraced both Passions, the B-Minor Mass, and the first half of the *Christmas Oratorio*—all uncut, and all performed most poignantly.

Large-scale Bach is no longer a rarity here, but Richter's variety very definitely is. How long has it been since we have heard so superb a chorus complemented by an orchestra of comparable training and stature? More important, how long has it been since we have heard both ensembles in these works so sensitively attuned to each other?

Richter approaches Bach in a more Romantic spirit today than was the case a few years ago. He has become rather inconsistent in his use of the harpsichord; he now indulges liberally in *rubato* and abrupt changes of both tempo and dynamics; he is anything but a stickler for vocal embellishment; and he tends to exaggerate the sentiment in slow movements. Yet, for the most part, he remains faithful to the spirit if not the letter of Baroque law. And, conducting from memory throughout, he proved that he has few peers when it comes to projecting the meaning of the biblical music dramas.

The most noteworthy feature of the Chorus, aside from its amazing flexibility and balance, is its stamina. Daily rehearsals and an out-of-town engagement were interspersed among the four performances, but the young singers lost precious little in concentration and dedication. They favor a rather "straight," vibrato-less tone that maximizes linear clarity and, in the case of the women, suggests the "authentic" sound of boy sopranos. It is captivating.

Among the well-balanced soloists, Ernst Häfliger's pliant tenor once again made a moving thing of the Evangelist's recitatives. Except in the rare cases

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when Richter's slow tempi threatened a standstill (such as "Es ist vollbracht" in *St. John*), Hertha Töpper sang the alto arias with tremendous control and refinement. Soprano Ingrid Bjoner proved a somewhat less impeccable stylist, but she, too, performed with freedom and tonal purity. Two excellent American basses were also imported for the occasion: Lothar Ostenburg imparted more sensitivity than suavity to the lines of Jesus; Kieth Engen brought power and authority (as well as occasional pitch problems) to his larger share of the music. Equally impressive were the instrumental obbligati entrusted to such masters as Maurice André (trumpet), Otto Büchner (violin), and Sebastian Ladwig (viola da gamba).

—Martin Bernheimer.

Caballé's Lucrezia

SINCE 1959, reports have come from Germany, Italy, Portugal, and Switzerland of a Spanish soprano named Montserrat Caballé. She has been heard as Elvira in *Don Giovanni*, Najade in *Ariadne*, and the title role of *Iphigénie en Tauride* (among others) without arousing any extraordinary interest. But her Lucrezia Borgia (as substitute for the pregnant Marilyn Horne) in the American Opera Society's performance of the Donizetti opera in Carnegie Hall made the advent of this thirty-two-year-old Catalan from Barcelona a historic event in New York operatic annals.

Under the expert and vital, if often unduly slow, conducting of Jonel Perlea (whose paralysis of a few years ago leaves him able to use only his left arm), a cast that included Jane Berbié, Alain Vanzo, and Kostas Paskalis did nearly full justice to Donizetti's brooding, powerful score and its excellent libretto by Felice Romani. Mlle. Berbié may have underplayed and undersung the familiar *Brindisi;* Mr. Paskalis excelled as Don Alfonso; M. Vanzo was a very good Gennaro 90 per cent of the way. But it was Caballé's evening.

Looking (and, unhappily, acting) much like the Zinka Milanov of the late 1930s and, what is less usual, also sounding much like her, Caballé has a warm, well-schooled, agile soprano voice of good size. To judge by her phrasing, she is not intensely musical by nature. But the expressive style with which she colors her voice suggests that she has heard of Maria Callas, especially when tragic intensity is needed. Coming at the end of a generally dull and unprofitable New York opera season, Montserrat Caballé's debut was a genuine event.

—Herbert Weinstock.

TV AND RADIO

Hawaiian Heresy

Honolulu.

TELEVISION stations here in Hawaii, like those on the mainland, adhere to the proposition that entertainment is the key to attracting audiences. But the case of KHVH-TV, the basic ABC affiliate on the island of Oahu, suggests that a station's leadership in a competitive market may be due to factors other than its network's lineup of entertainment shows. These other factors include the "image" of the station in the local consciousness, the news and public service programs offered by the station, and, perhaps most importantly, a licensee's understanding of his community's needs. On the mainland, generally, ABC ratings run behind those of both NBC and CBS, although the range of the competitive figures has narrowed considerably this season. But all through the Hawaiian islands KHVH-TV is outstandingly an ABC first. According to Robert Berger, new chief executive and majority stockholder of the station, last November's important American Research Bureau ratings showed that KHVH-TV had all of Hawaii's top twenty television shows. From *Bewitched* through *Peyton Place* to *Valentine's Day*, it was all ABC. Neither NBC nor CBS nor the one independent station on the island had a single score in the top twenty. And the degree of ABC leadership in some cases was extraordinary. *Bewitched*, shown Thursdays at 8 P.M., had a 70 per cent share of the audience, against its nearest competitor's 16 per cent (*Password*, a CBS show). *Captain Honolulu*, an afternoon kiddie show on KHVH-TV, had 77 per cent of the audience, against an NBC movie that had a 9 per cent share. The station's 10 P.M. news, on one week night, showed a 64 per cent share of audience, against NBC's *That Was the Week That Was*, which had only 13 per cent. Even more unusual is the fact that *Science in Action*, a National Educational Television series on KHVH-TV, scored a 39 per cent share of audience against *Mr. Novak* (28 per cent) and *Highway Patrol* (23 per cent).

Oahu is where most of the fiftieth state's population (750,000) resides. Its ethnic groupings (Japanese, Chinese, Filipino, Portuguese, Hawaiian, and Caucasian) are unique, yet underneath the island's undeniable charm for tourists is a style of life very much like that of the mainland's. Supermarkets and real estate developments abound, as do used car lots and traffic jams. Why should ABC-TV be third on the mainland and first in the islands—and what are the implications of the leap up the ladder? Though Bob Berger never even hinted it, I inferred from our conversation that it wasn't his network's entertainment lineup that was responsible for the lead; the station could probably turn the trick even if it were carrying a full NBC or CBS schedule of programs. To Hawaiian viewers, network identities are hazy, a station's call letters only somewhat less vague; it's the channel number that counts, and Channel 4, KHVH-TV, stands for the "Kaiser" image, for the station was bought in 1958 by the Henry J. Kaiser interests.

The Kaiser Corporation determined to use the television station as a public relations lever. It hired Richard Block, an enterprising young broadcaster, and backed him with significant program money. He did not hesitate to pay top prices for movies and run them in place of weak ABC shows. He brought public service programs to the station. He introduced television news to the islands. To this day, the NBC station (KONA-TV) does not carry the network's regular Huntley-Brinkley news show, and it has no regular late-evening news show of its own. KGMB, the CBS-TV affiliate, runs Walter Cronkite at midnight, because that's the earliest it can jet the CBS news show from the West Coast. KHVH-TV also jets its ABC-TV network news show from the mainland, but uses clips from the network news in its own 10 P.M. news program.

With Kaiser backing, Richard Block took KHVH-TV from third place to first. The corporation paid $685,000 for the station in 1958 and sold it in 1964 to Berger's Western Telestations, Inc., for $4,250,000. The new owner hopes to substitute his own image for Kaiser's, but he, too, will continue to accent news and community needs. The islanders, he asserts, hunger for world news and take politics seriously, as their children do education. This, suggests Berger, accounts for the lead of *Science in Action* over entertainment. To the islanders, he believes, one network's entertainment package is just like another's. What attracts audiences is boldness, innovation, imagination, and willingness to take programing risks—on the local level. The doctrine may be heresy according to the canons of mainland broadcasters. But here in Hawaii, KHVH-TV has demonstrated its pragmatic value.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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Conversation with a Sphinx

BOSTON.

LIKE Maurice Chevalier, author-director George Abbott is seventy-seven and still having fun in show business. His latest spree is a new musical called *Flora, the Red Menace*, of which he is the co-adaptor and director. Although the show is based upon Lester Atwell's novel, *Love Is Just Around the Corner*, the latter would never have struck Mr. Abbott as material for a musical. However, the supremely confident director has built a reputation on turning unlikely properties into Broadway hits, and since producer Harold Prince wanted him to tackle the job, he and his co-adaptor Robert Russell have, by elaborating on only a small portion of the novel's characters and events, come up with a musical that has been playing to standing-room-only audiences here.

They have been quite free in changing the book's two principal characters. In the novel, which takes place during the Depression, Flora is already a member of the Communist Party, has a disorganized personality that keeps getting her into crises in her job as a commercial artist, and is determined to marry another Communist artist, Harry. Although Harry is emotionally drawn to Flora, he eventually rejects her in favor of a better-disciplined Party girl who has worked to give him greater confidence in himself and who more unquestioningly shares the political convictions that give his life meaning.

In the musical, however, Abbott has presented Flora as an innocent young girl pursued by Harry. His recruiting of Flora into the Party is done in a highly comic style, and indeed the entire show describes the American passion for Communism in the Thirties as patently ridiculous. This ridicule without rancor pretty much reflects the words in the director's autobiography (*Mister Abbott*, Random House, $4.95), where he writes, "There is not an ounce of thinking in one's patriotism or religion. Conviction in these matters depends entirely upon where you were born. If Senator McCarthy had been born in Russia, he would have been an unrelenting Communist; if Khrushchev had been born in Illinois, he would be in the Senate."

Thus *Flora, the Red Menace* is concerned not at all with patriotism or politics, but rather with human predicaments. And Abbott's method appears to be to let the characters, as they materialize in performance, lead him through basic human predicaments to solutions that will ring true for them. For instance, the merrily objective director shows not a sign of anxiety about correcting the show's present ending, which he feels is unsatisfactory. Instead of worrying, he is working with a relaxed but canny patience to change the musical a little bit each day. He admits that he hasn't yet decided upon the ending, but with a sphinxlike sureness he adds casually, "I'll probably write it over the weekend."

His problem has been made more difficult because the show's ballet number is too unrelated to the progress of the story, and because the penultimate scene, in which Flora bravely crosses a Communist picket line in order to get to her job, is what he terms "soggy" and perhaps conflicts with some Americans' belief that crossing *any* picket line is taboo. But most responsible of all for his present dilemma are the performances of the show's two young and untried stars, who have turned out to be so winning that, as with Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews in *My Fair Lady*, audiences want to romanticize the couple's eventual getting together.

The director confesses that comedian Bob Dishy, who plays Harry, and nineteen-year-old Liza Minnelli have both surprised him by being even better than he had hoped they would. Mr. Dishy's comic technique includes a warm, Chaplinesque likability no matter what perfidious deed he is committing. And Miss Minnelli, who was really only barely adequate in her off-Broadway debut (*Best Foot Forward*) two seasons ago, has developed amazingly in both her singing (which is now a cross between that of her mother, Judy Garland, and that of Ethel Merman) and in her acting. Unfortunately, Broadway audiences may not see her most effective moment, the one in which she forces herself to believe Harry's lie in order to preserve her romance, for as the plot stands at the moment it had been dropped. However, it is already clear to all the reviewers who have seen the show that Miss Minnelli will be voted this season's most exciting new star, and will do for *Flora* what Barbra Streisand has done for *Funny Girl*.

Abbott is obviously pleased with his new star. "I'm just in love with her," he says. "Not as a personality, but as a performer. She's a hard worker, devoid of all pettiness, and has a sense of inner truth that would enable her to do leading dramatic roles. She responds to direction as well as Helen Hayes or Richard Widmark, and they are two of the most responsive I've ever directed."

This brought the conversation around to the question of how a director gets actors to respond to him. Abbott is perfectly willing to reveal his secret, which is simply that the actors must know the director is always right. Is Abbott always right? "Yes," the imperturbable director continued without the slightest trace of egotism. "I'm always right; not about the script, of course, but about how to treat the script, there I'm always right."

—HENRY HEWES.

Minnelli and Abbott—teen-ager and sphinx.

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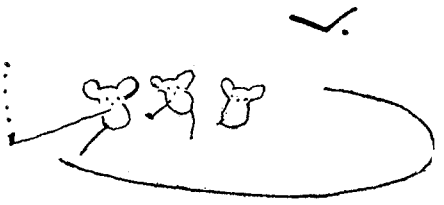
The Goldfinger Syndrome

IT IS PERHAPS a little late to start analyzing the traits that have so startlingly endeared the James Bond movies to audiences all over the world, but it is altogether pertinent to note the effect of this series on other movies. Even now good old Tarzan is being revived and refurbished in the Bond image. Americans have already met *That Man from Rio*, a French effort in this direction, while currently awaiting release is *Fantomas*, a rather heavily tongue-in-cheek revival of a Saturday-afternoon serial character popular in France around World War I. The combination of sex, sadism, and satire is paying off so handsomely that producers everywhere are tumbling over themselves to rush to the screen adventure stories that wink at the audience even as they shock.

Latest of the British imports bottled in Bond is disarmingly titled *Masquerade*, which sounds as if it should be a Viennese operetta but isn't. Actually, no one (or *practically* no one) in this swiftly paced thriller is quite what he pretends to be, and no small part of the fun is trying to guess which of the characters will be unmasked next—and if there isn't possibly still another mask underneath that one. Like *Dr. No*, it all starts straight enough when Jack Hawkins is called by Britain's Foreign Office to thwart a plot that would bring to the throne of a Near East state powers inimical to British oil interests. Hawkins calls upon Cliff Robertson, his junior officer in the desert campaigns of World War II, for assistance. The scene shifts to a gorgeous villa on the Costa Blanca in Spain, where we meet the inevitable sexy girl and a clutch of *mysterioso* types—and immediately people start getting banged on the head, shot at, kidnapped, and killed.

There is nothing in *Masquerade* that has not been done dozens of times before, especially in serials and low-budgeted haunted-house thrillers. The wonder is that the thrills are still there. The camera moving over cobwebbed statues in a shadowed and sinister hall can still raise the hairs at the nape of the neck—particularly when it comes to rest on a snub-nosed revolver poking out from behind a plaster saint. Still serviceable is the fight on a trestled bridge swung perilously over a rocky gorge, with the supporting ropes tearing loose one by one. But what makes them work is the director's wink, his tacit admission that he knows it's nonsense, but isn't it lots of fun? In *Masquerade*, director Basil Dearden and writers Michael Relph and William Goldman go a long step farther. They wink not only at their melodramatics, but at the cynicism of the Foreign Office, the oil interests, and oil-rich Arabians as well. No small part of their picture's charm is the contrast between this worldliness of outlook and the ingenuousness of incident.



In sharp contrast, also from England is a new production of H. Rider Haggard's *She*, a curious compote of *King Solomon's Mines* and *Lost Horizon*. It is difficult to believe that in this day and age anyone could play with a straight face the hoary line, "She who must be obeyed." Especially with Ursula Andress as the wooden but curvaceous Ayesha, the "she" of the title. But straight it is—and square, too. All the preposterous nonsense—the medallion from 2,000 years ago that links our hero, John Richardson, with the ancient Egyptian priest Killikrates; the pseudo-archeological interests that persuade scientist Peter Cushing to journey across the Desert of Lost Souls and the Mountains of the Moon to the fabled city of Kuma; the flame of eternal life that burns deep in its secret caves—is still there, and offered as solemnly as a fundamentalist interpretation of the Book of Genesis. "Is your world so much better?" Ayesha demands of the shocked Englishmen after she has dumped fifteen slaves who had revolted into a fiery furnace. A reassuring wink from the director indicating that he knew our world was better, but not much, would have helped.

While the Civil War was no laughing matter, *Shenandoah* manages to extract a modicum of humor from it—enough, at least, to make James Stewart, a Virginia farmer who believes neither in slavery nor war, a warm and appealing figure. It helps considerably, for as Stewart and his large family are drawn deeper and deeper into the conflict, the story increasingly comes to resemble the Book of Job as written by Margaret Mitchell. Unfortunately, neither the humor nor the momentum of the earlier sequences is enough to propel the film the entire distance, and it peters out into the kind of sentimentality that reduces some to tears and others to irreverent hysterics.

Finally, far away in time and place, is *Joy in the Morning*, based on the Betty Smith novel that recalls college life in the late Twenties. To be sure, the values that she celebrates are commendable—hard work, understanding, and, above all, tolerance. But Richard Chamberlain, from television, sleepwalks through his role of the dedicated young law student; while Yvette Mimieux over-emotes as the wife who almost costs him his degree.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

WORDS FOR MUSIC

Though usually a person of note in his own right, the librettist is often the forgotten man of opera. Nan Cooke Carpenter of Carbondale, Illinois, lists ten operas and asks you to harmonize each with its composer in Column Two and its librettist in Column Three. Face the music on page 76.

1. *The Beggar's Opera*	( ) Britten	( ) W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman
2. *Billy Budd*	( ) Gluck	( ) R. Calzabigi
3. *Der Rosenkavalier*	( ) Meyerbeer	( ) E. M. Forster and Eric Crozier (after Melville)
4. *Dido and Aeneas*	( ) Mozart	( ) John Gay
5. *Don Giovanni*	( ) J. C. Pepusch *(et al.)*	( ) Hugo von Hofmannsthal
6. *Four Saints in Three Acts*	( ) Purcell	( ) F. M. Piave (after Hugo)
7. *Les Huguenots*	( ) R. Strauss	( ) Lorenzo da Ponte
8. *Orfeo ed Euridice*	( ) Stravinsky	( ) Eugène Scribe
9. *The Rake's Progress*	( ) Virgil Thomson	( ) Gertrude Stein
10. *Rigoletto*	( ) Verdi	( ) Nahum Tate (after Marlowe)

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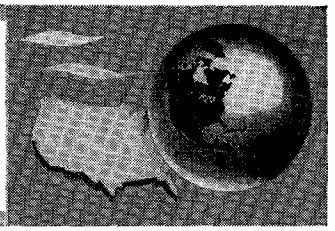
As Others See Us



MANCHESTER:

Another Korea?

ARE THE AMERICANS doing the right thing in Vietnam? When they are sniped at from the usual and predictable British fellow-traveling quarters one is reluctant to criticize them at all. Rather than seem identified with those who describe them as aggressors, most of us are naturally tempted to give blanket approval to their Vietnam policy.

That the Americans are not aggressors but are, on the contrary, resisting Communist aggression is evident to all but a cranky few; and it is also widely appreciated that they are fighting not for themselves or South Vietnam alone but to safeguard the independence of many other countries. Their motives are above reproach. But in politics, as in private life, it is never enough to be well-meaning. Policy has to be realistic and effective as well as righteous.

What bothers me, in talking to Americans about Vietnam, is their apparent belief that they are dealing with a repeat performance of Korea. False historical analogies are a notorious trap for statesmen, and the analogy between Vietnam and Korea seems to me dangerously false. Apart from the difference that the Korean war was technically a United Nations operation, whereas the war in Vietnam has no such status, there are two strictly military differences which stare us in the face.

First, the war in Korea was conventional in the full sense: it was fought between regular armies and confined to the classic pattern of warfare. In Vietnam, however, the enemy is not organized in regular formations, and there is no front line. The war now being waged against the Americans and their allies is a guerrilla war for which the campaigns in Korea afford no precedent.

Secondly, Vietnam—unlike Korea—is not a peninsula. In Korea, even a guerrilla war would be less difficult to cope with, because the enemy's supply problem would be acute, the Americans having command of the sea. In South Vietnam, the partisans can be reinforced and replenished by land across territory which gives them plenty of protection against air reconnaissance and air attack. And even if North Vietnam were to be bombed into an act of token submission, the Vietcong would not be denied the means to carry on the struggle. The Russians or the Chinese would see to that. . . .

Through politics alone can a solution be found. The war in Vietnam is of the inconclusive sort, which can be brought to an end only by external political decisions. One such would be an alignment of the Russians and the Americans against the Chinese. This may come about one day—but not yet.

The only other practical course is for the Americans to reach an understanding with the Chinese, who, with their overwhelming land forces, are in a position to control the Vietcong one way or the other. At present, the United States Government is prevented by doctrinaire obsession from recognizing Red China or giving it any material inducement to desist from aggression and subversion. The Americans, as a result of their own rigid policy, hold no sanctions for good behavior against the Chinese.

To change the policy would require moral courage in Washington to match the physical courage which U.S. troops are showing in Vietnam. If President Johnson will disregard ignorant prejudice at home, he will have a chance to achieve peace with honor in Southeast Asia. *—John Grigg in the Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

—Toronto Star.

EAST BERLIN:

Gas in Vietnam

THE U.S. CRIME of using poison gas against the Vietnamese people has aroused disgust and horror throughout the world. . . . There is hardly another word that causes so much disgust and horror as "gas."

The June 17, 1925, Geneva protocol "banning the use of suffocating, poisonous, or similar gases, as well as bacteriological means of warfare," condemns poison gas warfare by stating: "The use of dangerous chemical warfare agents is one of the most serious violations of international law." This ban was contractually recognized as international law by all civilized states except the United States.

The U.S. State Department tries to describe the criminal use of chemical warfare agents as harmless and more humane than artillery. Such grotesque efforts to evaluate death by suffocation as a humane deed show the complete unscrupulousness of the U.S. rulers and their intention to mock nations. By the

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demagogy of "harmless poison gases" and the "clean atomic bomb," the United States wants to throw sand into the eyes of nations and shamefully hide its criminal deeds. —*Tribuene.*

PEKING:

Firm Support

THE JOHNSON ADMINISTRATION must be held responsible for all the serious consequences arising from its expansion of the war in Indochina. A few U.S. warships, several hundred U.S. planes, and some tens of thousands of U.S. ground forces can by no means frighten the Vietnamese people. The expansion of U.S. aggression can only serve to give the Democratic Republic of Vietnam and all countries upholding the Geneva agreements the right to take the initiative in dealing counterblows.

The U.S. press has been loudly clamoring that, in the Vietnamese war, there would no longer be any "sanctuary" such as existed during the Korean war and that the United States would engage in "hot pursuit" of those giving support to the struggle of the Vietnamese people. In plain language, this means that it would bomb China. Let us tell the U.S. aggressors that the Chinese people are not afraid. . . . We have never built our security on U.S. benevolence. We are prepared. The Chinese people will firmly and unswervingly take all possible measures to support the people of Vietnam and the whole of Indochina in carrying the struggle against the U.S. aggressors through to the very end. . . . And the final outcome can only be the ousting of the U.S. aggressors from Vietnam, from Indochina, and from the whole of Southeast Asia. —*Peking Review.*

BOMBAY:

Proving Ground

ON THE MILITARY SIDE, while it still appears doubtful that the Chinese Communists will deliberately initiate any major overt aggression against their neighbors without a change in Soviet policy, they are able to exploit the impact of their nuclear explosion politically and psychologically. They will certainly continue to support subversion and insurrection in Asia and attempt to gain control of revolutionary movements in the world.

According to most observers here, the power position in Asia will undergo a profound change in ten years. . . . In this context South Vietnam assumes crucial importance. Mr. McNamara is very convincing when he points out that it is in South Vietnam that the North Vietnamese and Chinese Communists are putting into practice their theory that any non-Communist government of an emerging nation can be overthrown by externally supported, covert armed aggression, even when that government is backed by U.S. economic and military assistance. —*Indian Express.*

The Travels of TV: Polish heroes have been pushed off the TV screen here by imported British and American heroes, such as Doctor Kildare, The Saint, and Perry Mason. These heroes have achieved unprecedented popularity here but have been infiltrating alien ideas, creating a false picture of the other world. . . . The reason viewers like the Western programs is that in the entire system of East European television a good television serial has not been produced.

—*Tribuna Ludu (Warsaw).*

LONDON:

Hopeless Position?

AMERICAN BEHAVIOR in Vietnam might seem tolerable if its aims were not expressed in double-think. If General Taylor were to say: We are here because we believe in the domino theory, because we want to hold our position at any cost to the welfare of the Vietnamese in case the rest of Southeast Asia falls into China's hands, because we are protecting our self-interest, then napalm and gas bombing would still be inexcusable, but at least motive would be honestly expressed. But General Taylor again talks about establishing "peace and stability."

The American position, I would think, is now hopeless. In military terms they fought the wrong war. While they were in the sky, the Vietcong were on the ground persuading or intimidating the people. While the Vietcong used classic guerrilla methods, government troops stuck to their forts and stockades. Almost more seriously, America made no positive effort at political and land reform, yet the desire for reform existed. A friend who has just come back from Vietnam tells me that it is not true that the peasants just want to be left in peace—though God only knows they want that. They positively want land reform in their potentially rich country. The State Department and the Pentagon have gone out of their way to make sure, by their mistakes, that the proper conditions exist for Vietcong success. As Mao Tse-tung put it: "Without a political goal, guerrilla warfare must fail, as it must if its political objectives do not coincide with the aspirations of the people. . . ."
—*John Morgan in the New Statesman.*

MOSCOW:

Background of Protests

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S Baltimore speech is openly exposed against the background of protests of all honest people in the world against the crimes of the American aggressors in Vietnam.

Trying to justify U.S. aggression and the participation of the U.S. in that dirty, cruel, and severe war, Johnson . . . called the piratic air raids against North Vietnam "the struggle for freedom" and said that the U.S. wants a peaceful settlement. At the same time, bypassing in complete silence the barbaric activities of the U.S. military in South Vietnam . . ., the President said in his speech: "We shall use our power with restraint and with all the wisdom we can command, but we will use it." —*Pravda.*

TORONTO:

No Strings Attached

PRESIDENT LYNDON JOHNSON has told the world that he would enter into negotiations on a peaceful settlement of the Vietnam crisis—with no strings attached.

This was an open-door invitation to the nations involved in aggression in Southeast Asia to sit round a conference table and try to find a formula for what President Johnson called "that bright and necessary day of peace."

The President said as simply and as eloquently as possible that the United States has no ambitions in South Vietnam except to safeguard the countries in that part of the globe from military aggression from outside.

This is entirely reasonable.

It must be recognized that the stakes in Southeast Asia are not limited to the protection of any ruling junta in South Vietnam; it is the entire subcontinent of Asia, offshore islands, and island territories to the south.

China is reported to have demanded that any peace negotiations should be with the Vietcong—the revolutionary group in South Vietnam which has been reinforced with personnel and armed by the Communist powers. This is nonsense, of course. While there are undoubtedly dissident groups in the turbulent political arena of South Vietnam, the direction and control of these elements are in the hands of Hanoi and Peking.

As an earnest of the good intentions of the United States, President Johnson is to seek a massive economic development program for all Southeast Asia—this is in addition to the economic and technical assistance that has already been offered to that part of the world.

As if in reply to Prime Minister Pearson's suggestion that there be a recess in American retaliation against aggression

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in South Vietnam, President Johnson made it quite clear that the United States would use all its power with restraint and with all the wisdom it can command—"but we will use it."

—The Telegram.

TOKYO:

Ends and Means

RESPONDING TO world alarm over the expanding scale of the Vietnam conflict, President Johnson has made an important speech. It explains U.S. policy objectives in Vietnam, the background of the present conflict, and how Washington views the future course of events.

We are not in complete agreement with the official U.S. Government view on some points. But we wholeheartedly welcome President Johnson's indication that he holds open a route to a peaceful solution.

He says the U.S. aim is to bring about "an independent South Vietnam . . . securely guaranteed and able to shape its own relationships to all others . . . free from outside interference . . . tied to no alliance . . . a military base for no other country." To achieve this aim, he adds, the U.S. is prepared for "unconditional discussions" with the governments concerned.

We endorse and support the U.S. purpose. But we are not yet sure exactly how Washington intends to go about it. . . .

We hope that clarification of President Johnson's wording will show that the U.S. is in fact prepared to negotiate unconditionally to achieve its goal. In his speech he said, "We have no desire to devastate that which the people of North Vietnam have built with toil and sacrifice."

We would like to take this statement as meaning that the U.S. will not in future bomb Hanoi or other major North Vietnamese communities. We are, in fact, unalterably opposed to the use of aerial bombardment of the north to attain the U.S. purpose in Vietnam.

To argue that any forceful means at hand can be used to achieve an end—however intrinsically good—is similar to Communist justifications which the U.S. rejects. We firmly believe that the end does not in itself justify the means.

The same lesson must be taken to heart by North Vietnam and the other Communist bloc countries, including China. We hope that they will find in President Johnson's speech the encouragement to start down their own roads toward unconditional negotiations.

—The Yomiuri.

BUDAPEST:

The Real War

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has delivered an important speech at John Hopkins University in Baltimore. He outlined the entire U.S. policy in Vietnam and also put forward certain proposals on this grave problem. . . . [But] the peace offers are followed by bellicose declarations. The President spoke not only about the possibility of peace negotiations but also about the continued use by the U.S. of its military forces. . . .

It is not only these bellicose declarations that are alarming, but also the insincerity of the whole speech and the concept set forth in it. The President offered negotiations without conditions, but to whom? To North Vietnam and even to the Chinese People's Republic. Only with the South Vietnamese freedom fighters has he refused to negotiate —that is to say, with those with whom he is in a real state of war. . . .

There are perhaps people who think that Johnson's speech is more conciliatory than previous American utterances and who think that the President made certain concessions. . . . The hypocrisy and insincerity lie exactly in the fact that . . . we are faced with an American fiction. The U.S. would regard the so-called northern aggression as abandoned only if the South Vietnamese people ceased to resist the real aggressors, the Americans.

—Kossuth.

HAMBURG:

Hard Facts

STABILITY AND PEACE, independence and human dignity—those are the things which the President seeks for the peoples of Southeast Asia. But those are exactly the things which his adversaries do not want, unless of course it be stability, peace, independence, and human dignity—or what remains of them—after a Communist takeover. Those are the hard facts. And therefore, as regrettable as this is, the conflict in Vietnam will go on for a long time, despite the generous offers of Johnson. *—Die Welt.*

Medical Morality: Not so long ago, a fundless American medical student, intensely ill with flu while visiting London, was refused a bill by an English doctor, who shouted indignantly: "Do dogs eat puppies?" The former student, now a prosperous psychiatrist, worries about his many indigent patients; for example, two schizophrenic sisters in their sixties (one has Parkinson's disease), who, on welfare, can visit his clinic only once a month for fifteen minutes' drug supervision.

Eligibility for welfare care varies from state to state, as does the amount of payment. It's exquisitely difficult for many people to discover to what extent they qualify for welfare, or if they qualify at all. Otherwise, they can appeal—successfully or not—to various philanthropic organizations. But thousands fall through the loopholes of classification. Health insurance is simply too capricious in its coverage: certain plans may pay for wart removal but not miscarriages. Above all, there are too many Americans who can't afford insurance, yet aren't sufficiently poor to receive welfare care. And the Medicare Bill, now before Congress, will not really change this. . . .

A thirty-year-old Englishwoman with a malignant lung tumor swiftly acquired a $4,000 bill in a ward where all the other patients were on welfare. She was between jobs, could pay only $1,000, and the hospital requested that she be removed immediately, saying: "She has no right to stay here." Doctors visited her rarely. In perpetual pain, she asked for a sedative but was told that her ailment was psychosomatic; hence she didn't rate an aspirin. Violently berated by the cashier as she was wheeled from the hospital, she took her ruined lungs back to England where she was made comfortable until her death six months later. . . .

There's really no solution for families who must cope with recurrent diseases or terminal cases, unless they are very poor or delightfully rich. The middle-income group is perhaps the most vulnerable; hospital bills can *create* indigence. Many people won't visit doctors because they (reasonably) fear the expense. Those who support a long illness can expect to sacrifice certain education for their children, sanctuary for elderly relatives, sometimes their homes.

It's tempting to wonder what morality lurks behind the cost of illness. One London doctor remarked that his many American patients always felt guilty when they were sick: when the body went wrong, they thought themselves corrupt, so that it may be a puritanical American tendency to feel that sick people are bad people and that a system which punishes them—by its price—is normal enough. Meanwhile, says the AMA, Medicare "threatens the foundation of the nation's protection against disease and suffering." *—Nora Sayre in the New Statesman (London).*

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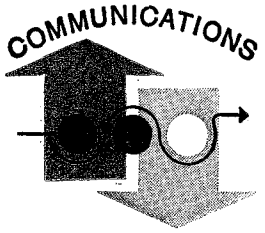
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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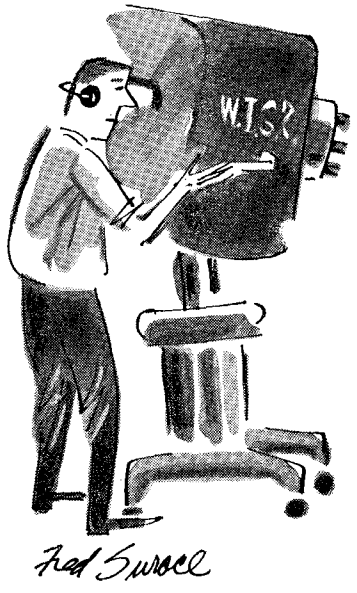

The Fork in the Road for TV

REACTION to last month's editorial in these pages has been prolific and violent, and few topics we have discussed here evoked greater response from *SR*'s special brand of readership. It is perfectly clear from these letters, some of which are published beginning on page 56, that the American public has a vital interest and stake in network television and that the more intelligent TV audience is becoming increasingly alarmed by what it sees and hears from the magic box. And while the North American Newspaper Alliance continues its energetic and incisive survey of TV families in every corner of America, two respected public opinion polls have now appeared with apparently conflicting evidence of trends and habits of the vast U.S. television audience, though this disparity is not confirmed when the polls are carefully read. On the contrary, we seem to be getting real guidance for the first time.

The first poll, made by Elmo Roper and Associates, is summarized by the Television Information Office as follows: "It is clear from the report that public acceptance of television is now higher than at any time in the five-year period under consideration (1959-64). The trends suggest that higher public acceptance of television will continue as the young people who have known television during most of their lives enter the adult population." The Roper Poll was commissioned by the promotion division of the television industry to get a picture of the public's attitude toward TV, primarily in the news field. Roper's central finding was that television is by now the public's primary source of news and that TV has also widened its lead over newspapers and radio as the most believable news source. The Roper Poll also discloses that the public is "much less concerned about the possible harmful effects of television than about other current public issues," and that the total TV audience is still growing.

Louis Harris, who frequently serves as consultant to CBS in its Vote Profile Analysis and is a most sought-after private pollster among national political organizations at election time, reports different results, however, from different questions. The most recent Harris Poll states: "There is every sign of growing disenchantment with television on the part of the affluent, better-educated adult Americans. TV appears to be losing its audience among adults who have been to college, whose incomes are $10,000 or over, and among suburban residents. It is also less attractive than it once was to people in the 21-to-34 age group." Replacing these former viewers, TV is, according to the Harris Poll, "increasing its audience among small-town residents, people with only a grade school education, people fifty years old and over, and those with incomes under $5,000." When people in the carefully selected cross-section of the Harris survey were asked about the number of hours they spend watching TV, it turned out that adults with less education and lower incomes watch more (about 2.6 hours per day on the average) than those with higher education and income (about 1.6 hours per day). The Harris Poll states: "The conclusion is inescapable that television viewing and programing is directed toward

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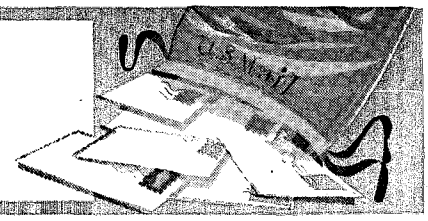
the less affluent, less articulate, and the older age group."

That there may be no fundamental conflict between the Roper and Harris polls is perfectly clear from the manner of questioning and the phrasing of questions asked by each poll. The Roper organization is undoubtedly correct when it indicates an increasing total audience for TV, though that audience may be dropping in levels of intelligence, education, income, and type of neighborhood. The Harris Poll, on the other hand, makes it obvious that taste is triggering a new TV trend in this country and that television is gradually losing a grip on part of the affluent, better-educated adult Americans attracted at first by curiosity alone. The taste preferences of this better-educated and more affluent adult group bear, the Harris Poll reports, "little resemblance to the trend of program changes which the networks are planning [for next season]. . . . The main reason is that those who view TV the most tend to prefer Westerns, situation comedies, quiz games, and mysteries."

In the groups that television has been losing—families that are college-educated and those with higher incomes—news, live sports, dramatic shows, documentaries, and spectaculars are particularly attractive. Says Harris: "These people have more aversion to Westerns, situation comedies, horror shows, rock 'n' roll, and soap operas. Yet these latter programs are almost precisely the shows that the lower income, less well-educated people—who look at TV more and are the growing part of the audience—seem to enjoy the most."

So now we're beginning to get the facts, the stark truth about TV. We're ever so grateful to NANA, Roper, and Harris for their enlightening and by no means contradictory information on American TV taste. What is happening, quite obviously, is that the first major fork in the road has been reached by the greatest mass medium the world has ever known. The signposts are now clear for all to read. One path leads to increasingly lower-level programing, in the foreseeable future, to satisfy a mass audience of less and less education and affluence. The other road is a highway of disenchantment with TV on the part of the better-educated, higher-income segment of the adult American public. And from here on we are bound to see a small and select but growing cluster of TV stations breaking away from mass network feeds and moving into the vacuum created by increasingly downgraded mass television and consequent scorn for the defectors. —R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor



But Will It Sell?

In reading Richard L. Tobin's editorial [*SR*, Apr. 10], it occurred to me that one aspect of TV commercialism is unrecognized by consumers and unstated by advertising agencies. It is the fact that prolonged advertising, good or bad, will sell a product if the public is exposed to it long enough. The commercial must be either good or bad—*but not mediocre.*

The reason is this: A good commercial appeals to the viewer's libido and seduces him into buying the product. The bad commercial infuriates the viewer and triggers his inhibited urge to destroy the product. One way to destroy a product, of course, is to consume it. Either way, good or bad, the commercial is effective. To be a successful agency, then, it has only to excite one impulse or another, and ignore esthetic and moral evaluations.

Selah Bond.

Ontario, N.Y.

I read R.L.T.'s editorial "The Long, Hard Night of the TV Commercial" with considerable interest. Certainly I concur with a great deal of the animosity toward certain television commercials expressed by those interviewed. I feel, however, that his statement that these results should "frighten" the commercial creators and producers shows a lack of understanding of the "pecuniary philosophy" of the market place.

Several of the commercials selected by the viewers as "most objectionable" are also associated with trade success stories. Tareyton cigarettes, Ajax all-purpose cleaner, and Ajax detergent are apparently enjoying rising sales. With situations such as this (and, indeed, there is no necessary relationship established between a person's feeling about the *advertising* for a product and the *performance* of that product), why should the results of this survey "frighten" those in the business of seeing that their clients enjoy profitable return on their investment?

Unless that basic profit orientation is altered (and the effects would be far-reaching indeed), there seems to be only one immediate solution to objectionable television commercials: It is, simply, for those who object to the television commercial for a product to avoid *buying* that product. It would help, of course, if the irritated viewer took pen in hand and advised the manufacturer of the planned course of action. It seems to me that only in this manner—playing the game on *their* level—will we rid the air of some of the commercial tripe that clutters it. In other words, let's put our consumer franchise where our mouths are. How do you expect to "frighten" the commercial producers with a poll sponsored by a newspaper service anyway?

Kim B. Rotzoll,
Instructor in Advertising,
Pennsylvania State University.

University Park, Pa.

Is it possible that the advertisers are well aware of the objections to TV commercials which the North American Newspaper Alliance reported, and which you summarize under the heading "The Long, Hard Night of the TV Commercial"? Since the chief purpose of an advertisement is to drive the name of a product deep into the memories of viewers, the more ridiculous, boring, and tasteless the commercials are, the more likely we are to remember them; and when we make a purchase, we think first of the names that have been hammered into our heads. I have heard that most of the jokes about the model T Ford were printed and circulated by the Ford Company to increase sales. Perhaps your exposé will encourage the advertisers.

(The Rev.) Wilbur L. Caswell.

Patterson, Calif.

I enjoyed R.L.T.'s editorial on TV commercials, but your cause is lost already. It's not you and me that Madison Avenue is aiming at—it's the almost 50 per cent under twenty-five, the beard-and-tight-pants mob. There is where the volume is in sales. It will always be so. The only way we can stop this miserable TV chatter is to stop buying the goo that has offensive commercials. Can't be done. Someone wants a Chevvy, and he's going to buy it even if the commercial is in bad taste. No, I guess we're stuck with the bilge till the masters on Madison Avenue have a change of heart. That will be a long, long time. Maybe four or five thousand years. Anyway, it's heartening to have an editorial like R.L.T.'s.

D. E. Swanson.

Oakland, Calif.

Laurels for your lively and informative section in the April 10 issue. It puzzles me why the hucksters should treat us as gullible morons with their TV commercials. Maybe they make them so bad in order to be talked about. In any case, your sense of timing must be functioning well to make your editorial coincide with the Regimen and the fake shaving cream test exposures and the decision of the Supreme Court. . . .

Mark Starr.

Long Island City, N.Y.

Communications Editor Richard L. Tobin reports, "Most frequent recurring objections to present TV programing include canned laughter. . . ." His observation should encourage the enemies of that ultra-idiotic practice to work with renewed vigor for its eradication. For many years I have researched the language of invective in the effort to extract enough vitriol to deal with the subject. Though still ill equipped, I see in Mr. Tobin's assurance of the support of responsible opinion a justification for dynamic action.

Situation comedies would, in a few instances, be endurable were it not for the

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continual intrusion of ghastly cackles from hidden hordes of hyenas, and their impudence will persist until their impertinences are challenged. Picture, if you will, a mob of howling degenerates huddled around the keyhole of a broom closet to which an ardent couple may have retired in quest of a kiss; or the spectacle of someone suffering an indignity such as falling out of bed, only to be serenaded by a gaggle of banshees, lurking the Lord knows where; or the shattering of the serenity of the family hearth by a chorus of raucous guffaws from unseen vandals.

One's faculties are forced into a dangerous speculation on the stupidities of humankind. Persons concerned with the production of such shows would do well to preserve their anonymity.

HOWARD E. FULLER.

Loxley, Ala.

NANA HAS DONE a great service in conducting its survey on TV commercials and programing, and R.L.T. ought to run for President. I have been arguing along similar lines for some time but have never before had sufficiently potent ammunition.

But, sad to tell, my adversaries, those proponents of crass commercialism, have refused to retreat from their positions—even in the face of the editorial of April 10. They maintain that there is no assurance that the NANA survey was properly conducted or interpreted. They contend that words such as "silly" and "unpopular" are too nebulous to have any real meaning. And they argue that whether a commercial is liked or viewed with revulsion bears no correlation to its effectiveness in selling a given product. In any case, I implore you to continue to expose the mediocrity and lack of good taste that saturates television....

HERBERT HELLING.

Niles, Ill.

I AM AMONG the many who do not write letters commenting on TV programs. I hope NANA keeps up the work on finding out public interest in regard to TV. Only big organizations willing to invest some money in serving the public can improve TV programs. TV is rotten and my hat's off to anyone who questions the validity of the Nielsen ratings.

TONY RUIZ.

Naco, Ariz.

FOR ONE MOMENT I almost believed in the Easter bunny again when I read in your column that a large majority of 5,200 TV viewers disliked the Tareyton "switch or fight" commercials. But alas, I recall that only a few weeks ago a report on the financial page of our newspaper stated that these Tareyton commercials are considered to be one of the most successful advertising campaigns of recent years. The company claims a sales increase of some 30 per cent since it began. Could it be that NANA polled only sophisticated, high-I.Q. viewers, or must we assume that between bouts of nausea induced by "switch or fight" commercials, they run fast, fast, fast to the nearest tobacconist for a carton of Tareytons? Need we ask which of the above statistics will register more strongly with the Madison Avenue sick-makers?

MRS. EDWARD J. BOLEKY.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

ALL THE COMMERCIALS for men's toilet accessories—creams, blades, lotions (pre- and post-shave)—convincingly demonstrate that they make you feel sharp, toned up, self-confident. This must be true or they wouldn't broadcast it, lest the FCC refuse to renew their licenses. So why doesn't somebody tell these bone-headed athletes to use them before the game instead of after?

ALEC SUTHERLAND.

Chicago, Ill.

Three Missing Ciphers

WE WANT TO EXPRESS our appreciation for the thoughtful piece in your public relations column, "Behind the Cancer Crusade" [*SR*, Apr. 10]. L. L. L. Golden did a remarkable job of reviewing a complex operation and condensing a mass of material. May I call your readers' attention to an odd error in which the last three zeros were dropped from the figure showing circulation of our ads? Because of the remarkable generosity of magazines in contributing space, our ads were carried last year in publications reaching 1,500,000,000 readers.

CLIFTON R. READ,
Vice President for Public Education and Information
American Cancer Society.

New York, N.Y.

When Formats Change

LEST OTHER PUBLISHERS be encouraged by Erwin D. Canham's advocacy of the five-column format as exemplified by the *Christian Science Monitor* (illustration on page 79 of your April 10 issue), may I point out a disadvantage for metropolitan readers? To those of us who are obliged to peruse our newspapers in crowded buses, subways, or trains, it's a convenience if we can fold them down the middle. With either a six or the standard eight-column arrangement, no problem arises. Let's leave the odd numbers to the tabloids.

Without intending to be unduly critical of the *Monitor*, I feel that this admired publication is following the dubious lead of the New York *Herald Tribune* in deeming format to be of greater concern than content. As a consequence, a real danger exists that in their absorption with manner, make-up editors will increasingly turn a cold shoulder to matter. It can't be reiterated too frequently that the primary function of the press is to inform.

By and large, I'd agree with your letter writer, Wyatt C. Jones, that some sacrifice is involved when the chief goal is a more attractive over-all appearance. Nevertheless, isn't it feasible to have one's cake and eat it too? Recently the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* eliminated the column rule between its columns. So far as I can determine, no decrease in important front-page stories resulted, yet the paper now has a distinctly inviting look.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN.

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

ALTHOUGH ERWIN CANHAM is a distinguished newsman and editor of a respected newspaper, he obviously does not listen to the electronic communications media which he so quickly dismisses in his *SR* article of April 10. He does, to be sure, make a charitable admission that radio and television can reach people with almost instant speed. But beyond granting the speed of radio and the vividness of television, he is unwilling to admit that both media can, and in many cases do, report more news and in greater depth than even the astute *Christian Science Monitor*.

Mr. Canham charges that the electronic media have difficulty in distributing emphasis among news items. Some, indeed, do. It is hard to cover a morning's major news stories in a five-minute newscast, especially when that newscast contains two commercials. But Mr. Canham has obviously based his criticism of all electronic media on his observations of the broadcaster with which he is connected. He obviously has not heard how one Boston station has overcome the limits to which radio is subject, to bring its listeners all the news, and in depth that exceeds that of the *Monitor*.

For the past year WEEI, the CBS-owned station in Boston, has broadcast a two-hour news program daily. The program, aired from 6 to 8 P.M., draws upon the combined facilities of WEEI and CBS news and includes considerably more than just the headlines or a superficial glance at wire service copy.

Recently WEEI initiated a three-hour morning news and information program. This program, heard from 6 to 9 A.M. daily, brings anyone who listens, as we hope Mr. Canham will, up to date on all overnight and foreign news developments, and delves into the background of those stories that will probably make the day's news in politics, business, and other fields. Bridging the gap between *AM Report* and *PM Report* are no fewer than seven ten-minute newscasts and a thirty-minute noon news broadcast. Throughout these news broadcasts, the importance of various news items is obvious to the listener by the positioning of the story in

(*Continued on page* 68)

SR IS HAPPY TO REPORT that the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and *Times* have announced that they will go ahead with the wider six-column format they experimented with earlier this year (see "Noble Experiment in Louisville," *SR*, Mar. 13). At the same time, all advertisers will be charged the same rates, whether their ads are local or national. This reduction in the national rate to the local level is likely to make up for any linage loss the Bingham papers would have suffered from the odd-size columns to be used starting August 1. The *Courier-Journal* reported such overwhelming approval of its handsome new six-column format (including many comments from *SR* readers) that management decided to go ahead right away and not wait for other U.S. dailies to join the wider-column, no-column-rule typography.

—R. L. T.

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The Great Manhattan Newspaper Duel

By A. H. RASKIN

THE PUBLISHERS of New York's major newspapers and the ten unions with which they bargain have just given another impressive object lesson in how not to conduct labor-management relations.

Leaders on both sides acknowledge that almost the only respect in which this year's negotiations could be considered less abysmal than those of 1962-63 is that they did not wind up in another long strike. The last tie-up ran for 114 days and played a major role in the death of the New York *Mirror* six and a half months afterward.

The present contract round is staggering to a close with the publishers bitterly divided and with unions representing three-quarters of their 17,000 workers outside the unity council that once represented the chief hope for newspaper labor stability.

Fears are unconcealed in top industry circles that the cost of the settlement package—an estimated $10,000,000 in increased wages and benefits over the next two years—will hasten mergers in a field where the prospect for the disappearance of at least one more newspaper had been substantial even before the new pacts.

The Joint Industry Board set up at Mayor Wagner's instigation fourteen months ago is a probable casualty of the antagonisms engendered by the confused course of the negotiations. The board was intended to provide a forum in which the complex problems of automation and newspaper economics could be considered by all the unions and all the publishers on a year-round basis.

The mayor and his labor adviser, Theodore W. Kheel, will strive to keep the peace agency alive. But several of its members call it a farce and say they see no point to attending future sessions.

"The newspapers of New York can solve the problems of the city, the nation, and the world," comments one union head. "They know just what to do about Vietnam, or the balance of payments, or crime in the subways. The only problems they don't know how to solve are their own."

The publisher of one major newspaper has a succinct summary of the negotiations: "It was a disgraceful performance—on everybody's part."

Another publisher adds this doleful postscript: "This is the most retrogressive contract in our history. The two-step $12 weekly increase makes it the second most expensive agreement we ever signed (the first was the $12.63-a-week package after the last strike), and the new money commitment is all dead burden. Not only have we tied our hands on automation, but we did not get a single concession on any of the twenty-five things the publishers asked to save costs."

Despite the prevalence of such gloom in both management and union ranks, some observers see genuine hope for forward steps during the next two years in both the introduction of improved technology and the modernization of the industry's bargaining machinery.

AMONG the hopeful ones is Kheel, the man principally responsible for steering the industry and the unions to eventual accords in the last conflict as well as this one. Without discounting the magnitude of the obstacles, he believes that specific actions can be taken to foster greater unity and to make orderly progress in automating New York newspaper plants with benefits for workers, employers, and readers.

The best way to determine how much real chance there is that Kheel's call for more rational relationships will be heeded is to start with the 1963 settlement and the problems it left unresolved. That strike represented a successful drive by Bertram A. Powers, president of New York Typographical Union No. 6, to break a follow-the-leader pattern that had stripped his union of any affective right to negotiate its own wage agreements.

"Big Six," with 2,700 members employed as Linotype operators, compositors, and proofreaders, ousted the New York Newspaper Guild from its old position as front-runner in the biennial round of contract talks. The Guild is the only industrial union in the newspapers; its 5,500 members range from reporters and copy editors to proof boys and charwomen. The Powers union is one of nine craft organizations that speak for printers, pressmen, drivers, and other mechanical employes.

On the employer side are seven metropolitan dailies represented by the Publishers Association of New York City. The only consistent money-makers are the *New York Times* and the *Daily News*. The New York *Herald Tribune* is sustained by the personal fortune of its publisher, John Hay Whitney, and by his ability to write off part of its losses against his profits in television and other properties. The other papers are all units in newspaper chains—the *World-Telegram and Sun*, owned by Scripps-Howard; Hearst's *Journal-American* and two Newhouse papers, the Long Island *Daily Press* and the Long Island *Star-Journal*. The New York *Post* was a member when the 114-day stoppage began, but its publisher, Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, quit and resumed operations a month before the general settlement.

The pivotal element in that accord was an arrangement to have all the newspaper contracts expire on the same day. This uniformity canceled the five-week lead the Guild had previously enjoyed and thus eliminated its ability to clamp an industry-wide mold on all the other unions before they ever got to the bargaining table. But the new arrangement created a problem that could prove even more explosive: In the absence of any mechanism through which all ten unions could pool their demands and negotiate as a unit, it sets the stage for a duel over which union would be "first among equals."

The publishers approached the 1965 talks with a resolve that they would not let the destruction of pattern-bargaining usher in a period in which each union would try to leapfrog over every other union in an endless pyramid of demands for better contracts than anyone else got. The employers' fears on this score had been heightened by the disarray on the union side at the strike's end. The leaders of some key unions had openly proclaimed their distaste for Powers and their unwillingness to allow him to move into the role of ball-carrier this time.

Two other basic problems remained as menacing heritages from the 1962-63 debacle. One was the absence of any comprehensive approach to automation and methods of cushioning its human impact. This was fundamental because new electronic devices are transforming the technology of printing, making most of the equipment in use here obsolete.

The other lingering hangover was anger among the skilled craftsmen against the leveling effect of years of across-the-board pay increases on the

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A. H. Raskin is assistant editor of the *New York Times* editorial page. His account of the 1962-63 New York newspaper strike won many journalistic awards.

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differentials that had once made them aristocrats of labor. Overtime and benefit payments, when added to their regular wages, often enable paper handlers, mailers, or other workers in common-labor categories to earn more on an annual basis than printers or photoengravers.

The publishers decided they could do best in this year's talks by bringing in a professional industrial relations expert from outside the newspaper field to head their association and act as full-time negotiator for all the papers. After a nationwide search, they settled on John J. Gaherin, a vice president of the New Haven Railroad, who had been labor relations chairman for all the Eastern roads in dealing with thirty-two rail unions. He announced at once that his policy was to operate "arm in arm with the unions, not at arm's length."

By way of linking arms, Gaherin arranged luncheon meetings with the leader of each union. It did not take him long to discover that a lot of bad blood had developed in what the unions had once called "the blood brotherhood." When he met Thomas J. Murphy, executive vice president of the Guild, the unionist advised him: "Don't waste your time having lunch with me. Have a half-dozen lunches with Powers. He's your problem." The Newspaper Trades Council, a unity committee set up by the unions, was so split between pro-Powers and anti-Powers elements that its own members had rechristened it "the disunity committee." The pressmen had refused even to join.

Gaherin quickly learned that there were strong wills—and divided wills—on the publishers' side, too. The notion that their new association president should be given a general policy line and then entrusted with blanket authority to carry it through never even approached majority support among the newspaper owners.

The line-up in the association tended to shift from issue to issue, but there was a basic split between those who advocated a hard line toward Powers and those who favored a more moderate approach in the interest of ruling out any repetition of the 1962-63 imbroglio. The *News*, the *Herald Tribune* and the *Journal-American* were usually on the tough side; the *Times*, the *World-Telegram and Sun*, and the Newhouse papers more disposed to give.

The initial decision that emerged from this battle camp was that negotiations should begin in October, nearly a half-year before the deadline, and that the concentration should be on getting the first agreement with Big Six, rather than with any of the other unions. This reflected, in part, a recognition that the most serious automation problems affected the use of computers and other electronic devices for setting type and other composing-room functions.

—*Wide World.*

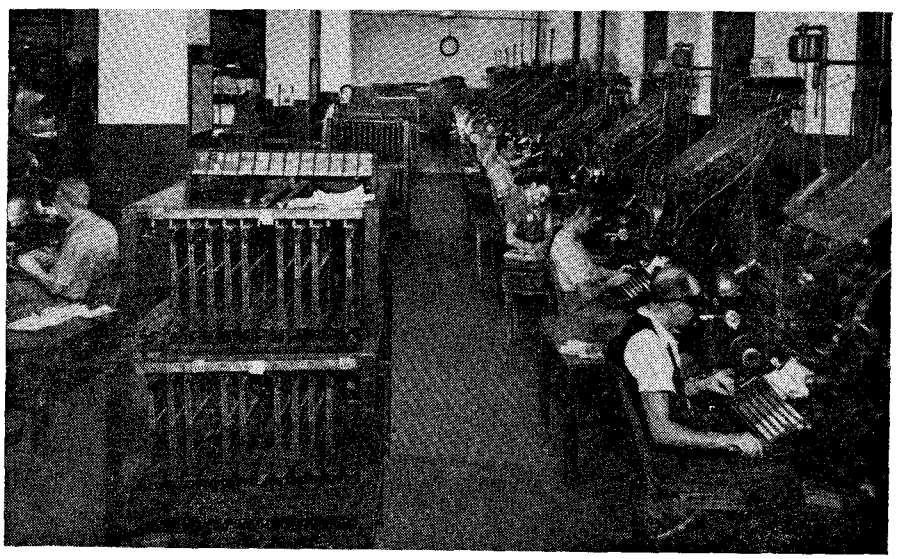
Keys to the contract—Principals in the New York Newspaper duel, from left, John J. Gaherin, representing the publishers; Mayor Wagner; and union leaders Dave Crockett and Bertram Powers.

But it also reflected a belief that the strongest leadership and the most resolute rank-and-file support were both to be found among the printers. "Like it or not," Gaherin told the publishers, "the power is Powers. Whatever you think of him, he is the natural leader; you've got to shape your whole course with that in mind."

There was no dissent on this Gaherin strategy, but one skeptical publisher made it plain that he had little faith in getting either continence or a speedy decision from Powers. His reply to another executive's assertion that the association must try for an early contract with the printers was: "You're out of your mind. You can't get an early contract from Powers unless you give him your shirt."

The publishers' attempt to hammer out a formula under which they would have freedom to automate proceeded under the shadow of two earlier developments. One was a carryover from the strike settlement, which gave the *Times* and *Tribune* the right to set their stock tables through perforated tape fed into their plants by Teletype from the Associated Press and United Press International.

The pact left for future determination



—*The New York Times.*

Battleground—Union typesetters in the *New York Times* composing room.

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how much the machines would save the employers and how much of that they would pay into a union automation fund. The direct wage savings were found to be $70,000 a year at the *Times* and $40,000 at the *Tribune*. An arbitrator was designated to make a binding decision on the amount that would go to the fund. However, the matter was allowed to languish and Powers insisted that it be put back on the bargaining table as part of the general automation discussion.

Last summer the *Times* and the *News* conducted independent negotiations with Big Six on computers they were planning to introduce into their typesetting operations. In the hope of drawing out Powers's rock-bottom price for agreeing to the computer's installation, the *Times* retained an economist, Professor Oscar Ornati of the New School for Social Research, to conduct exploratory talks with the union chief.

The Ornati findings were summed up in a paper called "Interim Report on Discussions About a Computer." It set the price for using the computer in terms of a payment into a union fund to be used for retraining, early retirement, and supplemental unemployment benefits. The payment was to be 63 per cent of the direct savings for each of the first six years; after that the amount would be stepped down by one-ninth each year until it reached zero after fifteen years.

The report's disclosure of the share of the savings Powers wanted caused consternation among most of the publishers. Their dismay increased when the union head took the 63 per cent figure as the touchstone in this year's negotiations for a city-wide automation pact. To this demand Powers hitched another that bothered the employers even more. They had offered an attrition guarantee similar to the ones now in force at Kaiser Steel and other companies that have pioneered in developing safeguards against technological unemployment. The essence of all these plans is that any shrinkage in total jobs caused by automation will be met through normal turnover—deaths, retirements, or voluntary resignations—rather than forced layoffs.

The Powers variant of this arrangement called for the publishers to give a collective guarantee on a city-wide basis, not just shop by shop. Economic as well as technological displacement would be covered; in short, if another paper followed the *Mirror* into the grave, the surviving papers would have to absorb its employees through a city-wide seniority register. The plan also envisaged protecting entrants into the industry so that attrition would not mean "slow death" for the union. The response of one industrial relations director was, "You're asking me to hire the unborn printer."

Even without the special touches Powers injected, the publishers were having a hard time agreeing on an automation posture. The Hearst representatives were opposed to offering anything beyond a paper-by-paper guarantee that no one would be jolted out of his job by a machine. The *News* was ready to go for a lump-sum, buy-out approach akin to that given to Harry Bridges by West Coast waterfront employers.

Under this plan the publishers would have agreed to a specific annual payment in exchange for a blanket right to install any new equipment they wanted and to abolish all wasteful work practices. Among those the publishers want to scrap the most costly is the century-old practice of "bogus" or "dead horse"—the resetting and junking, unused, of advertising mats and other material that comes into the composing room already in type.

The big sticking point on the publishers' side was any concept of "sharing the savings," a cardinal item in all of Powers's thinking about automation. This same semantic hurdle had almost wrecked the negotiations on using Teletype tape for stock tables two years before. F. M. Flynn, president of the *News*, warned then that any agreement to share would be "a millstone around everybody's neck." It was out of respect for the vehemence of his feelings that "payment" was substituted for "share" in the final pact.

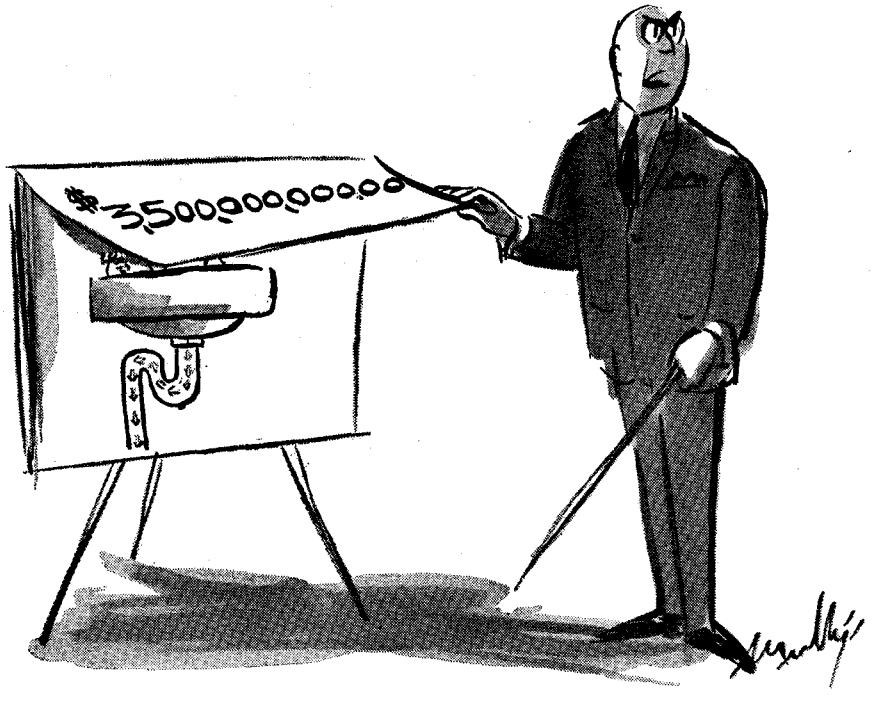
Flynn was kept by illness from direct participation in this year's negotiations, but he reminded all the key people by telephone that his views on the iniquity of "sharing the savings" had not changed. The end result of the divergence between what Powers was asking and what anyone among the employers considered realistic was a decision by the publishers to withdraw their demand for freedom to automate.

In any other negotiation this decision should have cleared the way for a prompt switch of attention to wages and other money items and the conclusion of a contract. Automation was the employers' issue, and now they were going to pledge that they would not use any automated equipment until they met with the union and worked out specific arrangements to govern its use. This, in effect, gave Big Six the power to block automation until it was satisfied that every need of its members had been adequately protected. It also relieved the printers' fears about any precipitate extinction of jobs.

However, a new semantic hurdle developed. The publishers and the printers could not agree on language for dropping the clause. The problem was how to define what it was the newspapers were agreeing not to install without union clearance. No convention of philologists could have carried the discussion into more arcane bypaths, and most of the arguing was being done by the publishers among themselves.

"This is an industry of wordsmiths and they got all tangled up in language," one executive confesses. "We lost an opportunity to settle with Powers at a figure lower than the one we finally got." The negotiations also lost Elmer Brown, president of the International

(Continued on page 69)



"Now, let's take a look at where it's going."

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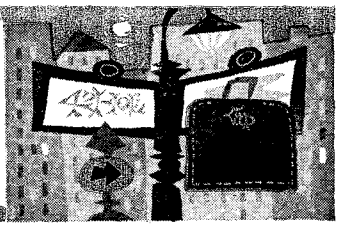
Madison Avenue



Advertising's Little Giants

By DANIEL L. LIONEL, *advertising manager of the New York Post.*

WHEN the weekly *Boston News Letter* published its third consecutive issue on May 8, 1704, it became the first American newspaper to survive more than two issues. It also forged a new communications link by carrying on the first page of that issue what is considered to be the first classified "For Sale" ad to appear in an American newspaper. It read:

> At Oysterbay on Long Island in the Province of N.Y. there is a very good Fulling Mill, to be let or sold, as also a plantation, having on it a large new Brick house, and another good house by it for a kitchen & Workhouse, with a Barn, Stable & c. a young orchard with 20 acres Clean land. The Mill is to be let with or without the plantation. Enquire of Mr. William Bradford Printer in N. York and know further.

Printer Bradford's mode of informing prospective buyers of his real estate offering set off an irrepressible chain reaction that has seldom paused. Last year more than 350,000,000 such ads appeared in American newspapers, representing an expenditure of almost $1 billion. One out of every four lines of newspaper advertising was a classified ad, and according to Charles Lipscomb, Jr., president of the newspaper trade association, the Bureau of Advertising, "Classified is the fastest-growing form of print media, outpacing both retail and national advertising in the last twenty years."

Classified's unique ability to bring together buyers and sellers, jobs and people, finders and losers, spinsters and swains with small, inexpensive ads has established the classified ad as an indispensable communications medium. When newspapers have been shut down by strikes, the greatest personal distress has been caused by a lack of classified ads. Without classified, jobs go begging while job-seekers go hungry, apartments go vacant while people go homeless.

What has created this ravenous appetite for classified advertising? In a word, *results*. Tangible, palpable, checkable results like these:

A Long Island real estate broker spent $6 for an ad in a Manhattan newspaper and sold a $20,000 home as well as its mate next door to the sister of the original purchaser. At 5 per cent commission, the broker realized $2,000 on his $6 investment.

An ad in the Los Angeles *Times* featured the sale of a Los Angeles apartment building. There were several calls that morning, and one paid off. The caller bought the building and nearly $4,000,000 worth of other properties.

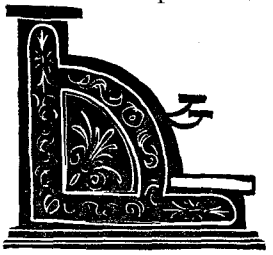
On an average Tuesday 26,000 letters addressed to classified box numbers are dumped at the *New York Times's* Broadway office.

A classified ad in the Ann Arbor, Michigan, *News* brought sales of two tons of moth crystals in five-pound jars for the Fischer Pharmacy.

When the village of Gilbert, Iowa, decided that it no longer needed its four-cell steel jail, a classified ad in the Decatur *Review* brought a quick buyer—Police Chief Morris of Tuscola, Illinois, who gladly shelled out $75, loaded the jail on a truck, and drove off.

An antique dealer acquired an exquisite bone-china whale-oil lamp but had difficulty finding whale oil. An ad in the public-notice column of the New York *Herald Tribune* elicited a response from a family in New Bedford, Massachusetts, that was able to supply a barrel of the stuff.

A Bronx mother who, back in 1949, could find no school that would accept her five-and-a-half-year-old mentally retarded son placed an ad in the New York *Post*: "To Mothers of retarded children, ages 4 to 8. Are you interested in helping to start a day nursery for your children? Box XXX." The ad brought ten parents to a meeting at a friend's Bronx home. They came from so widespread an area that they were unable to set up a nursery. But they decided to continue to meet. After a few months the group increased to fifty, and a physician member obtained a hospital auditorium for subsequent meetings. That group became the nucleus of the Association for the Help of Retarded Children and its 1,000 chapters throughout the country.



Its ability to solve a myriad of personal problems helps make classified fascinating reading. A Minneapolis *Star & Tribune* study showed that 84 per cent of its readers read the want ads once a week or more and that 35 per cent read them every day. However, unusual offers are only the side show. Under the main tent is the bread-and-butter classified advertising that provides the primary promotional vehicle for a vast segment of the nation's business.

Commercial advertisers are trading in the market place established by the readers. About 70 per cent of all classified advertising is now placed by businessmen—realtors, auto dealers, employment agents, and the like.

On a Sunday in May 1959, a survey made by the Association of Newspaper Classified Advertising Managers and the Bureau of Advertising revealed that the newspapers published in this country on that day carried 151,000 classified homes-for-sale ads worth $1.5 billion. From the same survey it was learned that 73 per cent of families that had bought homes in a given six-month period had found them in the classified real estate columns. Of those who consulted brokers, half learned about them through the classified columns.

It is estimated that 85 per cent of all auto dealer advertising goes into newspaper classified. This goes for new-car as well as used-car advertising.

PERHAPS the most thoroughly scrutinized classification in the want-ad section is the employment category. Particularly in metropolitan areas, employment agencies seek to communicate not only with the unemployed but also with the employed, who watch the columns for a chance to snare a better job.

Many large retailers, including Sears and Montgomery Ward, are heavy classified users. They know that thrift-minded housewives as well as their husbands pore through the "For Sale" ads in search of values. Smaller retailers find classified a steady source of business for big-ticket items like appliances and home furnishings. Their prospects are people who are planning a move to a new home or apartment and are thus reading the classifieds with a twofold purpose.

While classified appears in many media, newspapers are acknowledged to have an "exclusive" in what is traditionally known as classified advertising. To many of the nation's 1,754 dailies and 8,151 weekly newspapers classified is big business and it is handled that way.

A carefully trained staff of more than

(*Continued on page* 68)

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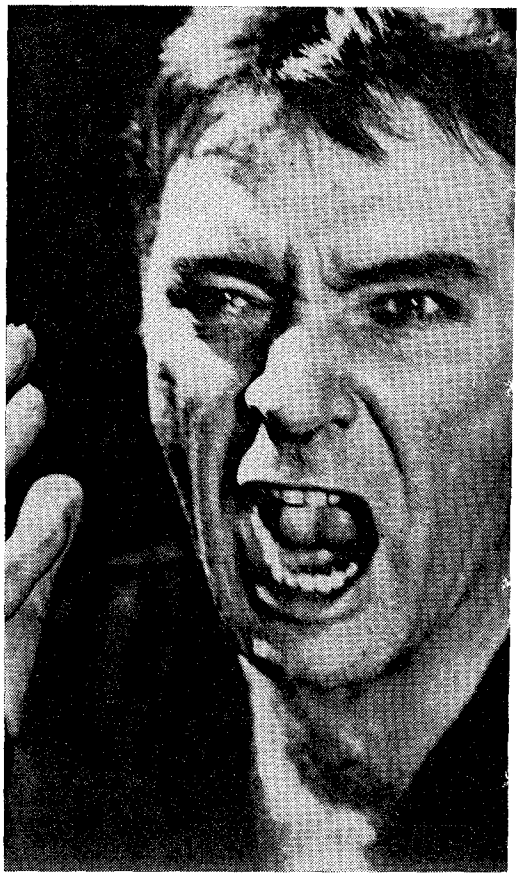
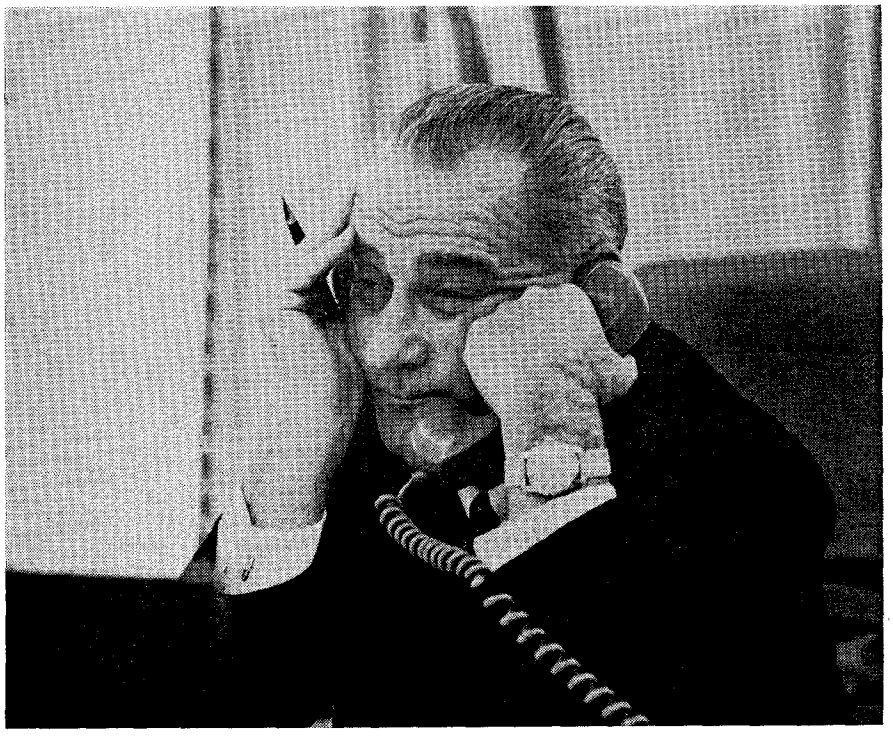
NEWSPAPER PORTFOLIO: ***Frenzy***, **part of prize-winning picture portfolio by Houston *Chronicle*'s Ted Rozumalski, named Newspaper Photographer of the Year.**



MAGAZINE PORTFOLIO: ***Richard Burton as Hamlet***, **from the portfolio that netted *Life*'s George Silk the title of Magazine Photographer of the Year.**

Laurels for Lensmen

By MARGARET R. WEISS



PRESIDENTIAL: ***Problems of a President***, **by Gordon Converse, chief photographer of the *Christian Science Monitor*.**

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY at least, the month of May appears to be living up to *Camelot*'s lyrical estimate on both the local and national scene. New York has been host to the International Photographic Exposition (IPEX) and its three-floor array of individual and group exhibits at the Coliseum; in Washington a joint resolution authorized the President to proclaim Professional Photography Week, calling for the observance of "appropriate ceremonies and activities."

High on the list of such "activities"—and most highly regarded by those concerned with communications—is an event that has just taken place in Columbia, Missouri. There, on the campus of the University of Missouri, press photographers from coast to coast convened for the presentation of awards in the 22nd Annual Pictures-of-the-Year Competition.

Under the co-sponsorship of the University's School of Journalism, the National Press Photographers Association, and World Book Encyclopedia Science Service, Inc., this year's competition attracted the largest number of entries in the project's history. More than 8,200 photos representing the work of 571 camera reporters were submitted by the nation's newspapers, magazines, and photographic agencies. Faced with an

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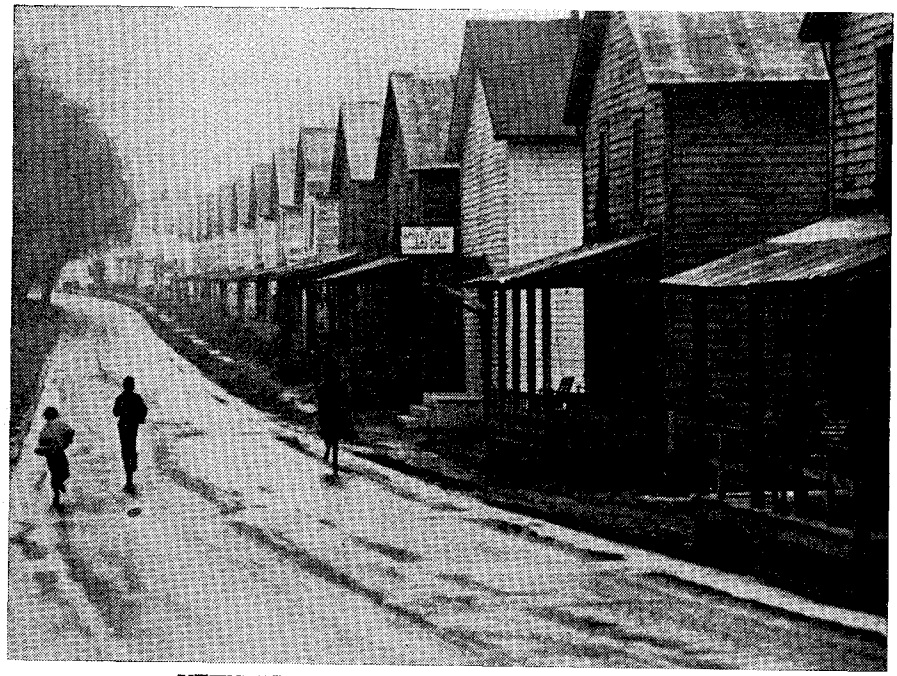
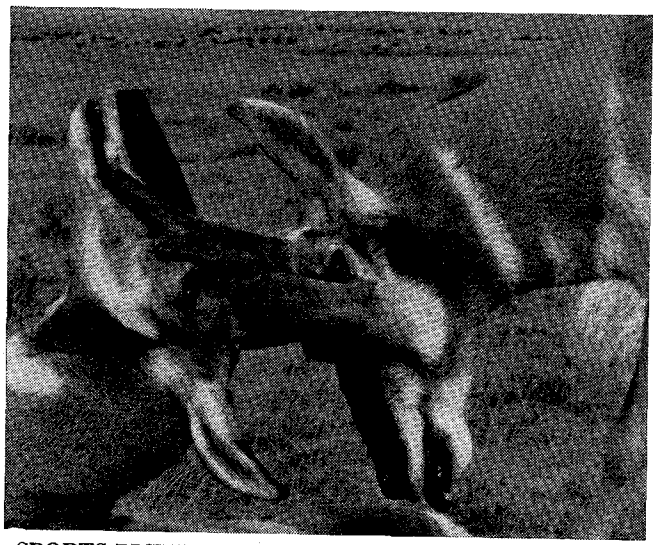
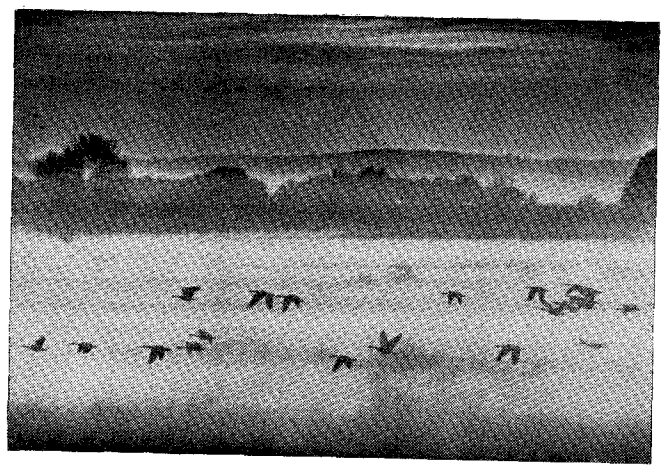


NEWS PICTURE STORY: *This is Appalachia,* by Bill Strode, Louisville *Times* and *Courier-Journal.*

SPOT NEWS: *Death of Oswald,* by Bob Jackson, Dallas *Times Herald.*

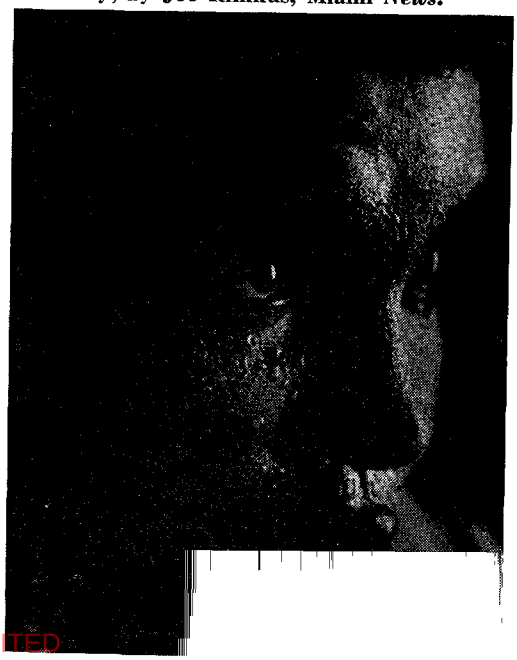


SPORTS PICTURE STORY: *Death Battle of Horn-Locked Antelope,* by Rich Clarkson, Topeka *Capital-Journal.*



PICTORIAL: *Dawn's Early Flight,* by James L. Stanfield, Milwaukee *Journal.*

PORTRAIT AND PERSONALITY: *Cassius Clay,* by Joe Rimkus, Miami *News.*



auditorium filled with prints, the screening panel winnowed the thousands down to 532 finalists, which were passed along to a trio of regional NPPA juries for further screening and evaluation before the decisive tabulation of votes.

In final tally, fifty-six prize-winners were selected within categories ranging from "Spot News" and "Sports" to "Pictorial" and "Portrait," as well as special classifications of "President" and "Assassination of President Kennedy." Top award in the spot news category went to Bob Jackson's picture of the shooting of Oswald, and UPI's Stan Stearns outdistanced all other general news entries with the now famous shot of little John Kennedy in a farewell salute to his father. Interestingly enough, except for several photos that were included in portfolio submissions, civil rights coverage did not capture any of the first-place honors. On the basis of portfolios encompassing every type of camera reporting, Ted Rozumalski of the Houston *Chronicle* was named Newspaper Photographer of the Year for the second consecutive time, and *Life*'s George Silk will hold the title of Magazine Photographer of the Year for the third year in a row.

The viewing public will have its chance to match opinions with the judges when the Pictures of the Year make a nationwide tour in a special exhibit available to art centers, museums, libraries, and other community organizations.

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New Life for the Cheshire Cat

By JOHN TEBBEL

FOR YEARS it has been a melancholy truism in the newspaper business that the small-town weekly was the Cheshire cat of journalism, destined to fade away gently until only the quaint, amiable remnants of its rural smile would remain on the Main Streets of America. Television, urbanization, and the spreading circulation zones of big-city monopoly newspapers were cited variously as the guarantors of its ultimate demise.

There was abundant statistical proof to support this gloomy view. Beginning about 1910, a steady decline in the number of weeklies was recorded year after year by industry statisticians. More than a thousand disappeared in the first decade of the descent, many of them victims of the First World War. The Great Adjustment of 1929 took nearly another thousand, and there was further attrition in the Depression years, before the Second World War and the subsequent high cost of materials and labor sent the total down to new lows. What had been a thriving field in 1910, with 11,802 papers attracting many a young newspaperman into the business and giving him valuable initial training, had dwindled to a scant 8,000 in the early 1960s. Many of these were in the hands of an older generation unwilling or unable to escape from a branch of the business that appeared to have little real future.

Last year the vanishing Cheshire Cat exhibited signs of life after more than fifty years. Weeklies registered a substantial gain in numbers—from 8,151 in 1963 to 8,941 in 1964—and there were other encouraging portents that led observers to believe the cat might even climb down out of the tree and join the rest of the newspaper family. It is not an inconsiderable member. Weeklies now reach more than 24,000,000 people.

The pattern of weekly publication across the country shows some easily predictable changes in the half-century: New England, where it all began, has declined and California has jumped. More than half the nearly 9,000 weeklies are still published in a broad geographical band extending from the Middle Atlantic States through the East North Central and West North Central States. There are only 382 remaining in New England; the Pacific States are nearing the 1,000 mark.

Figures, however, do not adequately convey what is happening to the country weekly, which is a curious mixture of change and tradition, a business trying to survive in a society in which, superficially, it appears to be superfluous. Nor have all weeklies changed with the times, by any means. There are any number of them still published under much the same conditions that greeted this writer when, nearly forty years ago, he became one of the vast army of young Americans who scented the smell of ink and paper and were hooked as surely as though they had fallen into one of Dr. Fu Manchu's opium parlors.

THE basic equipment needed in those days was a room big enough to house a case of type, a press, a typewriter, and a desk. Many proprietors set the whole paper by hand; a linotype would have been wildly expensive and, in any case, they did not always know how to operate one. The press was likely to be an asthmatic Babcock flatbed, hand-fed; the desk a splendid example of Civil War design, with a typewriter to match. It was usually a one-man operation, except for aspirants like me who would come down after school and labor for virtually nothing, soliciting ads, collecting for ads, writing locals, covering news, and feeding the press on publication night. If he could raise the money, a young man with ambitions to be a publisher could buy a newspaper of that caliber for as little as $2,000, depending on the condition of the equipment. There were some sales that brought even less.

That, of course, was the lowest level of weekly newspaper operation. Those in the upper echelons owned county-seat weeklies, with their highly lucrative legal advertising business and the retail advertising characteristic of towns of from 5,000 to 10,000 or so. Somewhere between those figures, in many communities, the temptation existed to go daily. But a county-seat weekly, with the county printing business sewed up and no competition, and with a good job shop to supplement the paper, would have been worth on the average a quarter of a million dollars.

Between these two levels there has always been a large, shifting area of properties that represent local or family situations and that are hard to categorize. Anyone familiar with small-town business life knows that the successful entrepreneur is the one who has his fingers in several different local pies, and thus a newspaper proprietor who also owns a filling station has a better chance of survival. Much more common, however, are the family-run papers. Small weeklies are peculiarly adaptable to man-and-wife teams, and there are many of them; ordinary partnerships appear less common. A special category of weeklies prosper by reason of sheer individuality, ones like the *Vineyard Gazette*, of Edgartown, Massachusetts, and the Duxbury (Massachusetts) *Clipper*; to name two of a still-healthy tribe.

Whatever their status, all weeklies face the same cost problems, and it is the change wrought by recent technology in this department that has brought the long decline of the country paper to an apparent halt and turned it around. The rural cousins of the big dailies have a distinct advantage in this respect, because they do not have to fight the unions over every inch of technological change. They can accept whatever cost-saving mechanical advantages they can afford.

Not many weeklies are large enough to be concerned with automatic typesetting devices, but nearly all of them are in a position to profit from offset printing, and it is this development that may revolutionize the business. Offset has made it possible to start a community newspaper with a capitalization as small as $10,000. An increasing number of incipient publishers appear to be seizing this opportunity.

The rise of offset has coincided happily with the rapid urbanization of substantial areas around the major cities, providing possibilities for new newspapers which never existed before.

The decentralization of cities into heavily populated, sprawling, regional agglomerations is producing a similar newspaper pattern everywhere in the nation. At the center, in the metropolis itself, stand the big-city dailies, increasingly a monopoly in their own communities as the total number shrinks every year. It is sadly true that the weakest of these dailies are in the cities where competition remains. In the nearby suburbs are the small dailies and weeklies, their size depending on the size of the community. The decentralization process has gone so far that many of these towns are becoming large enough to support substantial dailies, offset and otherwise, that cut further into the revenue of their metropolitan neighbors. There is still room for a proliferation of small weeklies, serving areas not large enough to attract the suburban dailies.

This cutting up of a huge circulation zone into smaller and smaller pieces is made possible by the peculiar character of the decentralization itself. Truck transportation and the spectacular

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growth of the shopping center have made possible the creation of self-contained community units within the larger framework—in effect, self-servicing dormitories for city workers whose wives and children seldom go into the city at all because their needs are served by the unit. Sometimes these communities are merely large neighborhoods of 4,000 or 5,000 people, not even dignified by any formal organization.

The news pattern of these weeklies is concerned largely with such common problems as schools, taxes, and business growth. Otherwise the paper serves as a bulletin board and, most important of all, as a retail shopping service.

As the community grows, these papers become more traditional in their coverage, although they seldom attain the flavor of the weeklies that survive outside the metropolitan areas.

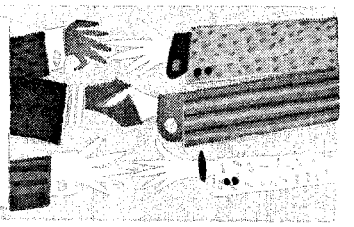
Occasionally an old weekly that finds itself unexpectedly on the fringe of a burgeoning metropolitan area manages to look like a smart small daily while retaining its essential small-town characteristics. One of the most successful of these is the Oberlin (Ohio) *News-Tribune*. Oberlin, not many miles from metropolitan Cleveland, is a rural Ohio town of about 8,000 population. As a college town, it offers not only the Cleveland papers but the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune* and a smattering of other big dailies on its newsstands. Yet the *News-Tribune* does well in the face of this competition. It does not defer to its large competitors in appearance; its typographical dress is as good or better, and it is well written and sharply edited. More than that, however, it takes part in the life of the community as no outside competitor could, and this is the strength of the small-town weekly.

Edited by Brad Williams and Don Pease, the *News-Tribune* has won several awards for excellence, and it bolsters its strength with a well-equipped, busy job shop, but its essential character is what has always distinguished the weekly newspaper, that is, its preoccupation with local concerns and its function as a selling service for local merchants.

With widely varying degrees of professional competence, and of financial success, this still describes the weekly everywhere in the nation today. Neighboring dailies, whether metropolitan or suburban, cannot duplicate what it does, nor infringe on it seriously unless the town is near enough to a growing metropolis to be engulfed by it. Television is no competitor, either for advertising or for news.

Thus the prospects are good not only for survival, what with the advent of cost-cutting technology, but for an actual resurgence of the weekly field as an opportunity for young men with a little money.

Public Relations



The President and the Press

WASHINGTON.

UNDERLYING the conflict between many Washington correspondents and President Johnson is a simple but often forgotten fact: their jobs are different. The correspondents' function is to report the news or comment on it. The President's job is to lead the country. The correspondents don't want any barriers put between them and the facts. But the President, who has to conduct the business of the country, often cannot tell, or allow to be told, all that the writers demand to know.

The current spat is not something new. Nor is it bad in itself. Too harmonious a relationship between the press and the President often leads to the kind of brainwashing that good reporters should not tolerate. One great editor used to tell his reporters that they must treat politicians with the proper disrespect. Anything less can lead to serving a politician rather than one's readers.

Newsmen are often tempted to romanticize about the good old days. Yet it is worth recalling that there were times when President Kennedy had angry newsmen writing about "managed news." President Eisenhower, once he got into civilian clothes, heard rumbles and harsh criticism he did not know in the days of his Army service. President Truman had continuous public arguments with the press. Even President Franklin D. Roosevelt did not go untouched—although he was the only President who understood the press well enough and had the finesse to play it as a great organist would play an instrument that needs both hands as well as both feet.

Probably the most inept of them all since World War I was President Hoover. He just couldn't seem to fathom what the newsmen were after, and there is no doubt that this failure added to the troubles the 1929 Depression tossed into his lap.

Not everyone will agree with Elmer E. Cornwell, Jr., who wrote in *Presidential Leadership of Public Opinion* that "reduced to their essence, most if not all of the Hoover difficulties in the conduct of the office were in the realm of public relations." But those who have any appreciation of the importance of the information that gets to the voter will certainly agree that President Hoover's failure to deal effectively with the press caused him untold hardship.

No President can ever hope to be reelected unless he is truly aware that the voters' way of knowing how well he is doing his job is through the mass media. There isn't the slightest reason to think that President Johnson does not fully understand this, for there is no closer student of how President Franklin D. Roosevelt conducted himself than Mr. Johnson. He is so thoroughly good at understanding public opinion that he is by far the best public relations man in the White House. His virtuoso performance in his televised speech on Selma before both houses of Congress, his adjustment to both domestic and foreign opinion in his "unconditional discussions" speech on Vietnam, his record in getting legislation through Congress—all are proof that President Johnson understands what leadership means in an open society.

Another source of conflict between the President and the press is inherent in the dual role of the White House press secretary. His main job, of course, is to keep the press informed. But he also has another job, and that is to put his boss's best foot forward. The better correspondents know this and govern themselves accordingly. Others, however, seem to recognize only the first function. This is why George Reedy and others before him have been blamed for simply doing their job.

President Johnson is his own public relations man, but his press secretary acts as one of his arms. Pierre Salinger, for all his charm and pixieish quality, was not really privy to what President Kennedy was thinking in many major policy areas. James Hagerty was closer to being the director of public relations

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WASHINGTON, D.C.

COMMENTATOR DAVID BRINKLEY told the nation's newspaper editors to "quit worrying" about competition from television.

"The notion that TV is going to replace newspapers is the silliest thing I've ever heard," the NBC newsman said. "When it comes to covering news in any thorough and detailed way we are just not in the ball game and we know it."

Brinkley took part in a panel discussion at the opening session of the annual meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. The panel was supposed to analyze the faults of newspapers as others see them.

"I'd like to be critical because that's my assignment," Brinkley said. "But frankly all the newspapers I read every day are pretty good." He added that a "good newspaper on any given day will give you a great deal of news and analysis that you haven't had and won't ever get from TV."

—UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL.

during President Eisenhower's eight years because the President left matters of public opinion largely to him. That is probably the basic reason that the press corps in Washington as a whole still thinks he was the best since 1952.

The competition among news media is, in the view of one member of the White House staff who is closely involved, the reason for much of the current unhappiness among the press corps. If the daily reporters had their way, he says, they would ban all television, for TV reaches the public at least an hour before the newspapers can. The news magazines are, in turn, unhappy about stories that break at the wrong times. And the television people do not like press conferences called on short notice, preferring as much as six hours' warning.

Newsmen have seemingly forgotten, however, that the massive televised press conferences had become spectaculars rather than question-and-answer periods long before Johnson's time. They served a very useful purpose for President Eisenhower. Despite his often involved sentence structure, his essential "goodness" came through. And President Kennedy was such a master that the conference became a showplace for his quick mind, his quips, his charm. There was no real examination by newsmen when they questioned President Kennedy; they became mere props to the President's show.

While none of this is new to the old-timers who know Washington, many responsible and experienced correspondents are still unhappy at President Johnson's handling of the press. In interviews here with men who are mature and not given to flights of sophomoric anger, there emerged a specific catalogue of complaints.

One correspondent says that the President wishes the newsmen would go away unless they are 110 per cent in his corner; that the President has made unavailable the second- and third-echelon men to whom good reporters must have access if they are to understand the deeper ramifications of policy, particularly in the foreign field; that while President Johnson has seen more newsmen, alone or in small groups, than any other President in all American history, all one gets is a pep talk. There is no chance to ask questions, no real give and take.

Another Washington correspondent of high standing says that President Johnson, who has gone to great lengths to centralize information, does not give enough background. This correspondent is not bleeding for the newsmen who won't dig but want everything on a platter. And he believes the President opens up plenty of opportunity for the specialist. As a rule, however, the White House man is not supposed to be a specialist but a generalist. He understands the principles involved, but not all the details. The problem is not lack of information in bulk, but rather the evaluation of it. The President was glad to take the newsmen into his confidence during the last election campaign but he doesn't do so now. Moreover the President often spoils the correspondents' weekends or dinners. This correspondent, who believes the big televised press conference is too controlled to be of much service to him, says that when he sees the President alone or at a smaller conference, the conversation turns out, too often, to be a monologue in which Johnson goes all out in advocacy of something.

This same correspondent says that while Kennedy, like Johnson, had a low boiling point (both being highly sensitive to criticism), Kennedy was more tactful in expressing his resentment than Johnson is. He sums it up this way: Kennedy was better at his personal public relations than Johnson. Johnson is better at public relations for issues than Kennedy was.

A third correspondent says that the President's walking press conferences are "for the birds." It is hard to hear what is being said, almost impossible to get the thing down correctly—and anyway, is there anything wrong with sitting down?

What are the President's answers to these criticisms? We went to one of his closest associates, a man who is devoted to him and knows his thinking intimately. He said that the matter of large press conferences had been decided. They will be held, as the President promised, at least once a month, with ample notice.

As to preventing the correspondents from seeing second- and third-echelon men in government, he said that when the second- and third-echelon men are late in calling back the correspondents who have queries, it is solely because their time is limited. There has never been a directive telling them not to talk to the press. In addition, the President does not want leaks of classified information to any newsman, no matter how important he may be or who he is.

As to "misleading the press," events may change between the answers the President may give. A perfectly accurate answer today may not be so tomorrow because of a change in conditions. There is no attempt to mislead the press, ever.

As to the President doing all the talking when he sees a correspondent, there is a misunderstanding on the part of the correspondent about his relationship to the President. He sees the newsman to explain his policies, not to carry on an argument.

And as for the complaint that the President can be pretty rough with a correspondent who takes the President's hide off—what does he expect if he is wrong in fact, wrong in conclusion, and heartlessly cruel? Does he expect the President to enjoy it?

What does not seem clear to many correspondents in Washington is that President Johnson, like other Presidents before him, is trying to find the best way for him, not for someone else, to get his views across to the voters. Every President has his own style and President Johnson most certainly is as different from President Kennedy as he is from Eisenhower, Truman, or Roosevelt.

Nor is President Johnson likely to be frightened by newsmen's criticisms. He has already shown that he is a take-over person. He knows that in the country's interest, as well as his own, he must provide the fullest possible information; but it is now obvious that, despite criticism from newsmen, he is reserving to himself the how and when.

This is not going to satisfy those correspondents who are left unfulfilled by reporting the news or commenting on it. They have a yen to be policy-makers. But it looks very much as if President Johnson is going to keep policy-making for himself. And that, after all, isn't such a bad idea, as the voters told him just last November. —L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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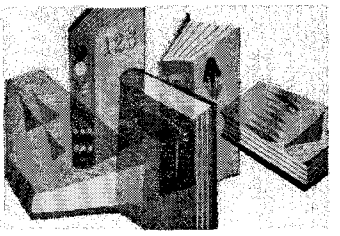
Books in Communications



Arthur in Wonderland

WHY hasn't President Johnson asked J. Edgar Hoover to resign? Simple. Hoover doesn't exist. He's a mythical person invented in 1925 by *Reader's Digest*. The myth has been so successful that over the years no fewer than twenty-six people have had to be recruited to play the role, and now it's too late to back out. Only once was there a real slip-up—when one of the J. Edgar Hoovers was photographed arresting John Dillinger in Chicago while another was simultaneously accepting a DAR Americanism Award in Philadelphia. As a result of that boner, the man in charge of keeping the various Hoovers on schedule was banished from his job.

So, at any rate, goes a slice of contemporary Americana as refracted by the fertile, fanciful mind of Art Buchwald, a syndicated newspaper columnist who delights in turning a wisp of fact into an astonishing tangle of improbabilities. Part parodist and part national demon-in-residence, Buchwald clearly delights in his self-appointed assignment of exposing Washington, D.C., as the sort of city one might expect to find at the bottom of Alice's rabbit hole. Nor does he stop with Washington, ranging at times as far afield as women's legs (and those new stockings that make the girls look like Italian coffee tables) and clean movies ("The best way to eliminate this type of picture is to protest to the local manager, and tell him if he ever shows a clean film again you're going to take your family business somewhere else").

Buchwald's wild and wily wit, which appears in the New York *Herald Tribune*, the Washington *Post*, the Los Angeles *Times*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the Chicago *Sun-Times*, and the Anchorage *Times*, among other papers, is pleasantly revisited in his new book, . . . *And Then I Told the President* (Putnam, $4.95), a sprightly accumulation of columns rather casually edited to arrest, if not quite cure, that congenital malady of such collections, paste-and-scissors disease. The book is clearly dated in more than one spot, roaming as far back in time as that faintly recalled yesterday when, in one Buchwald political allegory, the Arizona Kid stalked the land, terrorizing such rivals as Pennsylvania Bill and Deputy Dick. But Buchwald, in his daily stint at the typewriter, is writing for now, not for some book to be published months from now, and the wonder of it is that his writing keeps as well as it does.

Take, for example, one of his columns on the John Birch Society, written after the Birchers unwittingly helped the UNICEF Christmas card campaign by trying to stop it in Monterey, California. Buchwald first reports the facts, as plainly as any other Washington newspaperman might do. But then that strange gleam comes into his prose, and before his readers know it he's off to Wonderland, gleefully speculating on the fund-raising possibilities inherent in widespread John Birch Society opposition (". . . it is unfair to single out UNICEF and make them the beneficiary of all the Birch attacks"). Finally, in one of those compound fractures of logic that Buchwald's readers have come to look for, he approaches the end of his argument: "The John Birch Society is not to blame. They're doing the best they can, but they just can't fulfill all the requests they receive for picketing charitable institutions."

Then, too, there are columns on those Washington public relations men whose job it is to deny the accuracy of government reports (". . . further research is necessary to give the public all the facts"), on Congressmen who try to save obsolete military establishments in their districts ("The greatest deterrent we have against the Indians is the cavalry at Fort Little Squaw"), on praying in school ("They're going to do it anyway, and it's better to have them pray openly in class than sneak into the locker room or into the washroom for a quick prayer where no one will see them"), and on a whole circus of other subjects that would occur only to the quixotic wit of American journalism's Mad Hatter. . . . *And Then I Told the President* is, in short, just the antidote for those days when you have the uneasy suspicion that everything is going right.

The Fighting Editors: "Stand up and save your Country dear,/in spight of usquebaugh and beer;/with a fa la la. . . ." So ran a verse in John Peter Zenger's *New-York Weekly Journal* in 1734. It was written, in its modest way, to applaud the election of officials unwilling to echo British whim, and it helped bring about Zenger's arrest as the first of America's crusading newspaper editors. This journalistic landmark, and others spread across the succeeding two centuries, are dramatically retold in *They Will Be Heard* (McGraw-Hill, $6.50), by Jonathan Daniels, editor of the Raleigh, North Carolina, *News and Observer*. From Zenger to yellow journalism and beyond, Daniels documents the continuing fight for a free press, making it clear that a journalist's freedom is something that must be rewon with each day's paper. He also makes it clear that there are newspapermen aplenty who are willing to do the job: ". . . there will always be men and women in editorial offices ready to raise hell about the causes which concern them." *They Will Be Heard* is a book to stiffen any journalist's spine.

—JAMES F. FIXX.

"Doc, you got just one hour to get rid of Louie's anxieties."

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Madison Avenue

Continued from page 61

300 at the Los Angeles *Times* shepherds 4,000,000 classified ads annually, the largest volume in the world, from the advertisers through to the composing room. Some thirty-five newspapers in this country carry 1,000,000 or more individual want ads annually with staffs ranging downward from the 248 at the *New York Times*, which is second in the nation in ad total.

Conveyor belts move the ads along, computors classify them, trained ad takers help write them, and an army of more than 7,000 outside salesmen help round up the spate of classified for the nation's newspapers.

Complicating the problem is the determination of newspaper managements to safeguard the reader from fraudulent as well as discriminatory advertising. Regularly screened out by "copy acceptance departments" of most newspapers are many types of vending machine ads, business opportunities that claim exaggerated or unreasonable returns on money invested, ads offering homework, which frequently pay below minimum-wage standards, and similar ads in violation of a standard code of ethics.

Most newspapers also cooperate with antidiscrimination law enforcement agencies by turning down ads that specify age, color, or religious restrictions in sale or rental of property or job offers.

Since want ads reflect the day-to-day business needs of the community, they have for many years been used by responsible economic forecasters as a business barometer. The authoritative National Industrial Conference Board issues a monthly report on the classified "Help Wanted" ad count, comparing it with corresponding periods in previous years. Fewer job offers imply a less healthy economy and vice versa.

VISITORS to strange cities can glean much about the standard of living and the way of life from a perusal of the classified section. In glancing at the classified columns of the London *Times* recently, I noted an ad for a "Personal Assistant/Secretary age 25-35 Graduate. Salary 1,000 pds per annum." A comparable job offer in the *New York Times* would call for twice the salary or higher. A Midwest newspaper classified section carries countless baby chick ads; in St. Louis there are columns of ads for river barges. Agricultural, mining, or lumbering communities are reflected in the help-wanted columns. Snow shoes, sledges, guns are found in the Alaskan newspapers, along with plenty of business opportunities.

Because classified is thus woven into the context of our way of life, it mirrors the mores of the area it serves. It is a form of economic democracy, since even the least affluent can have a voice in the classified market place, where the size of the ad is of less account than its content.

"Of course I'm sure, Worthington. It's knit one, purl two."

Letters

Continued from page 57

the broadcast and the time alloted to it. Many news stories are alloted time far in excess of the space they are given in most newspapers.

I would suggest that before Mr. Canham undertakes to criticize the electronic communications media again, he spend some time listening to them. I think that after listening to WEEI, he might be willing to grant at least one exception to his criticism among the broadcasters of his city.

DONALD J. TRAGESER,
Vice President, CBS Radio,
General Manager, WEEI.
Boston, Mass.

Bulletproof Glass House?

CHEERS FOR MARGE BARTLEY [*SR*, Apr. 10], who neatly speared what I and, obviously, others missed: the difference between hackneyed words and clichés. The subject can be worried to death, though, and I don't propose to add to the literature on it.

My own favorite authority, who is more forgiving than vitriolic (and perhaps this is why I prefer him), is Roy H. Copperud, the persevering genius behind "Editorial Workshop" in *Editor & Publisher*. Some of his remarks on clichés, taken from his book, *Words on Paper*, are worth noting:

The dictionary definition of cliché is "a trite phrase; hackneyed expression." This leaves wide open the question, trite or hackneyed to whom? Whether a particular expression is regarded as a cliché depends upon the discrimination of the regarder. Even on the upper levels of ability, opinions will always differ about whether a particular expression is overworked. In any event, no writing exists that does not contain clichés by one standard or another. This state of affairs was once described in verse:

> If you scorn what is trite
> I warn you, go slow,
> For one man's cliché
> Is another's *bon mot*.

Thus, the subject of clichés offers a never-ending battlefield whereon the careful writer picks his way warily. As for me, I'm a pacifist, because (oh-oh) my glass house isn't bulletproof by a long shot.

BERNARD S. KATZ.
Mesa Verde National Park, Colo.

Goals and Birchites

AS LONG AS YOU have an admitted Bircher, Mel Chonto [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, Apr. 10], actually reading *SR*, I wish you'd ask him just what he hopes to gain by his organization's campaigns of hate and smear tactics. It is terribly easy to find out what the Birchers don't want or are against, but just about impossible to find out what they do want. It is surely obvious that they do not love their country, as they profess, since they are doing so very much to harm it and blacken its name and reputation—more, possibly, than any other group with the exception of the Ku Klux Klan. Just what *are* their goals?

CONSTANCE S. LAPHAM.
Garden Grove, Calif.

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Newspaper Duel

Continued from page 60

Typographical Union. He returned to his headquarters in Colorado Springs and vowed he would not rejoin the talks until the publishers could compose their internal differences.

The March 30 strike deadline was now only two weeks off, and the employers decided on an abrupt reversal of their initial strategy. They dropped all interest in dealing with Powers; he could not even get through to them by telephone after a week in which he had been seeing them on a dawn-to-dawn schedule. Instead, the publishers began secret meetings with five other unions that had been clamoring vainly for attention up to then.

One of these unions—the Newspaper and Mail Deliverers—has a no-contract, no-work tradition. Its president, Joseph Baer, told the association his members were likely to find themselves out on the street without even knowing what they were striking for. The other groups—the stereotypers, pressmen, paper handlers, and Guild—also made it plain they had no wish for another tie-up. A strong undertone of hostility to Powers ran through the group. "The guy tells you nothing; he never will tell you anything," one dissident union head declared.

A cloak-and-dagger atmosphere enveloped the negotiations. On March 23, a week after the Brown departure, representatives of all the publishers and the five unions met without public announcement in the offices of Asher W. Schwartz, counsel for the deliverers. Gaherin informed them that the employers were ready to make contracts calling for total increases of $10.50 a week over two years. This was 50 cents better than the best newspaper contract signed anywhere else in the country this year.

The union leaders asked for a "most-favored-nation" clause, a customary safeguard, under which a union is promised it will get more if the employer subsequently gives another union a better deal. Gaherin demurred. He pulled a folded paper from his wallet and read, "We guarantee to you that we will not enter into a contract with any other union at any greater wage increase." When Schwartz asked, "But what penalty is there if you do give more?" Gaherin's reply was emphatic, "All I can tell you is there won't be any more."

The next day the five unions submitted the projected wage agreements to the Newspaper Trades Council for review. Under the council's unwritten rules, no proposal may be put up for membership ratification unless it is endorsed by a majority of the unions in

'ALMOST ANYPLACE!'

A Big Carrot for Southeast Asia

THE significant thing about President Johnson's policy statement on Viet Nam released last week, is that this is the first public offering of the carrot.

For weeks now, friendly diplomats and domestic observers have been wondering why the United States, now that it is beating on North Viet Nam with a progressively bigger military stick, didn't also use a political or economic carrot to help induce the North Vietnamese to quit their aggression.

Now President Johnson has unveiled that carrot for inspection, not only by the North Vietnamese, but by all Southeast Asians.

Essentially, he is offering the vision of big regional TVA-type developments along the Mekong — the great river which pours out of the Himalayas to course down through Southeast Asia between Laos and Thailand into Cambodia, with tributaries which run into both North and South Viet Nam.

He is challenging all these nations, Communist and non-Communist, to consider what a vastly brighter future they could have if peace were to replace war in that part of the world.

It is impossible to foretell how the North Vietnamese Communists — or South Vietnamese Viet Cong — will react to Johnson's statement. True Communists look at the world through narrow blinders. But this should give Vietnamese nationals — who reportedly make up a large faction of Communist support in both North and South Viet Nam — plenty to think about.

But regardless of the immediate North Vietnamese reaction, if any, this is fine, realistic, appealing American diplomacy. It gives Washington, for the first time, a potently salable peace package.

Where until now we have had only the negative proposition that we would not quit hammering at the Communists until they ceased their aggression — a point the President's statement repeated — we also now can offer an attractive alternative to the Communists if they halt their attacks on South Viet Nam.

This cannot fail to impress some of our allies who have been dubious about the one-sided nature of our diplomatic tactics in Viet Nam.

THE appeal of the President's proposal also will be enhanced, in Asiatic eyes by the fact that the development programs he envisions would not be direct U.S. aid. These "wider and bolder" programs the President forecast "can be expected . . . from Asian leaders and Asian councils, and in such programs we would want to help."

What he apparently has in mind to run a Mekong Valley TVA is some agency such as an Asian Development Bank, which both Japan and the Philippines are promoting for that part of the world. This would be similar to, and linked with, the present World Bank, of which the U.S. is a contributing member.

All in all, what the President is suggesting strikes us as American diplomacy at its best. It should have a wide and favorable effect throughout war-weary, unsettled Southeast Asia.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

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the coordinating group. Powers, who by now was convinced that he was the intended victim of a "mousetrap" operation cooked up by the publishers and his union foes, knew he could count on four votes in opposing the package.

These were the votes of his own union, the ITU mailers, and two unions that have the bulk of their membership outside the newspapers—the electricians and the machinists. The unions that had tentatively accepted the wage offer could also count on four sure votes—their own. The one nonvoter would be the pressmen's union, which was boycotting the council. That meant the real decision lay with New York Photoengravers Union No. 1, which has only 350 members but rates even higher on the skill scale than Big Six.

Its vote was as enigmatic as a Mona Lisa smile. The union's president, Frank A. McGowan, cast the decisive ballot in favor of the $10.50 package. But at the very time he was establishing it as the council's 1965 standard he let it be known that he would insist on more for his own craftsmen. This put him on the same side as Powers, who had immediately termed the figure "entirely inadequate."

For the next three days the publishers applied most of their energies to trying to induce the engravers to take the package and thus isolate the printers. These efforts came to a dead end when the McGowan local voted to strike if it did not get a percentage increase totaling more than $10.50. Once again the publishers' line shifted 180 degrees. With only forty-eight hours left before the scheduled walkout of the two key crafts, Gaherin went back into close communion with Powers. The language barrier that had blocked resolution of the automation issue was cleared away; progress was made on a half-dozen other troublesome problems.

Then came the inevitable crisis climax at City Hall with Kheel, one of the nation's most talented mediators, again displaying his agility as a deadline racer. At 1:57 A.M. on March 31—just three minutes before pickets were to resume the weary march of 1962-63—he persuaded the publishers to move away from their $10.50 freeze. Powers agreed to defer any tie-up pending discussions on how much higher the papers would go.

The disclosure of his breakthrough brought expressions of outrage from the unions that had received the not-a-penny-more commitment. At a 3 A.M. session in the office of Deputy Mayor Edward F. Cavanagh, Jr., the men who had got the original pledge cursed out the men who had given it to them. James J. McMahon, president of the stereotypers, asked of no one in particular, "Why did they do this? We were ready to go to work."

PRECISELY what the authors of the double-twist policy hoped to achieve is obscure. Those most identified with the hard line deny that they ever contemplated trying to publish without the printers, even if the engravers stayed in. As long ago as 1948 the Chicago dailies managed to keep coming out in an ITU strike by using Vari-Type, a process that relies heavily on typists and engravers. But no preparations for Vari-Type or any other substitute process were made in New York this year.

Some publishers say they genuinely hoped that the $10.50 figure would hold as a pattern for every union. However, others assert that it was designed to act as a brake on Powers's financial aspirations, not as a ceiling.

"When we gave the commitment that no other union would get more, we knew we would have to wind up giving Powers more," says one of the association's key members. "The expectation was that we would get away with $10.50 plus a cookie—an extra contribution to the welfare fund or some such goody—whereas the door would be wide open if we signed a most-favored-nation clause."

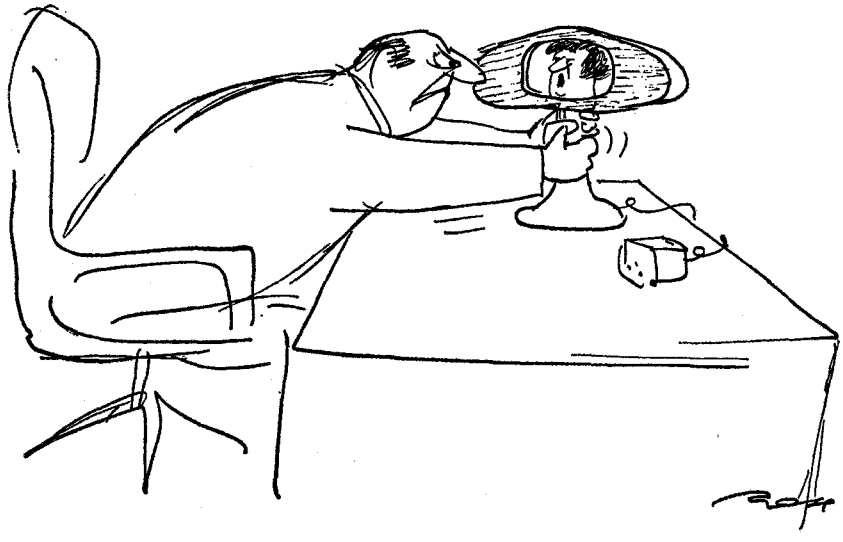
Those who saw Powers at closest range in the week when no one seemed to want to talk to him say the experience brought out much of the sense of attempted ambush by hostile conspirators he felt during the shutdown two years ago. He made no secret then of his belief that the publishers were using the other unions and the full force of the federal government, from White House through mediation service, to undercut and destroy him.

Despite the recurrence of somewhat similar feelings this time, the backfiring of the employers' attempted end-play seems to have had only minor effect in inflating the eventual money settlement. Most observers anticipated that Powers would hold out for $11 or $11.50, even before the publishers tried to box him in. However, had they made the $10.50 proposal to Big Six in the first instance, Powers would have found it difficult to call a strike for more. Too many union members, still recuperating from the 114-day blackout, were fearful that a walkout this time would run until after Labor Day.

WHAT irritated Powers was that the publishers attempted to manipulate him back into exactly the position against which he ran the last strike—captivity to a formula set by another union. What irritated the union heads who went before their executive boards and rank and file to repeat the publishers' assurance that another penny in the package would bankrupt the marginal papers was that they are now the beneficiaries of Mr. Powers's greater militancy. "Never have I seen the publishers spend so much money and buy so much ill will," observes one of the five discomfited union chiefs. All five are now out of the unity council and none evinces any desire for a rapprochement with Mr. Powers.

The novel aspect of the new Powers pact is in the machinery it sets up for possible relaxation of the ban on automation. If during the life of the contract any particular paper wants to introduce automated devices, it must take up the question of arrangements through a new joint industry board to consist of an equal number of representatives of the association and Big Six. These members are to choose a permanent impartial chairman for the joint board, with Kheel as the leading present possibility.

The chairman will have no power to arbitrate if the board deadlocks; his role will be that of catalyst, fact-finder, and mediator. But, if neither the chairman nor the publishers can persuade Powers



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to go along, there will be no automation for two years.

The Big Six leader stresses that he has no wish or intention to use the clause as a veto. "We are going to educate our members to the idea that we must negotiate sound rules so we can introduce automation on a sensible basis and not have it fall in on us ten years from now. We know it's coming."

The president of the parent union, Elmer Brown, is no less emphatic on this point. "We are postponing automation, but not with the idea of stopping it," he says. "On the contrary, if newspapers are going to stay in business here or anywhere else, they must expand in every way. We are the center of communications. One of the troubles is that the newspapers are not enterprising enough; they have become kind of lackadaisical, especially on special features and services."

The worry on the publisher side is not that Powers is anti-automation in the old tradition of the Luddite machine-smashers but that his conception of "sound rules" will entail ruinously high costs, thus making it uneconomic to automate.

The upshot of the wrangle over payment for the Teletypesetting of stock market reports at the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* has provided no reassurance for those who worry. Powers clung throughout the negotiations to a demand that 100 per cent of all the direct labor savings go into a special union fund. The papers finally gave in, rather than let this become a strike spur.

Most observers are certain that if the case had gone to arbitration as the 1963 contract specified, the arbitrator would not have awarded more than 50 per cent of the wage savings to the Big Six fund. In virtually every other city ITU locals have conceded the publishers the right to use outside tape on a much broader basis and without special payment of any kind.

In a real sense, the degree of optimism or despair with which people in the industry appraise the chances for progress toward efficiency through new technology is determined primarily by their estimate of Mr. Powers. Indeed, the same yardstick seems to govern their appraisal of almost every phase of the papers' futures.

No one in the publishers' camp is wildly enthusiastic about the Big Six chief, but the differences between the hawks and the doves center largely on how to handle him. Some publishers are convinced that there will never be any peace until the industry "goes to the mat with Powers" in a finish fight—his finish or theirs.

"There is no hope for orderly labor relations so long as Powers heads Big Six," says the president of one paper. "You just cannot make an agreement with him on any basis that permits the efficiency we need."

"Powers has got the publishers buffaloed," another top official declares. "The result of what we have done this year might well be to put an unpopular leader back in the position of being top man, stronger than ever. It is a dreary outlook for the publishers."

Asked what he thinks the employers ought to do to assert themselves, this publisher does not hesitate: "The answer now is what it has always been—having the strength and preparedness your opponent has. But you must have something comparable in determination and strength."

THOSE who favor trying to coexist with Powers do not sound much more friendly when they describe him. They accuse him of "nihilism" and "paranoia," and they echo the common complaint that he plays "cat and mouse" until even his intimates give up hope of determining what he really wants at the conference table.

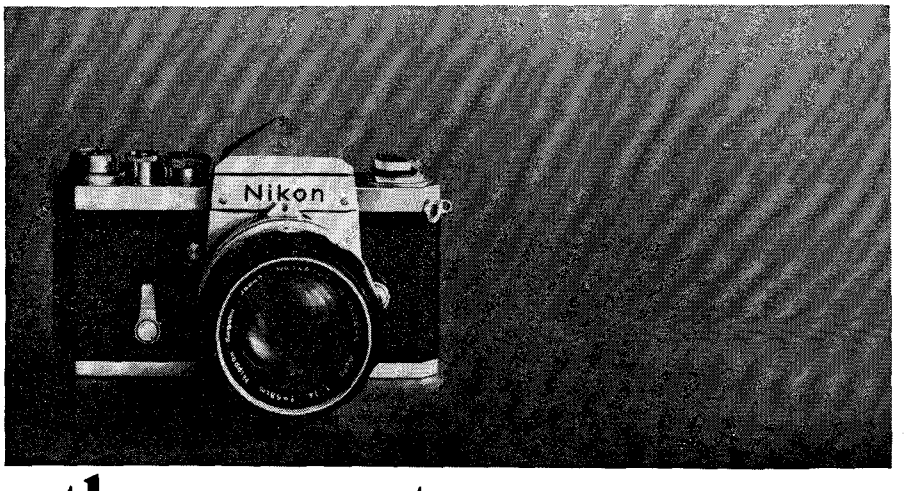
In spite of such reservations, the moderates among the association leaders assert that Powers is by all odds the ablest of the union leaders, the one most sensitive to the problems of automation and the one with the most cohesive rank-and-file support. They feel that the chief result of all attempts to build union counterpressures against him has been to enhance his prestige and to divert the publishers into endless blind alleys.

"Powers has ideas," says one of those who has had to see him at closest range. "He may be stubborn and expensive to deal with, but at least you don't have to take him by the hand as you do most of the others."

The other prime point of friction among the association members involves how much to give in contract negotiations and how to convince Powers that not all the giving should be on their side. In these debates the *Times* almost always is the target of most criticism for surrendering too readily.

"What can you do in an industry where there is one paper that will do just about anything to avoid a strike?" asks one publisher. "I don't know where bottom is with the *Times* in willingness to make concessions rather than take a strike."

"The problem in any negotiation," a *Times* official replies, "is: Where do you draw the line between what you are willing to give and what you will take a strike for? Powers did not push the industry past that line. Another strike this year almost certainly would have



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killed at least one paper, and that put a heavy responsibility on all of us."

Among the unions, animosity toward the Big Six chief appears even more acute than during the 114-day strike when the other groups repeatedly considered sending their members through the picket lines. There was little question that the five signing unions would have gone to work this time if the publishers had stood by the $10.50 package—and if there was any work to go to.

One anti-Powers unionist says the only choice for the other crafts is "to negotiate our own agreements or join the ITU." That, plus the sense of personal humiliation engendered by the publishers' abrupt about-face, accounts for the strike threats and general obstructiveness of the unions that negotiated agreements after the printers had settled.

The Powers-haters in the union group see the automation bar as a disastrous weapon in his hands. "He will insist on such a big share it will be impossible for the industry to move forward," one critic declares. "There is always one holdout like the State of Alabama."

However, Kheel, who called Powers "a jitterbug bargainer (he giveth and he taketh away)" in the tangled negotiations two years ago, says he detected no such failing this time. In general, Kheel found the Big Six chief much less didactic, more amenable to compromise.

Now forty-three years old, the white-haired unionist faces a new election this month. In balloting held a few weeks after the last strike, he was re-elected by a margin of nearly three to one. The probability is that he will win even more overwhelmingly now. That means the industry can expect to have him dominating its labor scene when the present contracts expire.

Two big questions complicate the search for devices to guard against another series of costly management and labor blunders in the next round. The first is whether the Publishers Association will stay together; the other is whether the shattered union ranks can ever be mended and a unified bargaining council established.

"There is real doubt whether the association will survive," one of its pillars acknowledges. Oddly enough, those trying to keep it in one piece include the man who will be blamed most if it breaks up. This is Powers, and his interest in saving the employer group emerged as something of a bombshell at the final negotiating session. After agreement had been reached on the $12 package, Kheel directed the talk to the urgency of achieving more unity on both sides.

POWERS volunteered an expression of hope that the association would hold together, provided its members could end their internal squabbles and transfer genuine bargaining authority to Gaherin. The association representatives looked nonplussed. They asked how he could complain about their divisions "when you are doing everything you can to break us up through the NLRB." This was a reference to a Labor Board case Powers initiated last year; its aim is to compel each paper to deal individually with Big Six. The union chief said the action did not interfere with his preference for a united association if it would "deal fairly with us."

Kheel has repeatedly told the publishers that they must arm Gaherin with fuller freedom to act and not require him to keep coming back for directives a dozen times on every issue. On major and minor matters, Gaherin found himself reversed by his principals or caught in a crossfire of conflicting orders. The whole "bypass Powers" strategy was forced upon him by the publishers' war party.

Powers, who developed a considerable regard for Gaherin, suggested even before his selection that, once the publishers had chosen a negotiator, "they should go down to Nassau or wherever they go and relax until the negotiations are over; then they should come back and either give their man a raise or fire him."

A recognition that Gaherin is operating on too tight a string seems to be gaining ground among the association members. "We had him handcuffed," says one. "His was an impossible assignment, what with six bosses to answer to," another acknowledges. But the clarification of Gaherin's credentials depends on internal reconciliations that still seem remote.

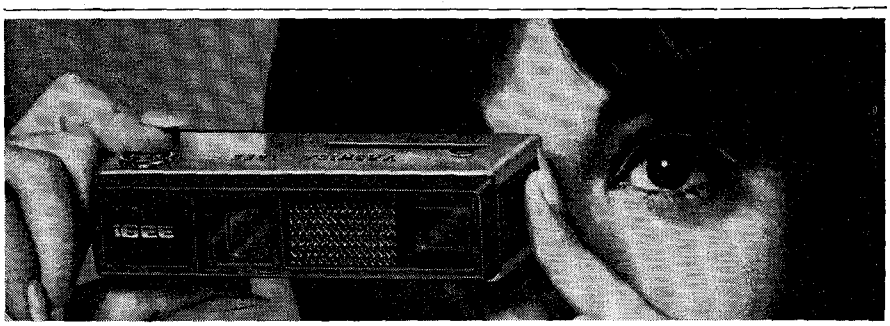
The union side is even more bleak. The terms on which the Powers bloc and the five dissenting unions, with their top-heavy preponderance of total newspaper membership, can get together seem nonexistent. Brown, the ITU president, has long been seeking to achieve unified bargaining through cooperation among all the international unions in the graphic arts. But these attempts have got nowhere.

"The one thing we learned from these negotiations," one local union chief declares, "is that the only thing the publishers pay any attention to is muscle. From now on you can expect to see every union climbing over everybody else's back to get more than the other guy got. It's crazy, but that seems to be the way the publishers want it. After all, it's their industry—while it lasts."

A special headache that may turn into a raging fever by 1967 is the pressure from the skilled crafts for percentage wage increases to give them more money than the unskilled groups. A tiny advance was made in this round through recognition of the percentage principle in some phases of the printers' and engravers' agreements, but the dollar totals remained uniform for everybody.

The revolt of skilled workers against being depressed into an egalitarian mold has already been met and largely surmounted in such basic industries as steel and automobiles. But in a situation so overladen with hostilities as the newspapers, this tug-of-war between skilled and unskilled could be the one strain too many—especially at a time when new technology is erasing craft lines and making many printing skills obsolete. The drivers already are declaring that they will not be made "second-class citizens" by taking less money, and the engravers are just as insistent that they must have more next time.

On top of all this is Powers's oft-expressed belief that New York will probably have only three dailies left in five years—the *Times*, the *News*, and one afternoon paper—not because of anything the unions do but because of the forces of competition among all the communications media. The principal anxiety among both publishers and other unionists is that the process of extinction is being speeded by the policies expressed in the 1965 agreements.



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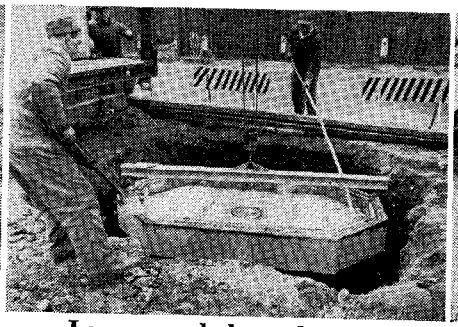
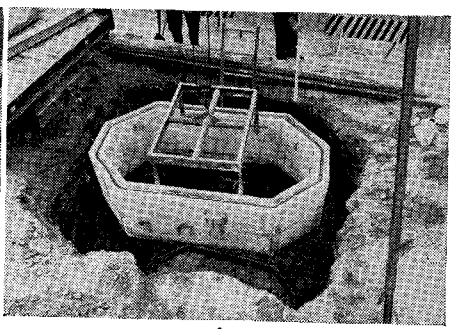


Lower manhole vault...



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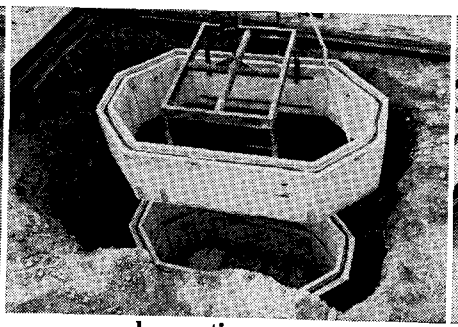

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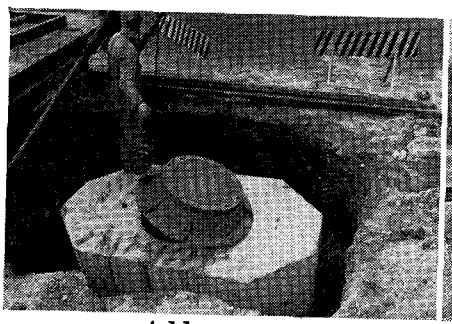
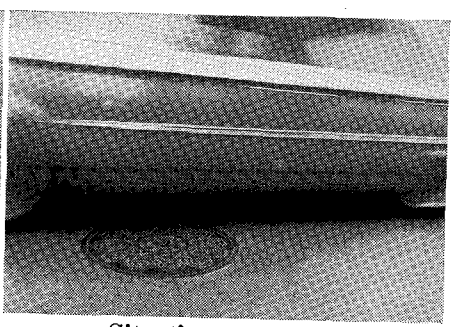


Add cover.

Fill and surface.



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Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 1, 1966, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 1st issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

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Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts.*

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Margaret R. Weiss, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*

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Helen G. Russell of Gorham, Maine, professor of mathematics at Wellesley College, 1964 winner of the grand prize for color. Miss Russell won a round-trip to Hong Kong for her picture of a child in a sampan.

F. B. Grunzweig, public information officer of the U.N. Secretariat, 1964 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mr. Grunzweig's photograph, taken in Kennedy Airport, won him a round-trip flight to Paris.

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Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and the McCall Corp., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1964, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. **NO BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED.**

4. **Color photographs**

a. Color pictures may be submitted as either slides *or* prints. Do not send slides and prints of the same picture.

b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.

c. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. The *same data must be given as specified* above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photograph Contest Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1965, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 1, 1966. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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Flexibility

Continued from page 21

most important one, in which ideology is an obstacle to a successful foreign policy. As the Communist world has become politically fractured, a growing divergence has developed between our ideological preferences and our political and strategic interests. We have reached a point at which the fact that a country is Communist does not in itself tell us that that country is hostile to the United States from the point of view of political and strategic interests. I would go even farther: I think we have reached the point at which certain Communist countries, from the viewpoint of our political and strategic interests, may be regarded as more friendly to the United States than certain non-Communist countries.

As we survey the growing variety of Communist governments in the world, we find that their profession of Marxist-Leninist beliefs tells us very little about how they can be expected to behave. China is extremely hostile to the United States, as Russia was fifteen years ago. The Soviet Union is less hostile now, and such countries as Poland and Hungary pursue policies of guarded friendliness toward the West. Rumania is cordial with the West to the point of being an apostate within the Communist camp and Yugoslavia is outside the camp, a nonaligned country that has been on friendly terms with the West for seventeen years. I do not see how, in the face of these divergencies, we can have any kind of meaningful policy toward Communism as distinguished from individual Communist states.

The distinction between ideology and interest is particularly crucial in Asia. Failure to make the distinction drives us to some rather tortured rationalizations, such as the contention—which we seem actually to believe in certain instances—that the support of incompetent and dictatorial regimes has something to do with the defense of freedom, rather than simply with our strategic interests as we perceive them.

More important still is the confusion that can arise as to where our best interests may lie. If we regard Communism as a way of organizing a society, rather than the aggressive policies of certain Communist states, as the real threat to our interests, then we are closing our minds not only to certain policy options but even to some pertinent questions that we ought to be asking ourselves. For example, I think we ought to ask ourselves, hypothetically, whether a Communist regime that leans away from China is worse or better from the viewpoint of our political and strategic interests than a non-Communist state, such as

Indonesia or Cambodia, that leans toward China.

A British statesman once said that England had no permanent friends and no permanent enemies but only permanent interests. I would not want to see the United States go to that pragmatic extreme in its foreign policy, but I do think, for the reasons suggested, that it would profit us to move some distance in that direction and away from the static and delusionary precepts of abstract doctrine.

I think that the kind of foreign policy I have been talking about is a conservative policy. I think that the kind of policy that was called "conservative" in the recent Presidential campaign was the opposite of conservative; it was dangerously radical and revolutionary. The approach that I have been commending is intended quite literally to conserve the world—a world whose civilizations can be destroyed at any time if either of the two great powers should choose or feel driven to do so. It is an approach that accepts the world as it is, with all its existing nations and ideologies, with all its existing qualities and shortcomings. It is an approach that purports to change things in those ways that are compatible with the long continuity of history.

I THINK that if the great conservatives of the past, such as Burke and Metternich and Castlereagh, were alive today, they would not be true believers or relentless crusaders against Communism. I think they would approve of the policy of cautious accommodation that we are now pursuing in our relations with the Russians. They would approve because they believed in the preservation of indissoluble links between the past and the future, because they profoundly mistrusted abstract ideas, and because they did not think themselves or any other man qualified to play God.

The last, I think, is the central point. I believe that a man's proper business, in foreign policy, in domestic policy, and in his daily life, is to keep his own house in order, to make life a little more civilized, a little more satisfying, and a little more serene in the brief time that is allotted him. I think that man is qualified to contemplate metaphysics but not to practice it. The practice of metaphysics is God's work.

This article is a special adaptation of a recent lecture given by Senator Fulbright at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore.

Thucydides

Continued from page 23

left of the army that had left Piraeus with such high hopes. The following citations convey at least some of the flavor of this high point in Thucydides's descriptive narrative: "The removal of the army took place on the second day after the sea fight. It was a lamentable scene, not only because they were retreating after having lost all their ships, their great hopes gone and themselves and the state in peril. But also, in leaving the camp, there were things most grievous for every eye and heart to contemplate. The dead lay unburied and every man, as he recognized a friend among them, shuddered in grief and horror. And the living whom they were leaving behind, wounded or sick, were far more shocking than the dead, and more to be pitied than those who had perished. These began entreating and bewailing until their friends did not know what to do, begging to be taken, and loudly calling to each comrade or relative whom they could see, hanging upon the necks of their tent-mates in the act of departure, following as far as they could, and, when their bodily strength failed them, calling again and again upon heaven and shrieking aloud as they were left behind.

"The prisoners in the quarries were at first hardly treated by the Syracusans. Crowded in a narrow hole, without any roof to cover them, the heat of the sun and the stifling closeness of the air tormented them during the day. Then the nights, which came on autumnal and chilly, made them ill by the violence of the change. Moreover, as they had to do everything in the same place for want of room, and the bodies of those who died of their wounds or from the variation in the temperature or from similar causes, were left heaped together one upon the other, intolerable stenches arose; and hunger and thirst never ceased to afflict them, each man during eight months having only half a pint of water and a pint of corn given him daily . . .

"This was the greatest Hellenic achievement in this war or, in my opinion, in Hellenic history; at once most glorious to the victors and most calamitous to the conquered. They were beaten at all points and altogether; all that they suffered was great; they were destroyed, as the saying is, with a total destruction, their fleet, their army—everything was destroyed, and few out of many returned home."

Syracuse was the Gettysburg, the Stalingrad of the Peloponnesian War. Secession and revolt began to shake the Athenian confederacy; Sparta made an alliance with the King of Persia, whose

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invasion of Greece had been repulsed by the combined efforts of the Greek states earlier in the century, and Persian forces began to attack Athenian allies and colonies on the mainland of Asia. For some years the tide of the struggle ebbed and flowed. Then Athens sustained a kind of primitive Pearl Harbor when its fleet was taken by surprise by the alert Spartan commander Lysander at Aegospotami on the Hellespont.

The proud city of Pericles, Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Plato, Socrates (almost all the great names in Greek civilization) was obliged to surrender but was spared the full ruthlessness that was often meted out to the vanquished. Even the destruction of its "long walls" was temporary; these were rebuilt as the merry-go-round of Greek politics turned in a direction less favorable to Sparta. The permanent result of this prolonged war of Greeks against Greeks was the weakening of the fabric of Hellenic political power. Greece remained a great teacher in the arts of civilization, but politically fell under the superior power first of Macedon, then of Rome.

I have found the fascination of Thucydides so enduring that his work (in the Crawley translation) stands on a small shelf of books in which I have become saturated through constant rereading. Other works on the shelf include Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, Mommsen's *History of Rome*, de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, the *Federalist Papers*, and Boswell's life of Johnson. A diary kept during my college years contains this entry: "The climax of Thucydides's great dramatic narrative is certainly reached in the description of Demosthenes's futile night attack on Epipolae. Even at this distance of time I cannot help feeling a bitter regret that the Athenians did not succeed in their daring venture."

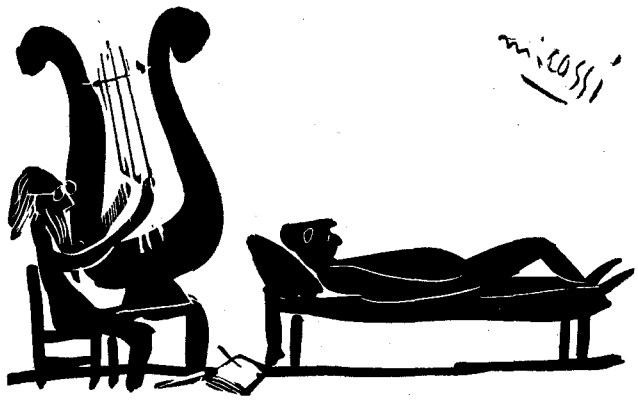
At that time I could read Thucydides in Greek, an ability that has unfortunately been lost. Much later, and under more somber circumstances, just after the outbreak of World War II in Paris, I offered a pessimistic forecast of the prospect ahead, on the basis of a recent reading of Thucydides: "It is a pity that every European statesman could not have been compelled to read and reread Thucydides's *History of the Peloponnesian War*. For here, in a narrative at once spirited and admirably objective, is the story of the long and terrible war in which there were no victors, and in which the end was the breakdown of Greek civilization. There are amazing parallels between Greece, divided into its small city-states, in the fifth century B.C. and the European continent today.

"There was the rivalry between the great sea power, Athens, and the great land power, Sparta. There was the same game of power politics, the same series of intrigues and hostile alliances. One can find in Thucydides the same arguments for and against going to the aid of another state that interventionists and isolationists use in America today. And the long war between the groups of Greek states, characterized by frequent betrayals and changes of front among the participants, was aggravated and complicated by savage civil conflicts within the belligerent states. It displayed all the familiar features of modern imperialism and of modern ideological fanaticism."

It was a powerful mind that could reach over a time gap of twenty-four centuries and make the behavior of the Greeks of the late fifth century B.C. at once a mirror and a prophecy for twentieth-century Europeans and Americans. We know little of the life of Thucydides; even the dates of his birth and death are uncertain. But his ambition, to make his work "a possession for all time," has been realized in full measure.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 2, 8, 7, 5, 1, 4, 3, 9, 6, 10. Column Three should read: 9, 8, 2, 1, 3, 10, 5, 7, 6, 4.



Dictionary

Continued from page 32

cerned chiefly with current trends; it includes a list of forty British proper names with their unimaginable spoken equivalents.

Sir Ernest follows (and improves on) Nicholson in adding a discussion of *atom* and related terms. His article on the jargon he dubs *sociologese* could topple the entire profession. He devotes more than two columns to *Americanisms* and the corresponding British words. The entries for *automation, brinkmanship,* and *atonal* are typical Gowers innovations, and there are scores of minor entries that somehow eluded his predecessors (*e.g.*, within the space of one column, *scrip, seasonable,* and *scrumptious*). Moreover, for Fowler's "fancy titles" that gave "no clue to their subject," the present reviser furnishes a classified guide that tells what each of them is about.

The original *Modern English Usage* followed the annoying and obfuscating practices of substituting & for *and*, and of using just the initial of the entry word when discussing it or citing examples (*e.g.*, under *scholar:* "Though there is no reason why *s.* and *ss.* should not mean pupil(s) . . ."). We happily report that in the revised edition the first practice has been dropped; we sadly protest that the second—an undoubted space-saver—is retained.

That is our only reservation. To employ "a common colloquialism" and "an incipient vogue word (*q.v.*)," the new Fowler is a *must* for writers, whether of term papers or of novels, of business letters or of government reports, of publicity releases or of book reviews.

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UNIQUE CONVERTED BARN on 100 acres. View, secluded. Convenient to Albany, Schenectady capitol district, 150 miles NYC. 10 rooms, 2 baths. $35,000. Owner. Box M-707.

WONDERFUL OCEAN VIEW—Lido Beach, L.I. Lovely spacious year round modern home overlooking sand dunes. Fifty minutes NYC. Near schools, stores. Beautiful beach, private, for residents only. $59,000. Nexsen, 516-GEneral 1-7624.

A DIP IN THE POOL or a stroll through 30 beautiful acres, adds enjoyment to stately 10 room Colonial home. Modern comforts, 3 fireplaces, recreation room, barn. A find at $40,000. The Kramer Agency, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

For Rent—Furnished

MAINE COAST. House, view, remote 17 acres. $20 weekly. Pettus, 349 East 78th Street, NYC 21, N.Y.

ATHENS, GREECE. 2 and 3 bedroom modern furnished homes, long or short term. Box M-745.

For Summer Rental

ASPEN—summer chalet for 4-6 with car, $20 day; top music festival, glorious mountains. Write Everett Millard, 4030 Irving Park, Chicago, Illinois.

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY BERKSHIRE SHOWPLACE. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, comfortable. 90 acres. $1,400. Box L-671.

ON FRENCHMAN'S BAY, Maine. Spacious, gracious, low rent for season. Box M-95.

KEENE, N.Y. Secluded, shingle style, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, modern kitchen. Beautiful stream, waterfalls, barn, riding trails, spectacular Adirondack views. $1,200 season. Box M-478.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MODERN MOUNTAIN CHALET, near Manchester, Vermont. 3 bedrooms, furnished, all conveniences. Fabulous view, swimming, golfing, fishing. $300 per month. Box M-446.

CARMEL, N.Y. 58 miles NYC. Small 2 bedroom cottage. Ideal for couple. Screened porch. Swimming. May-October, $650. Will sell. Monday-Thursday: 212-LE 2-1476. Saturday: 914-CA 5-2315.

FRIENDSHIP, MAINE. Seacoast. 5 bedroom cottage, large living room, fireplace, 1½ baths. Near shore, simple life, modern conveniences. Season $800. References. Box M-708.

WESTHAMPTON, L.I. Spacious 2-story house, 3 bedrooms, 1 bath, shady arbor, barbecue; beaches 10 minutes. 3 months $1,200. 212-PL 7-5790.

MONADNOCK REGION—Southern N.H. summer rentals, $375 to $600. Privacy but not isolated. George M. Foster, Real Estate, Francestown, N.H.

DUTCHESS COUNTY, N.Y. Barn equipped for summer living. Suitable one, two persons. Quiet, charming surroundings. Box M-490.

BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS—bordering national park. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, private swimming, fishing. Season $750, month $350. Box M-718.

VERMONT HILLTOP—Charmingly restored 5 room farmhouse. Secluded, quiet. Monthly. Box M-724.

ITALIAN RIVIERA. Beautifully furnished villa; modern. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths. July only. $800. Box M-737.

CHEBEAGUE ISLAND, MAINE, attractive summer house, 4½ bedrooms, 1½ baths. July rental $390. Box M-743.

GRAFTON, VERMONT. Idyllic hilltop retreat. Beautifully equipped. Trout stream. June, July, August. $750 plus utilities. Box M-746.

HOLLYWOOD AREA—3 bedroom, 2 bath house with modern interior. June 20th-September 1st. $750. 621 North Curson, Los Angeles, California.

NOVA SCOTIA—Delightful restored farmhouse on St. Mary's Bay. Guest house. Monthly. Box M-730.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE for our 3 bedroom cottage overlooking ocean on ¾ acre wooded lot at Ocean Point, Maine, cottage within 40 miles of New York City for July. Box M-404.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Unfurnished

PARK AVENUE—45' patio. Eccentric 2 bedroom co-op. Bohemian ambiance. Professional-residential. $16,000, maintenance $236. Or sublet. RH 4-1176 NYC.

For Summer Rental

OGUNQUIT, MAINE. 2 bedroom garden apartment, excellent equipment, completely furnished. Near Lookout Hotel. Box L-810.

NYC—84th and 3rd—3 bedroom air-conditioned, new building. Garage. June to September or longer. $450 monthly. S. Lamb Associates, 521 5th Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 7-6854.

MODEST 3 ROOMS, bath, mid-Manhattan, June, July, August. MUrray Hill 3-0169 NYC, Box M-497.

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA. 2 bedroom furnished apartment, July 1st-September 15th. $120 monthly. 15 minutes downtown Washington. References. Box M-500.

WANT a 6 room summer hideaway in New York City? July-August sublet on West End in 70's. Near parks, transportation. Furnished. $250. Box M-713.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen locations bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for four seasons or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Unique 5 acre setting. Unparalleled views of ocean. Private beach, tennis. Box M-738.

UNIQUE. Wilderness Corporation controlling 2,200 acres mountain, forest, unspoiled lake, offers non-divisible, one-acre lots in Community of Friends and like-minded people behind 100-foot "Common Land" along shore. Only 10 acres left. Charter to "preserve wilderness" insures uncrowded lake for all time. Almost no motor boats. Several cottage rentals, '65 season. Write or phone Kenneth S. Webb, Woodstock, Vermont.

LAKE FRONTAGE near Berkshires—Copake—beautiful ⅔ wooded acre on island accessible by causeway. Community membership facilities. Utilities. $6,000. Box M-731.

CAMPS

BROADVIEW FARM CAMP—where 55 children, 6-13, experience the wonders of nature study in a self governed community in the Lakes Region of New Hampshire. Crafts, riflery, archery, farm animals, tripping. Pets welcome. Brochure: 1776 East 18th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11229.

THE FRENCH CAMP at Peter Pan Farm. Voluntary French lessons by Frenchman. Voluntary farm chores. Elaborate Arts-Crafts department. Music, Drama. Horseback riding, filtered swimming pool, tennis court, sports. International staff—campers. Coed, ages 5-16. Relaxed, non-competitive family atmosphere. Aart & Johanna Vos. Phone: Woodstock, N.Y. 914-679-6936.

TOMOKA FOR TEENAGERS, 13-19, Tomoka for TOTS, 4-7, Tomoka for INTERS, 8-12. 3 distinct, separate Camp Units near Tanglewood, Becket, Massachusetts. Creative Skills, Culture, Sports and Seminars. 2, 4, 6, 8 week sessions. Camp Tomoka, 17 Helene Avenue, Merrick, L.I., N.Y. 516-MA 3-0032.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Boys 7-18. Six age groups. Private lakes near Old Forge. Pack-horse, Canadian canoe trips. Riding, riflery, fishing, tutoring. Nurses. 40th year. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, New York.

CAMP CHOCONUT—Stressing self-reliance. A summer of constructive fun for 40 boys 9 to 16. Campcraft, trips, shop, natural science, work projects, farm animals, sports. Private lake. 800 wooded acres in northeast Pennsylvania, 17 miles south of Binghamton, New York. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 33-R, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities. Gifted boys-girls; 14-18. English, history, drama, music, folk-dancing; swimming, forestry, gardening. June 27th-August 8th. B.S. deFrees, Director, North Rumford, Maine.

HIGH/SCOPE—coed, 11-16, creative challenge for capable youth. 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children. Elmer 24, New Jersey.

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping, with good transportation. Meals, services, and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: Resident Manager, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

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ADD MORE LIFE to your retirement. Investigate romantic Guadalajara. Best climate this hemisphere—culture and beauty abound. Lower living costs; medical plan; moderately priced homes starting at $6,900 and up. Box L-100.

(Continued on page 80)

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(Continued from page 79)

VACATIONS

CONIFER, LAKE KEZAR, Lovell, Maine. Informal family vacations, American Plan. Cottages. No planned activities. Folder.

AMERICA'S FINEST Parent-Child Resort—Green Acres Hotel features complete and separate facilities for adults and children. 40 counselors, individual nursemaids for tots, resident physician. Smart entertainment, art lessons, indoor and outdoor pools, family-size suites. Informal. NYC: WAtkins 4-0830. Write Green Acres, Lake Huntington 1, N.Y.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. Famed resort, inn and cottages at edge of the great outdoors. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Delicious Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates. Open year 'round. AAA. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 12, Maine.

FALL UNDER THE SPELL of the sea as did writers of old at this distinguished resort on Cape Ann. Quiet, restful. All rooms, suites with private baths and telephones. Broad porches. Excellent food. The Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rockport 2, Massachusetts. Tel. 617-546-6321.

EVERY SEASON there's a reason. Fishing, boating, hunting, skiing. Pleasant Mt. Chair Lift. For FREE booklet write Box 236E, Chamber of Commerce, Bridgton, Maine.

ENJOY YOUR VACATION with your family at a New England lakeside resort. All facilities. Entertainment. American Plan; housekeeping cottages. Forrest Durkee, Wolfeboro 18, N.H.

PEACE—BEAUTIFUL NATURE—CREATIVITY. No TV, individualized meals. Five guests only. House on the Hill, Worcester, N.Y. 607-Ex 7-6218.

RESORT LUXURY in the North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip adjoins. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge and Motel, Moose River, Maine.

GET AWAY FROM IT ALL at Potter's, one of the last of the old Adirondack Inns. On beautiful Blue Mountain Lake. Roam 130 acres of our unspoiled woodland. Swim from our private sand beach and enjoy our dining room, where three good meals are served daily.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

THE YODLER—Golf, swimming, tennis, riding, summer theater. Stowe, Vermont.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key. Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Apple blossoms! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

HOUSEBOAT VACATIONS. Command your cruise on the Finger Lakes, Erie Canal and Mohawk River, 800 miles of varied, historic waterways. Stylish, comfortable, carefree—and safe for children. Insured. Complete galley, head, living for six. Memorable! Details: Fingerlakes Houseboat Vacations, 508 Beechwood, East Rochester, New York.

NO COCKTAIL LOUNGE—the warmth of spirit obviates the need for spirits. Clean, comfortable guest accommodations, and a well-set table in a dining room that takes its beauty from breathtaking view of 7,500 mountaintop acres. All sports, including golf, tennis, boating, fishing . . . and more. Hay rides, cook-outs, nature walks, movies, ping-pong, children's programs, and so forth. AND lectures, seminars, workshops and other activities designed to refresh you culturally and spiritually. Not expensive, compared to other resorts. 450 guests; many of them get to be best of friends, and bring others. Come for a day—you'll be back! Lake Mohonk Mountain House, Dept. SR, New Paltz, N.Y. . . . 90 miles from NYC. 914-256-2211.

CAPE WINDS BY-THE-SEA; West Harwich, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Beautiful inn for 30 adult guests. Directly on ocean. Private beach. Patios. All private baths. $7-$10 per person including Continental breakfast. Weekly and off-season rates. Suites, oceanfront apartments. Brochure: The Barrows, West Harwich 18, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

WANT TO BE an expert horseman? Spend an unforgettable vacation with us. Beginners, intermediate, advanced and pros. Individual attention from cavalry instructors. Stupendous serendipities at famous Escuela Ecuestre S.M.A., Apartado 185-S, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico. Telephone 255.

LAKE SHORE FARM. Informal, family vacations, erudite clientele, children's haven. Northwood, N.H.

NEWSTEAD FARM. Springtime in historic Virginia. Brochure. Cartersville, Virginia.

THUNDERBIRD—Family camping. All land, water sports. Lake. Housekeeping cabins, trailer sites. Near Tanglewood. Box M-379.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

GASCON RANCH, ROCIADA, NEW MEXICO. Southwestern hospitality in Alpine surroundings.

SUNNY FUN-FILLED, golf and surf vacations. Celebrated cuisine, cocktails, housekeeping cottages. Brochure: Atlantis, Kennebunk Beach 2, Maine.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

SNOWMASS LODGE, ASPEN, COLORADO. Relaxed ranch living in the incomparable beauty of the Colorado Rockies. Write Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

DANISH-STYLE VACATION COLLEGE for adults, University of Oregon, Eugene. August 15th-22nd. Stimulating study, entertainment. No exams, no credit, all expenses $120.

BLUE MOUNTAIN RIDING CENTER. Good horses, food, rooms. Firm but polite Cavalry instructors. Box 322D, Saugerties, N.Y.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, Excellent Meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country Inn on 250 acre estate. Children's supervised summer program. Informal entertainment. $12.50-$23 day includes meals. Family rates. AAA. Color folder. Open all year. Telephone 413-498-5341. Edwin Finch, Manager, The Northfield Inn, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. $85 to $115 weekly includes delicious meals. Lower June rates. Write D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts.

CANADA VACATION? Wooded island in beautiful lake, eastern Ontario. Housekeeping cottages, $35-$45 weekly. Electricity. Quiet, refined. Box M-210.

ENJOYABLE but not expensive. Vacation resort on Lake Wentworth. Modern cabins. Land and water sports. Bass fishing. Color folder gives complete information. Point Breeze, Wolfeboro, N.H.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theater, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For Information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake near White Mountains. Informal resort, also "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Water sports. Crafts. Tennis. Trips. Golf and Dartmouth summer theater near. Bungalows. Excellent food or housekeeping units. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, New York City 10.

ACTION AND RELAXIN', that's New Hampshire—a great little state that packs your vacation with summertime fun. Crystal clear lakes, towering mountains, a rollicking coast, fine motels and restaurants . . . ask what you will, New Hampshire has it. For your free vacation kit write: Vacation Center, 130 State House Annex, Concord, New Hampshire.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

VACATIONS

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

BACK LOG CAMP, on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's "advantages." July 2nd to September 4th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, country living. Rooms and cottages.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 25th-October 13th. Color folder.

UNIQUE DEEP-WOODS LAKESIDE HIDEAWAY near Tanglewood. Rustic lodge, cottages, honeymoon cabins, outdoor music, unorganized activities, informal serenity. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts. Open May 28th.

RELAX-BY-THE-SEA at superb Maine resort less than two hours drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, championship putting green, swimming pool. The Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events, country auctions. Pool. 5 acre grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

SHAWMUT INN. AAA. Oceanfront resort. Secluded, restful, informal. 60 rooms. 18 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 27th. Kennebunkport 19, Maine.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information: Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

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TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

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SEBAGO-LONG LAKES REGION . . . Maine's most accessible lakes are surrounded by pine-clad mountains. Seacoast cities nearby. Free color magazine. Sebago-Long Lakes Association, Box 16, Sebago Lake, Maine.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton, P.O., New Hampshire.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open June to September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Casual atmosphere—Luscious Food—Pool—Summer Theater and Auctions: Golf, Riding nearby. Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut. 203-567-9127.

RECREATE AT RAINBOW LODGE, Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Mountains, trout streams, filtered pool. Quiet, secluded. American Plan. Private baths. Near Woodstock. Brochure.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food. Entertainment, own boat and auto trips. $12-$15.50 daily includes 3 meals. Folder. Direct service from New York. Paul R. Hurlburt, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine.

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VACATIONS

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MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

ALASKAN ADVENTURE—Virgin wilderness. Fishermen's and nature enthusiasts' retreat. Thayer Lake Lodge, Box 416, Ketchikan, Alaska.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

PAINT-VACATION — Picturesque Maine Coast, famous artists, Second Annual Workshops. June 25th-July 3rd-August 20th-August 28th. Hillcrest Inn, Ogunquit.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160, Walden, N.Y. Records, books, lake. Informal. Telephone: 914-562-1232. Open May 28th.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages on operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips, all ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R 676, Livingston, Montana.

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PARENTS HAVE FUN, TOO. Before autumn, bring your family to Teela-Wooket Camp, Vermont, for a few days or weeks. Outstanding riding, archery instruction. Children's activities. Swimming, tennis, golf, loafing. Delicious food. August 30th-September 10th. Reservations requested. Mr. & Mrs. A. L. Hayden, Box 156-E, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

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THE PONY BARN—Motel and apartments. Westerly, R.I. Golfing, beaching, fishing.

VACATION at The Cliff House & Motels. Quiet. Restful. Informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Swimming Pool. Golf. May 28th to October 17th. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn, apartments and motel with or without meals. Open all year. Tuck Inn Lodge, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

SAIL THE MAINE COAST. Historic Schooner, "Stephen Taber." Relaxed and informal vacation. $125 weekly. $100 in June and September. All inclusive. Write Cap'n Jim Sharp, Box 561, Camden 7, Maine.

ADIRONDACK CAMP—Road's End Lodge, Lake Pleasant 3, N.Y. 12108. On large lake—fishing, swimming, boating, sandy beach + sundeck. Modern housekeeping, rooms, 3 meals. Phone: Lake Pleasant 7554 or 6303.

COTTAGE VACATION GUIDE. 1965 edition lists location, accommodations at cottage colonies in New York, New England, Pennsylvania. Also Calendar Events N.E. area. $1.00. Resort Publishing, Box 597-S, Lynbrook, N.Y.

VACATIONS

VACATION AT HOME—Avoid household cares and responsibilities. Western family vacation. Riding our speciality. Located on mountain fishing stream 30 miles north Yellowstone Park. Telephone 406-333-4452. Ox Yoke Ranch, Emigrant, Montana.

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LIVE AND STUDY art history in a Florentine villa! Meet top political and economic leaders in Europe, Latin America! Live with a French family and study at the Sorbonne! In Santander, learn Spanish language and culture! Earn college credit on above art history and European political and economic programs. Pre-college students, improve your French while living in Switzerland! For free brochure write: U.S. National Student Association, Dept. SRC, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1622

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Curds and whey on the Isle of Man.	115 178 91 56 109 17 33
B. Backer, with an implication that it is for a wrongful act.	167 85 3 129 18 21 25
C. Absence of merit.	75 171 10 144 180 99 28
D. What plants *will* do in the Spring (2 wds.)	80 106 181 137 57 149 88
E. In Hebrew grammar, designating certain verbs expressive of bodily or mental states.	150 166 73 112 41 96 16
F. Property of matter by which it will remain in a uniform motion in the same straight line unless external force is applied.	187 98 27 117 183 157 11
G. The stone of a drupe, such as the peach pit.	70 5 118 170 89 155 110
H. Function of our yesterdays in relation to "the way to dusty death," acc'g to W. Shakespeare.	81 133 146 165 140 38 101
I. Birthstone for this month.	66 35 95 32 9 125 151
J. Zeros.	47 86 131 103 52 74 94
K. Historic titular hero of the play which served the great Mary Anderson as a vehicle, in the 1880's.	36 176 164 44 69 84 152
L. "Who was most to blame," sang Swinburne, about "The best and the worst of this."	30 173 175 82 43 105 76
M. Pertaining to feasting.	53 154 58 120 4 168 100
N. Child of the wish.	123 24 148 87 143 130 1
O. Urban district where Sir Walter Raleigh as Mayor planted the first potato in Ireland, 1588-9.	119 46 29 172 40 124 162
P. Specifying the *slumber* Walter de la Mare looks forward to in his *Fare Well*.	174 179 153 186 113 37 62
Q. Ran to ground, as a hunted fox.	158 116 6 64 141 79 31
R. The Gemini "twin" who had been there before.	42 104 163 12 122 13 136
S. The man to buy your real estate from.	189 26 134 126 15 121 59
T. Human strivings which, Ruskin says, have been greatest when traceable to the love of praise.	55 14 182 160 72 23 93
U. Turkish title of respect which became the nickname of a late prominent publisher because it echoes his initials.	102 50 78 97 60 34 90
V. Lost consciousness.	63 19 83 7 45 77 111
W. More diaphanous.	54 65 61 188 169 48 139
X. Counterbalances.	20 161 108 132 68 177 107
Y. Tourist resort on the route over St. Gotthard Pass.	92 145 159 142 22 71 128
Z. Buckwheat trees of S U.S.	67 114 127 51 147 184 39
Z1. Features of a famous "Chamber" in New York City for many years, 19th cent.	2 138 185 156 49 8 135

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 N	2 Z1	3 B		4 M	5 G	6 Q	7 V	8 Z1	9 I		10 C	11 F				
12 R		13 R	14 T	15 S	16 E	17 A		18 B	19 V	20 X		21 B	22 Y		23 T	24 N				
25 B	26 S	27 F		28 C	29 O	30 L	31 Q	32 I	33 A	34 U		35 I	36 K	37 P	38 H	39 Z				
	40 O	41 E	42 R	43 L		44 K	45 V		46 O	47 J	48 W		49 Z1	50 U		51 Z				
52 J	53 M	54 W	55 T		56 A	57 D	58 M	59 S	60 U	61 W	62 P	63 V		64 Q	65 W	66 I				
	67 Z	68 X	69 K	70 G	71 Y	72 T	73 E	74 J	75 C	76 L	77 V		78 U	79 Q	80 D	81 H				
	82 L	83 V		84 K	85 B	86 J	87 N	88 D		89 G	90 U	91 A	92 Y	93 T		94 J				
95 I	96 E	97 U	98 F	99 C	100 M		101 H	102 U	103 J	104 R	105 L	106 D	107 X		108 X					
109 A	110 G	111 V		112 E	113 P	114 Z		115 A	116 Q	117 F	118 G	119 O		120 M	121 S	122 R				
123 N		124 O	125 I	126 S		127 Z	128 Y	129 B	130 N	131 J	132 X	133 H	134 S	135Z1	136 R					
137 D	138Z1	139 W		140 H	141 Q	142 Y		143 N	144 C	145 Y	146 H	147 Z	148 N	149 D	150 E					
151 I	152 K	153 P	154 M	155 G	156Z1	157 F	158 Q	159 Y		160 T	161 X		162 O	163 R	164 K	165 H				
166 E		167 B	168 M	169 W	170 G	171 C	172 O	173 L	174 P		175 L	176 K		177 X	178 A	179 P				
180 C		181 D	182 T	183 F	184 Z	185Z1		186 P	187 F	188 W	189 S									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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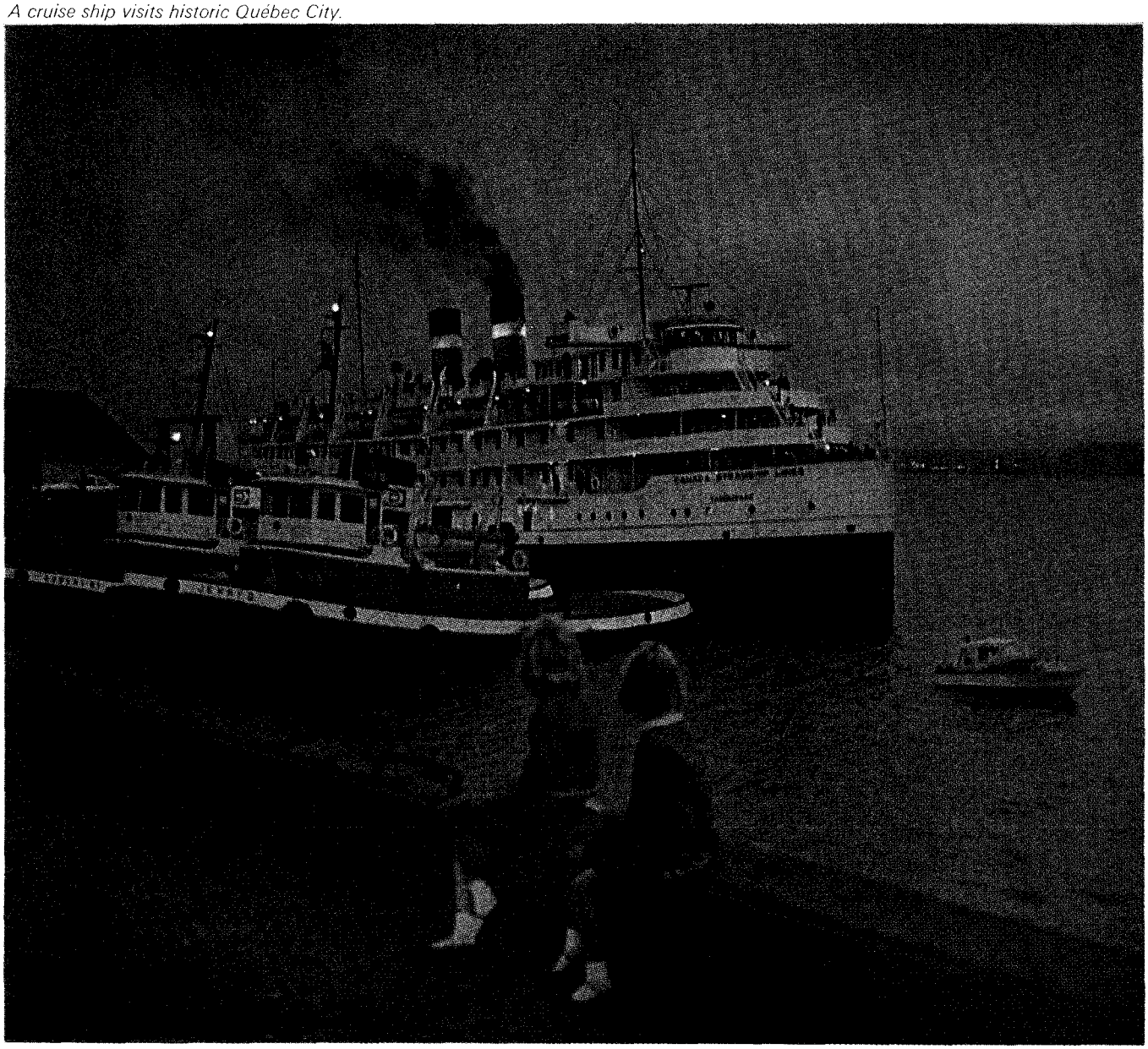
A cruise ship visits historic Québec City.



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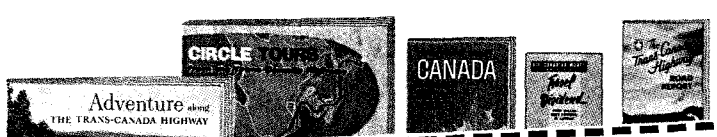

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